



INDEPENDENT

No 2,811

50p

(Republic of Ireland 65p)

Minister in storm over Pill warning

Clinics inundated as experts differ over research findings

LIZ HUNT,
PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES
and JOHN SHEPHERD

The Department of Health last night faced mounting criticism at home and abroad over its controversial advice to 1.5 million women taking seven of the most popular brands of the Pill to change to another brand because of blood-clot fears.

Stephen Dorrell, Secretary of State for Health, came under increasing pressure to make a full statement to the House of Commons, as European lawyers warned the Government it faced the threat of legal action from Pill manufacturers whose share prices have fallen sharply.

Dr Ian Bogie, leader of 30,000 GPs in England and Wales, protested strongly to

been as outraged as I am now about the misuse of five years of my life's work," said Professor Spitzer, who is principal investigator of one of three studies which prompted the CSM to issue new advice. He flew in from Canada for just three hours to hold a press conference at Heathrow Airport.

He added: "The core of the Hippocratic oath is, above all, do no harm. I believe the Government has done harm."

The findings of the Spitzer study and two others, show that for Pills containing the progestogens (female hormones) desogestrel and gestodene, the risk of potentially fatal blood clots is twice that of the "second-generation" variety.

Women taking the brands Femodene, Femodene ED, Minulet, Triadene, Tri-Minulet, Marvelon and Microgyn, are being advised to switch to the Pill, but to see their GP before finishing the pack.

Professor William Rawlins, chairman of the CSM, last night said the committee stood by its decision. "We do not believe that the advice is premature nor do we have any plans to revise it... We have acted as quickly as we could to warn women and doctors to minimise the risks."



the Committee on Safety of Medicines (CSM), Gerald Malone, the Health Minister, and Dr Kenneth Calman, Chief Medical Officer, demanding to know why the profession did not receive more warning. Surgeries and clinics have been inundated with women seeking advice.

Leading the attack on the international front was Professor Walter Spitzer, a Canadian scientist, who accused Government doctors of breaking the Hippocratic oath to create an "epidemic of anxiety" for women everywhere.

Professor Spitzer said the Committee on Safety of Medicines, the Government's drug watchdog, broke established scientific rules by issuing the Pill warning on the basis of unpublished and unreviewed data. He said this had wrecked vital research into "third-generation" oral contraceptives which, until now, were believed to have been the safest. "I have never

Harriet Harman, the shadow Health Secretary, last night tabled a parliamentary question asking when the decision to issue the warning had been made, and when doctors were notified.

Letters to GPs from the Department were dated 18 October but some appeared not to have received them by last night. A notification was faxed to local directors of public health with the GP letter attached, but they were not posted until 19 October, Mr Harman said. "Doctors are right to be very concerned they had no time to draw up proper procedures to advise patients, or indeed make any arrangements to deal with the numerous calls from patients."

Dr Peter Holden, a member of the British Medical Association's GPs committee, said: "We are furious. We are fed up with professors lighting blue touch papers and then returning to ivory towers, leaving GPs to pick up the pieces."

Frightened women, page 2

Hamnett's look is cool for catwalks



Costume drama: Katherine Hamnett, right, at her first London catwalk show since 1989 with model Emma Blocksage Photograph: Edward Sykes

Wine police sniff a nasty bouquet

HENRY DEJEVSKY
Paris
JOHN MCKE
London

French wine bearing the respected *Appellation Contrôlée* (AC) has been described as "sometimes undrinkable" and "occasionally scandalously bad" by the head of the organisation that monitors the quality of French wine.

Alain Berger, director of the National Institute of Appellations of Origin, said that more rigorous testing would be introduced for the 1986 vintage to

ensure that the AC designation was not discredited.

The situation is considered so serious that France's official consumer standards body, which comes under the finance ministry, says it is considering the introduction of a special national mark for AC wines that came up to standard. This would be intended to reinforce the appellation, which is designated regionally.

The AOC designation has been widely trusted, especially by foreign wine-buyers, as a sign of reliable quality at a reasonable price. But Mr Berger said

some wine producers, succumbing to market pressures, were over-watering their vines or adding sugar to enhance the alcohol content. "Abuses" were on the increase.

David Howse, spokesman for Threshers Wines, said yesterday: "In January this year, we accepted seven or eight French clarets and we rejected more than 1,500 samples."

"French wine dealers have had it so easy for so long, they think 'Why try?' The AC label means it has reached a standard but it is only like saying you have passed a GCSE, whether it's an

A pass or an F pass. And recently the French have been turning in F marks instead of A marks."

Janet Lee, PR and technical controller for Tesco's beers, wines and spirits department, was also "not at all surprised" by the news. "Tesco wine testers don't rely on the AC system and never would," she said. "We draw up specifications to make sure our wine is consistent."

Mr Berger and the French consumer standards body were responding to severe criticism of the poor quality and inconsistency of AC wines that ap-

peared in the magazine *Que Choisir*, France's equivalent of *Which?* The *Appellation Contrôlée*, the magazine said, is no longer "synonymous with quality". No sooner had its criticisms appeared than it was revealed that a separate inquiry had been mounted into possible overwatering this summer in the prestigious Chateau de Pape wine-growing area in southern France.

The amount of French wine designated AC has nearly doubled in the past 20 years, to reach 22 million hectolitres.

Grapes of wrath, page 15

Budd may quit in tax cuts row

DIANE COYLE
Economics Correspondent

Alan Budd, chief economic adviser to the Treasury, will consider quitting if he loses a bitter departmental row over tax cuts. As the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, held a crucial budget meeting yesterday, Mr Budd and Sir Terry Burns, the department's permanent secretary, clashed over the advisability of reducing taxes in the Budget. Close associates say Mr Budd will probably opt for early retirement if the Chancellor goes ahead with a tax giveaway on 28 November.

Mr Clarke has repeatedly said he will not play fast and loose with the public finances. In a speech to businessmen last month, he said: "Nobody

should assume that tax cuts are safely in the bag."

However, pressure for lower taxes from the Conservative backbenches has been intense, despite the fact that recent figures have shown that government borrowing so far this year is running above last year's levels. This means tax cuts are likely to be accompanied by lower spending plans, but most economists - including Mr Budd - are sceptical about the Government's chances of meeting even tougher expenditure targets.

Mr Budd does not believe that the state of the economy justifies lower taxes. He argues that it makes no sense to cut taxes straight after increasing them for two years in a row. In addition, he thinks it is essential to

keep the government finances on an improving trend.

Sir Terry, on the other hand, accepts the argument that there is a political need for tax reductions this year. In his view, a modest cut would not do any lasting harm to the public finances. The battle between the two camps was still raging yesterday when ministers and officials held the last of the Treasury's series of pre-Budget meetings at Dorneywood, Buckinghamshire.

The broad judgements about taxes and public spending should have been made at the beginning of the summer, at a meeting at Chevening, the Foreign Secretary's country residence. Civil servants usually spend the summer drawing up proposals that fit the framework

settled at Chevening. This is so that decisions on more detailed policies can be taken at the autumn Dorneywood meeting and the subsequent meeting of the Cabinet's economic policy committee. This year, the row means that the timetable has slipped.

The borrowing requirement set for this financial year in last year's budget was £21.5bn. The Treasury increased this to £23.6bn in its summer forecast. City economists now expect the figure to be nearer £30bn - not a dramatic improvement on last year's £35.9bn.

Mr Budd is due to leave the Treasury in 18 months' time. He replaced Sir Terry as chief economic adviser when the latter was promoted to Permanent Secretary.

IN BRIEF

Claes resigns
A Belgian corruption scandal finally forced Willy Claes to resign after 13 months as Secretary-General of Nato. Page 13

Dressed to kill
James Bond, once the epitome of the suave, sophisticated Englishman, will be wearing foreign gear when the latest 007 film opens next month. Page 3

Today's weather
Fine, dry and sunny in most of the country. Page 2



Call of nature 'sent Maxwell overboard'

JOHN WILLCOCK
Financial Correspondent

Kevin Maxwell told an Old Bailey jury yesterday that he thought his father died after falling off his yacht while urinating over the side.

Robert Maxwell drowned in the Atlantic in November 1991 after disappearing from his £10m yacht *Ghislaine* as it cruised off the Canary Islands. His death came as his media empire was on the brink of collapse. Kevin Maxwell told the jury in the six-month trial yesterday that his father was "quite a light sleeper" when on board the vessel, which had been bought in 1986.

"He would frequently get up

in the middle of the night and found it more convenient, as a lot of men do, on a boat, to relieve themselves over the side as it was moving," he said.

He told the court the spot the newspaper magnate chose was next to the lifeboat and was not protected by a handrail. "There are two thin pieces of wire there. It is not the safest part of the vessel," he said.

The court has heard the public perception "that it was suicide by a man who knew the game was up", caused a disastrous plunge in the share price of the Maxwell empire.

Questioned by his counsel Alan Jones QC about his reaction to his father's death, Kevin Maxwell recounted "the phys-



Robert Maxwell: 'Shock'

ical loss and the fact he hadn't been found, it was a terrible burden... I was extremely concerned. We had no idea how my father had met his death. It oc-

curred to me it might be an accident, might be murder, there might be a robbery motive.

"It never occurred to me that he would have committed suicide although that theory became popular as the days went by. I wasn't thinking on those lines and never did."

Mr Jones asked Kevin Maxwell about his emotions when he first heard his father was missing. "It was a terrible feeling. I can't really explain it. It was the shock of thinking that he had fallen off the boat," he said.

"I was breathless. It was extremely hard to do anything and I recall the physical shock of the news. It was a terrible blow."

He said he was in a meeting when he heard the news and had to ask the people present to leave so "I could gather myself. It's a very difficult thing to explain to people, even with the passage of years... it was the physical loss and the fact he hadn't been found, it was a terrible burden."

Kevin Maxwell was giving his fifth day of evidence in the marathon Old Bailey trial in which he, his brother Ian Maxwell and the former Maxwell adviser Larry Trachtenberg are charged with conspiracy to defraud pension funds by misusing £22m worth of shares in an Israeli company, Teva, to prop up the tottering Maxwell empire in the days following his founder's death. All three deny the charges.

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2
news

Pill controversy: A London health clinic struggles to cope as patients panic in wake of Government warning

Frightened women in search of answers

GLENDA COOPER

The telephone lines were jammed and the queue never shortened yesterday at the Margaret Pyke centre in central London, as worried women tried to find out if they were at risk from their Pill.

Telephonists and advisers at the family planning clinic had been doubled to cope with demand: the centre stayed open late yesterday and even considered opening over the weekend to help frightened callers.

Danielle Jones, 20, had been due to restart her pack of Mervicon, (one of the Pills named) on Thursday evening. The television news changed her mind.

"I was scared out of my life and my mum was panicking too," she said. "All this stuff about blood clots. I was meant to start a new packet but I didn't."

Danielle's action was just what Ann Sampson, the clinical specialist, had been dreading. She had spoken to several women who had not taken their Pills since Wednesday. "We're saying to them, don't put yourself at risk of pregnancy. Take your Pill now and use condoms

for the next seven days," she said. "Women are terrified about thrombosis. They don't realise the risks are so small. The risk in pregnancy is much greater."

Ms Sampson took her first call at 9.10am yesterday morning, her second at 9.12am and her third at 9.18am. In three hours she dealt with nearly 40 calls as well as seeing anxious women face to face. The clinic usually sees 600 to 700 women a week. This week it estimates it will see 1,000.

Jane Ward, a 26-year-old PR assistant, sat miserably in the pastel waiting room, worried about her brand, Marvelon. "I know it's only meant to be a small risk," she said nervously. "But I thought it was worth coming in to seek advice on it. It seems such a shame because this Pill was meant to be so wonderful."

Rachel, 21, a tax clerk, was more sanguine: "I suppose there are always Pill scares going on. When you look at a 30 in 100,000 chance compared with the risks associated with taking other medicines, it's hardly anything."

Seventeen-year-old Demelza



Critical: Demelza Woodbridge waiting at the Margaret Pyke centre. 'There'll be a lot of women panicking,' she said

Photograph: Gerald Lewis

Woodbridge thought it had been handled wrongly: "I've read all the papers but it just seems a little bit silly to me. The way it was broken on the news there'll be a lot of women panicking and getting upset and stopping taking their Pills."

Sarah Raynor, deputy services manager at the clinic, said there had been "an annoyance" among family planning specialists: "It's generally thought... that this reaction has been somewhat premature. None of the senior family plan-

ning consultants or doctors have seen, in total, any of the findings in any of the papers and so have not been able to comment fully." She added: "There has been so much confusion. I've heard of a doctor who prescribed one of the named

brands yesterday and when the woman went to the chemist they refused to give her the Pill. If the woman hadn't been able to get back to the doctor and sort it out, she would have been at risk of getting pregnant."

For all their fears, women

seemed to be taking the clinic's advice. Jane Ward came out much happier: "They've explained everything and I've decided I'm not going to change my Pill until there's more evidence." Behind her the phone started ringing again.

Committee's action based on unpublished reports

The three Pill studies which forced the Committee on Safety of Medicines to issue its controversial advice on seven of the most popular oral contraceptive brands, are, as yet, unpublished.

Two of the brands have not been "peer reviewed" - refereed by independent experts - and there is confusion over whether some of the results are final or interim analyses only.

But at the heart of this fierce controversy is one question: was this data enough for the CSM, ahead of every other country with the same information, to advise 1.5 million women that they should consider changing their Pill brands to reduce risk of blood clots?

The Department of Health thinks so. "We were in receipt of three reports which made it imperative to act. All were final analyses. We are not in a position to hold on to such information," a spokesman said yesterday.



Other bodies, including leading scientists, family planning experts and GPs, international drug regulatory authorities, and the drug manufacturers, think the CSM was premature, verging on the irresponsible.

The three epidemiological studies were comparing the risk for cardiovascular side-effects, venous thrombosis (blood clots in the veins), heart attacks and strokes, for women taking "second-generation" oral contraceptives with "third-generation" Pills. The former contain synthetic progestogens, a female hormone called levonorgestrel, norethisterone. The latter, the newly identified higher risk Pills, contain progestogens known as gestodene and desogestrel. These had been shown to have less effect on fats in women's blood

than the older Pills, and therefore deemed safer.

It was preliminary data from a World Health Organisation 17-nation trial, issued in July to all drug regulatory authorities, that the CSM says initially alerted it to an increased risk of blood clots in veins in the legs (known as deep venous thrombosis or DVT) associated with the third-generation Pills. The risk for third-generation Pills was twice that of the second-generation Pills.

The second study was the Transnational (European) Study, by Professor Walter Spitzer, conducted in five countries including the UK.

Early results from the Transnational trial indicate, according to Professor Spitzer, that "all low-dose oral contraceptives continue to be associated with an increased risk of venous thromboembolism. Preparations containing third generation progestogens appear to have a slightly stronger



Professor Spitzer: Head of study covering five nations

association... than other low-dose preparations."

The final study, which the Department of Health says was the trigger for the CSM's decision, was that of Dr Hershel Jick, associate professor of Medicine at Boston University Medical School, and his team.

The team has access to up to 2,100 GP data bases in England and Wales. In May it began analysing data on the cardiovascular risks of third-generation pills, following media reports of problems. It extended its investigations to venous thrombosis and related deaths in July, after the WHO study.

LIZ HUNT
Health Editor

British action 'based on sketchy evidence'

IMRE KARACS
Bonn

The German pharmaceutical company Schering, which markets Femodene, reacted with anger yesterday to the British health authorities' instruction to report the drug's side-effects. Professor Schönhöfer's findings were later refuted by other scientists.

But the British committee's "surprising and unreasonable action", as Schering put it, is not without precedent in the drug's country of origin. Following a report by Professor Peter Schönhöfer in 1989, which first identified Femodene's side-effects, the German press kept scare stories running for more than a year. In the ensuing panic, Schering's market share in Germany collapsed.

The government drugs licensing agency, however, has never taken action as drastic as that by the British authorities.

Germany's official position is that the evidence against the "third-generation oral contraceptives" singled out in London is still sketchy.

At the peak of the Femodene scare in 1989, the German health authorities instructed doctors to report the drug's side-effects. Professor Schönhöfer's findings were later refuted by other scientists.

But the uproar in Britain may yet change the German authorities' relaxed position. Yesterday, the government was engaged in feverish talks with the pharmaceutical companies concerned, and an announcement was due after the weekend.

Meanwhile, the pill remains by far the most popular form of contraception. Oral contraceptives are available on demand from the local GP and, while some apply an age limit, in practice anyone who wants to go on the pill can do so without parental consent. Unlike in Britain, the charities have little

role to play in this form of family planning.

If there is a debate in Germany about contraception, it is more of an ideological kind. After reunification in 1990, the East inherited an abortion-on-demand policy from communist days which the West, particularly the Catholic regions, found hard to stomach. The East has finally been brought in line and women there have taken with gusto to the pill denied by the inefficient health system of old.

This situation will not change even if the German authorities were to follow the British line. After the debacle of 1989-90, German women switched from "third-generation" brands, and the drug companies merely reshuffled their product range. Schering claims it can now do the same in Britain, where its top drug Femodene earned DM35m (£15.76m) last year.

IN BRIEF

Hostages seized in armed robbery

Three men were being held in police stations in Nottingham last night after the armed robbery of a security van in which security guards were taken hostage and shots were fired at the police.

The cash delivery van was hijacked in West Bridgford. An off-duty police officer alerted the force, which gave chase through Nottingham. The gang, who shot at the police vehicle, swapped their van for a stolen car, which crashed in Ragdale, Leicestershire.

Fire strike called off

Merseyside firefighters called off their strike action after an offer of unconditional talks. The Fire Brigades Union sent out an urgent appeal to the 300 members to turn in for a shift due to start at 6pm last night which was to have marked the start of three 24-hour strikes over job losses and shift patterns.

Soldiers killed

Two soldiers died and four were injured, two seriously, in a car crash near Llanstriddey. Powys. The men, serving with 5 Airborne Brigade based at Aldershot, Surrey, were returning to the Army's training camp at Senybridge in the Brecon Beacons.

Murder charge

The husband of Eve Howells, 48, who was found battered to death at her home in Huddersfield seven weeks ago, appeared before magistrates charged with her murder. David Howells, 47, was remanded in custody until next Tuesday. Two brothers, 14 and 15, have already been charged with her murder.

Drug prices review

An agreement which allows drug firms to set minimum prices for over-the-counter medicines could be abolished. The Office of Fair Trading said it feared consumers were getting a bad deal.

Caroline Gielnik

In an article in Section Two on 19 October we suggested that Caroline Gielnik was a stress expert at the Institute of Directors. In fact she works for the Industrial Society. We apologise for the error.

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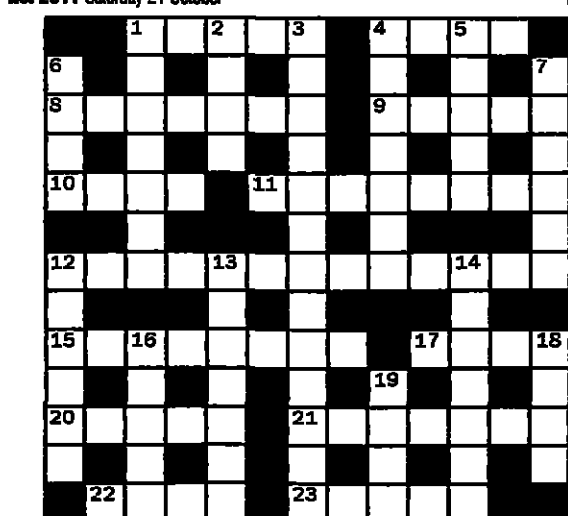
BACK ISSUES

Back issues of the Independent are available from: Historic Newspapers, telephone (088) 402-485.

concise crossword

No. 2811 Saturday 21 October

By Phil



ACROSS

- Leading disciple (5)
- Brought up (4)
- Racecourse distance (7)
- Biting insect (5)
- Control (4)
- African nation (8)
- The blind state (13)
- Shy (8)
- Semi-precious stone (4)
- Entire (5)
- Sex-based material (7)
- Tidy (4)
- One who gives (5)

DOWN

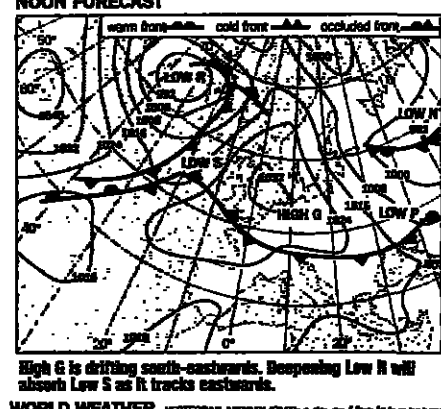
- Line in hair (7)
- Horse pace (4)
- Way to address a bishop (5,8)
- Storms (7)
- Fit out (5)
- A long way off (4)
- Meat on skewers (6)
- Spread about (6)
- Great agony (7)
- Less full (7)
- Sleep noisily (5)
- Do nothing (4)
- Advance (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:
Across: 1 Turner, 5 Dams (Tarncliffe), 8 Cope, 9 Hatters, 10 Tractor, 11 Gosh, 12 Mallet, 14 Intact, 17 Normal, 19 Unwell, 22 Rostrom, 23 Aorta, 24 Ties, 25 Nucleus. Down: 1 Track, 2 Raphael, 3 Over, 4 Sphere, 5 Decagon, 6 Usage, 7 Everest, 12 Minaret, 13 Endorse, 15 Adverse, 16 Summit, 18 Moves, 20 Class, 21 Least.

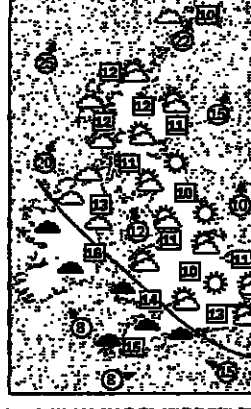
Notes

the weather

NOON FORECAST



High 6 is drifting south-eastwards. Deepening Low II will sweep Low I as it tracks eastwards.



TODAY'S FORECAST: Much of the UK is going to start sunny but dry with bright sunshine and light breezes. However, cloudy weather and a little rain over south-west England in the afternoon. South-western winds will cover the UK in the next few days. Northern England and Wales will get more rain. Central and eastern England will get rain and bright. There will be more rain in the north during Monday and Tuesday with 1 day dry with some sun. The south will get rain and bright. The south will get rain and bright.

City	Temp	Wind	Clouds
London	12.5	SW 10	100
Bristol	12.5	SW 10	100
Birmingham	12.5	SW 10	100
Manchester	12.5	SW 10	100
Newcastle	12.5	SW 10	100
Glasgow	12.5	SW 10	100
Edinburgh	12.5	SW 10	100
Cardiff	12.5	SW 10	100
Belfast	12.5	SW 10	100

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'Observer' staff in dispute over pay

MARY BRAID

Observer journalists have gone into formal dispute with the newspaper's management, which they accuse of attempting to "deconstruct the union by stealth."

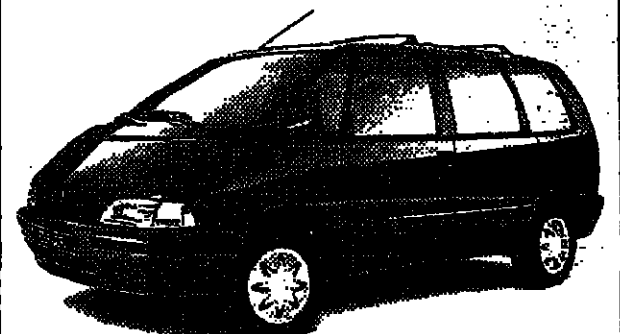
A row broke out at the end of annual pay negotiations involving the editor, Andrew Jaspas, and the managing editor, Stephen Pritchard. Staff representatives were informed that a 3.52 per cent agreed rise would not apply to journalists who joined the paper recently under new contracts. In effect, 20 per cent of the journalists would no longer be covered by collective bargaining by the National Union of Journalists.

Last night journalists were predicting industrial action if Mr Jaspas and Peter Preston, the paper's editor-in-chief, did not reverse the decision. "No-one can believe what is being attempted. This is the Observer, great liberal newspaper and champion of human rights," said a staff member.

The appointment of new editors at the *Daily Telegraph*, *Sunday Telegraph* and *Spectator* continued to reverberate through senior ranks yesterday. Media watchers predicted that Veronica Wadley, the *Daily Telegraph*'s number two, who left after the appointment of Charles Moore as editor this week, would soon either emerge as deputy to her old boss, Max Hastings, at the *London Evening Standard*, or become number three on the *Daily Mail*.

Saturday Story, page 19

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James Bond once epitomised British style, but when the new 007 movie opens next month, the look will be decidedly foreign. **David Lister** reports

Dressed to kill, by Italian designers

The name is Bond, Signor Bond. Or perhaps Herr Bond. Or Seanus O'Bond. Or maybe good ole Jimmy Bond.

James Bond, once the epitome of the suave, sophisticated Englishman will be decked out in foreign gear when the latest 007 film opens next month.

Played for the first time by an Italianman - Pierce Brosnan - he will be wearing a Brioni designer suit (Italian), checking his navigational on an Omega watch (Swiss), and drinking Smirnoff vodka made by the old enemy.

Previous Bonds - Sean Connery, George Lazenby, Roger Moore and Timothy Dalton, pictured top from left to right - were resolutely British.

But all is not lost. For in those big-screen, wide-angle shots of Bond in his car, you will notice that his Church's shoes remain defiantly British.

However, don't get swept away with patriotic excitement. Those British soles will be pressing down upon the German pedals of a BMW. Gone is the vintage Aston Martin from which Sean Connery once ejected unwelcome guests skywards.

Even the office of M, the head of the secret service, has undergone technical and sociological changes. M is played for the first time by a woman - Judi Dench. And all Miss Dench's computer equipment is made by IBM (American).

The films that once showed the world that Britain excelled in everything from Savile Row suits to sexy sports cars are no longer a showcase for British products. Sean Connery's suits were by Anthony Sinclair, his accessories from Morlands of Burlington Arcade.

The new Bond film, *Goldeneye*, has, like its predecessors, made a good amount of pre-release money by licensing rights to private firms to show

off their products and because of their association with 007 give the message that they are inherently stylish, successful and powerful. It is just that the producers no longer see those qualities as British.

"We commissioned the Italian designer, Brioni, to make Pierce's suit as a trendier version of Savile Row," said Gordon Amell, director of marketing for the British production company Eon which is in charge of the new film. "Bond is known for high style, after all."



Inside the special effects studio at Pinewood during the making of the film, the real-life Q, the special effects technician Nick Farnsworth, said: "We did try to use British. But there are so many difficulties in getting the supplies, on time." In the case of the Bondmobile, confirmed Mr Amell, "we talked to a lot of British manufacturers but they didn't have the right car at the right time."

In the matter of clothes too, the British have been outstripped by the Italians. Colin Woodhead, who is co-writing a book on Bond's style over the years, said yesterday: "It wasn't really the intention not to use British clothes. The suits are tailored in Italy to be as British as possible. What you have to understand about a \$5m movie

is that wardrobe, particularly today, is so crucial that if anything goes wrong on a shoot the company would have to re-supply in a couple of days. The top British tailors - those that survive - are too busy and too small. Brioni can and does manufacture 250 hand-tailored items a day."

There is some good news for Britain, though. The Russian spy Xenia, played by the 30-year-old Dutch actress Famke Janssen, will star as a human nutcracker, crushing her enemies between her thighs. But beneath those killer thighs are shoes from Jimmy Choo, who supplies the Princess of Wales. And when Xenia ventures out of doors, her hair will be by British designer Phillip Somerville.

The biggest and most far-reaching news for Britain, though, is that the makeshift studio where *Goldeneye* was shot - a former Rolls-Royce aircraft assembly plant in Leavesden, Hertfordshire, is likely to become a new permanent British studio.

Though Rolls-Royce had wanted to turn it into a golf course and business park, Hertfordshire County Council is considering plans by a new company, Third Millennium Studios Ltd, to make the site a film studio as large as Pinewood, with what would be one of the biggest "backlots" - the areas for shooting external scenes - in the world.

Third Millennium Studios, backed by a Malaysian syndicate, would employ all British personnel and, as well as shooting films, would offer studio tours for the public, showing props from Bond and other British films.

A final decision on the plan is expected in the next few weeks.



How the modern secret service agent keeps up appearances

The new James Bond movie *'Goldeneye'* opens next month, exposing British charm but foreign designers. Nice movie shame about the product placement.

SUITS: Brioni, Italian £1,750
Image: classic, rich and serious

SHIRT & TIE: Sulka, British/American/French £160
Image: serious, rich and classic

WATCH: Omega, Swiss £20,000
Image: rich

CAR: Aston Martin, £40,000
Image: Rich and time to wait for delivery

SHOES: Church's, British £120
Image: classic



FASHION ACCESSORY: Female, very expensive tastes
Image: tip-market bimbo, good at karate

Clocks go back as row rages on

STEVE CONNOR
Science Correspondent

British Summer Time (BST) gives way to Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) tomorrow morning at 2am when clocks go back an hour in order to make the mornings lighter and the evenings darker.

Lobbyists - such as the CBI, the tourist industry and road-safety campaigners - are in favour of abolishing GMT by extending BST through winter and having double BST in summer. They want Britain to come into line with the rest of Europe, which is an hour ahead of the UK for much of the year.

According to Peter Andrews, of the Royal Greenwich Observatory in Cambridge, there is no scientific reason for changing the clocks. "It is purely a social and economic phenomenon to do with shifting daylight hours to make life easier."

Those in favour of putting the clocks forward an extra hour throughout the year believe it will cut road deaths, save energy, and increase the amount of leisure time by making evenings lighter. British business would also be on the same time as European companies.

However, those against the change argue that because Britain is further west and north than the rest of Europe, the Euro time would not suit people living in northern Scotland where dawn would break at 10am in the middle of winter.

BST was first introduced in 1916 as an energy-saving measure to move daylight hours from the morning to the evening, Dr Andrews said.

An added complication is that countries on Central European Time put their clocks back a month earlier than Britain. In an attempt to move towards co-ordination, tomorrow morning's extra hour has come a week earlier than in previous years. Dr Andrews said there is an attempt to ensure Britain changes its clocks on the same day as other countries.

Law Society chief strikes new blow in battle of sexes

STEPHEN WARD
Legal Affairs Correspondent

The solicitors' leader Martin Mears was embroiled in a new political correctness row last night when he told women in his profession to put their families ahead of their jobs.

His latest attack came in a letter to a group of young women lawyers who had sent him a survey showing that most senior jobs were still going to men.

Mr Mears told them it was not because of discrimination: "I do know a number of women solicitors with families and, in general, they don't wish to elbow and push their way forward in the way that their male colleagues feel compelled to do. In any event, in my view it is entirely right that women should put their families first."

His wife was a solicitor, he

told them, and she had never experienced discrimination.

Mr Mears, 55, has already been involved in a series of attacks on political correctness since his campaign in the first contested Law Society presidential election for 40 years.

In his inaugural speech in July, he half-jokingly described his defeated feminist opponent Eileen Pennington as "the most dangerous woman in Britain". Then, eight days ago, in a speech to the solicitors' annual conference, he said the Equal Opportunities Commission and the Commission for Racial Equality had "outlived their usefulness".

At a private Law Society committee meeting this week he questioned the value of an annual equal opportunities award given by the society, and was later forced to pledge that he

would always make it clear when he was expressing views which were his own, and not those of the Law Society.

Mr Mears' correspondence with the Young Women Lawyers group started in July when they sent him a copy of their survey showing that only 25 per cent of new partners in solicitors' firms last year were women, despite the fact that nine years ago 44 per cent of new entrants to the profession were female. The average time it takes to become a partner is nine years.

Mr Mears replied: "My own wife is a personal injury solicitor in a large firm and she has worked in other firms."

"She has never experienced discrimination. In her last firm she was offered a full equity partnership but turned it down for domestic reasons. You may


not like it, but I think it is a fact that many women solicitors do, in fact, put their families before their careers."

He said he expected the structure of law firms to adapt "in the natural course of things".

He added: "A firm will, in its own interests, offer part-time work to a good employee if that is the way to satisfy her."

The two leaders of the women lawyers, Chae McGlynn and Caroline Graham, replied to Mr Mears: "We continue to believe that anecdotal evidence is of secondary importance to researched data."

"Naturally, the experiences of individuals are important to the debate, but for each example of a woman solicitor who does not find her sex to be an impediment, there are many who hold the opposite view."



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Return of a rock legend: Ben Thompson meets Ozzy Osbourne

Five men and a baby: how the male sex views pregnancy

The people's cook: profile of Delia Smith

Ian Jack's notebook



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news

Swanning in: The conductor Viktor Fedotov, making his debut with the Royal Ballet, opens the new season at Covent Garden today with *Swan Lake*. Photograph: Laurie Lewis

Self Assessment

It's time to tidy up your tax affairs.

Are you getting your house in order, ready for Self Assessment?

If you are self-employed, the changes will certainly affect you. For instance, if you own a business which employs others, are in a partnership (including husband and wife partnerships), a one person business working from home, or self-employed in one job and employed in another.

(It will also apply to everyone else who normally receives a tax return including higher rate tax payers, company directors and some pensioners.)

Self Assessment is not a new tax. Just a more straightforward way of assessing and paying it. The first Self Assessment tax returns will be sent out in April 1997 for the tax year 1996/97.

That may seem a long way off but you'll need to get your tax affairs up to date well before then. If you have any outstanding tax business, don't keep putting it off, sort it out. Or if you're not clear about your tax situation, get in touch with your tax office or accountant to find out exactly where you stand. It will make the change-over to Self Assessment that much easier.

And remember, you must keep adequate records. It's a good idea to have a tax file and keep everything together that might be useful such as receipts, dividend vouchers and other important documents.

Failing to comply with the new rules could cost you interest and penalties. To help you avoid this, there'll be a clear timetable setting out exactly what you need to do and by when.

Self Assessment doesn't mean you'll have to work out your own tax bill. We'll be happy to do it for you. But if you want to do the calculation yourself you'll have a bit longer to get your tax return in. With any change - even for the better - we understand you may have questions or concerns. We've prepared some free booklets and a video to help you. If you'd like copies just send us the coupon or telephone our special number anytime. (All calls are charged at the local rate.)

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Rosemary West trial: Eldest girl was made pregnant at the age of 15

Daughter tells of incest and brutality

WILL BENNETT

Frederick West, who was idolised by his eldest daughter, made her pregnant when she was 15 years old, Winchester Crown Court was told yesterday. Giving evidence, Anne Marie Davis said her stepmother Rosemary West regularly assaulted and humiliated her, and on one occasion laughed and sneered at her after Mr West had kicked her in the mouth with steel-capped boots.

Mrs Davis told the jury about her brutal childhood on her second day in the witness box. Mrs West, 41, denies murdering 10 girls and young women whose remains were found at the Wests' house, 25 Cromwell Street, Gloucester, and at their previous home in the city. Mr West, who was charged with 12 murders, was found dead in his prison cell on 1 January this year.

Cross-examined by Richard Ferguson QC for the defence, Mrs Davis told the court: "When I was young I used to tell my dad that I would marry him." She said Mr West regularly had sexual intercourse with her and made her pregnant when she was 15. The court was later told that she had suffered a miscarriage.

Mr Ferguson said: "You were devoted to your father."

Mrs Davis replied: "Yes, I did love my father."

Mr Ferguson asked: "You would have done anything for him." She replied: "I would have done anything for both Rosemary and my father."

Questioned by Brian Leveson QC for the prosecution, she said that when Mrs West became part of the family she felt that a wedge had been driven between herself and her father.

adding: "Rosemary would make sure that me and my father did not have time together."

Mrs Davis said her stepmother repeatedly assaulted and humiliated her. She would punch and kick her and hit her with implements including a saucepan, a broom and a belt.

"She would call me names and just hit me for no reason and she would do things to me. I remember on one occasion I was made to undress when the children were young and they had fingerpaints and they were painting on my body," Mrs West also drew on her, and she was made to stay in that condition until Mr West came home.

On another occasion, when Mrs Davis tried to intervene in a family row, her father knocked her to the ground and kicked her in the mouth with steel-capped boots. She recalled: "I looked up and she [Rosemary West] was laughing and said: 'That will teach you to try and be so cocky'."

Mrs Davis admitted having a contract with a newspaper, for which she had been paid £3,000, and an arrangement for a book about her life. She said that when she was first approached she thought the cash was "blood money".

Mr Leveson told the court that Mrs West had been interviewed by detectives during a separate police inquiry in 1992. Questioned about the disappearance of her eldest daughter, Heather, whose remains were found at 25 Cromwell Street in 1994, she told police: "She has not disappeared, she has made a conscious decision to leave." She added: "Heather was a lesbian and she wanted a life of her own."

The trial was adjourned until Monday.



Anne Marie Davis giving evidence yesterday, watched by her stepmother Rosemary West. Illustration: Julia Querzler

Police may have copyright claim to West tapes

MARIANNE MACDONALD
Arts Reporter

Gloucestershire police force could claim copyright of the Fred West police interviews held as part of his estate, it emerged yesterday.

The transcripts and 132 police tapes of the interviews, together with West's 100-page autobiography, were inherited by his widow, Rosemary, and his eight children when West hanged himself.

Peter Harris, the Official Solicitor, is acting as executor because West died without a will. To maximise the profits in the estate, he has commissioned a "definitive" biography of West from a former *Times* journalist, Geoffrey Wansell.

The controversial portrait will be based on exclusive access to the West archive which has been sold to Hodder Headline for a six-figure sum.

But a specialist in intellectual property said yesterday that Gloucestershire police would own copyright in the tapes of the police interviews as sound recordings because they had made the arrangements for them to be made.

Robert Anderson, a partner in the leading City law firm Lovell White Durrant said it could also be the case that Gloucestershire police had joint ownership of copyright with West in the words spoken during the interviews - and would own copyright in the transcripts themselves if they were typed by an employee of the force.

That scenario would prevent Mr Wansell from quoting large extracts of the police interviews without police permission and would seriously reduce the commercial value of the book due to go on sale next year.

The ownership of copyright in police interviews is thought never to have been explored in the courts.

The Official Solicitor has taken advice on the copyright issue from another City firm, Taylor Joynson Garrett. By last month he had incurred fees of £40,000 - thought now to be nearer £60,000 - which will swallow up a portion of the money West's children will make from his story.

Douglas French, the MP for Gloucester, has written to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mackay of Clashfern, arguing that it is "wholly inappropriate" for the Official Solicitor to enter into such a deal. The letter says: "I am well aware that the Official Solicitor has a duty in law to act in the best interests of the beneficiaries of the estate. It appears, however, that he believes that the best interests are to be seen solely in terms of the highest price. In this case, I do not believe that to be true."

The deal has also exposed the bizarre legal situation by which police material given to a defendant to prepare his case can pass to his or her family on his death and then be sold by them.

Mr French's letter adds that the transcripts were not released to be "peddled on the international publishing circuit".

Chequered career of a man with an eye for the deal

David Hart's influence over defence is considerable, writes Chris Blackhurst

It is hard on one level to take David Hart seriously. He looks like Lord Lucan, has a son whose middle name is Bimbo, writes novels, one of which is dedicated portentously to "you, Citizen", hunts and shoots, and smokes impossibly long cigars.

Yet listening to some on the Labour benches, among the higher reaches of the Ministry of Defence and in the boardrooms of Britain's biggest defence manufacturers, you would think he was their number one bogeyman.

Mention his name and a torrent of bile emerges: dangerous, sinister, far right, upstart, CIA links, determined to slash the armed forces, friend of US defence contractors, *eminence grise* to Michael Portillo.

Last week, Labour was at it again, with the party's defence spokesman, David Clark, using the occasion of the defence debate to challenge an impassive Mr Portillo about the security clearance of his close friend - or to give Mr Hart his official title, "independent adviser".

Following the debate and Mr Portillo's stoic refusal to be drawn, a series of parliamentary answers forced out of the Secretary of State for Defence by Labour have shed some light on his role.

"Mr David Hart is currently providing advice to me on the following equipment projects: EF 2000, Astor, Phoenix, Tornado F3 Upgrade and Long Range Conventionally Armed

Stand-Off Missile." Plus, said Mr Portillo, he had also discussed "various aspects of the situation in the former Yugoslavia with Mr Hart".

Not a bad list for someone who has never worked in the defence industry, never fired a gun on active service and spends most of his time developing property and farming his estate in Suffolk.

And despite the hard-nosed instinct for a deal he has shown in the past, his valuable services to government come for free. As he insists: he serves Mr Portillo, and before him, Malcolm Rifkind, out of a sense of duty and an overriding love for his country, nothing more, nothing less.

According to Mr Portillo, his friend has a pass for the MoD and is subject to the provisions of the Official Secrets Act. However, his answer does not make clear that he has signed the Act. "In addition, he owes me a personal duty of confidence."

As for any possible conflict with his private interests, Mr Portillo declared that the onus is on Mr Hart himself to declare it.

Such freedom for one with undoubted access to affairs of enormous commercial and strategic confidentiality is unheard of, say those close to the MoD. It is precisely because he is a close friend and he is working for nothing, they say, that such latitude is tolerated.

Fuelling the air of mystery,



Bogeyman: Opposition MPs are concerned at David Hart's role within the Ministry of Defence

Photograph: Dario Mitidieri

Mr Hart, for all his bluff exterior, doesn't give much away. He does not appear in *Who's Who* and he does not give interviews. He is an Old Etonian who inherited a fortune from his father, the founder of Henry Ansbacher, and first shot to

public prominence when he popped up advising Ian McGregor on the 1984 miners' strike. He was chairman of the Committee for a Free Britain, a right-wing pressure group, and once ran an agency publishing Russian dissidents' work in the

West. Beyond that, few hard facts are known.

The listing of his businesses at Companies House is a text-book case in how to comply with the law and make all the right declarations, without actually saying much at all.

He is 51, lives at Chadacre House, near Bury St Edmunds, and is at present a director of 15 companies. Several are property vehicles set up to develop parcels of land or office blocks in a town or city, so you have Arcadia Land (Cambridge),

Arcadia Land (Liverpool) and Arcadia Land (Amersham). None of them, critics take note, show any sign of his exploiting one of his pet MoD projects and buying up surplus army houses or bases. Several relate to his farming.

Some appear less conventional. One was called Gorley Park Developments Limited. Another, Federal Aviation, is in the aircraft business. Most of them take full advantage of the rules governing limited disclosure for tightly held companies and say nothing about their sales and profits figures.

Their registered offices are frequently given as an address in Finchley Road, north London. Ownership of one of them, Marathon Properties, is concentrated in Federal Trust Corporation in the impenetrable British Virgin Islands.

Two articles in the *Spectator* magazine have come to be seen as declarations of policy. One argued that if we intervened in the former Yugoslavia it should be to back the Serbs. The other discussed the shortcomings in our armed forces and our procurement programmes - in particular, questioning the EF 2000 Euro-fighter project and the Vickers Challenger II tank.

One tale clearly illustrates the problems of dealing with Mr Hart. During the battle to win the army attack helicopter, Westland, which owns the Battersea Helicopter, became concerned about landing and take-off fees owed by Mr Hart. For a while the company did not know what to do: should it contact him direct and risk upsetting the prospects for its bid, or should it say nothing and risk being accused of favouring the Defence Secretary's adviser if it ever got out? After much hand-wringing, he was eventually contacted and the money was paid. Westland need not have worried - they got the order.

Future of £1.5m Scottish estate hangs in balance

JOJO MOYES

A group of villagers and environmental campaigners who joined forces to try to secure the future of their remote Scottish estate decided not to bid for it, just hours before the sale deadline yesterday, as the Government announced plans to sell off Scottish land to local crofters.

Offers for the Knoydart estate in Invernesshire, Britain's most remote Highland estate, closed yesterday at midday. The agents, Strutton Parker in Edinburgh, who are handling the £1.5m sale, declined to say yesterday whether a credible offer had been received.

The recently formed Knoydart Foundation, which includes residents, local authorities, the John Muir and Brasher trusts, and the theatre impresario Cameron Mackintosh, decided not to bid after it received the results of a feasibility study.

"We had a meeting yesterday and the foundation considers it needs more time to consider the

study. It is therefore not putting in a bid to purchase the estate today," said Nigel Hawkins, a member of the steering group of the Knoydart Foundation and a trustee of environmental group the John Muir Trust.

"But it does not rule out the possibility that it may try and buy the estate at a later stage. It may not be sold today after all. And it has changed hands every few years recently."

According to the feasibility study, running costs on the 16,000-acre estate are around £200,000 a year. This is partly because the estate, while physically linked to the mainland, has no road. Everything has to travel by boat. There is a history of friction between the 50-strong community and a succession of owners. Residents complain that lairds have neglected the 16,000-acre peninsula, which overlooks Skye.

Mr Hawkins stressed that the decision not to make a bid for the estate did not mean the foundation's *raison d'être* was

defunct. "The foundation was set up to look after the interests of local community and environmental interests ... We'll work in partnership with whoever becomes the owner."

The Government said yesterday it was considering plans to hand over 250,000 acres of state-owned land in northern Scotland to local people. The Secretary of State for Scotland, Michael Forsyth, visiting the Highlands to meet the Crofters' Commission and the Assyn Crofters Trust, said he would issue a consultation paper on the creation of further crofting trusts.

Three years ago crofters in Assyn banded together to form a trust to buy their entire crofting land from the private landowner. They now have a number of projects under way. "The transfer of power and responsibility to local communities is a key plank in the Government's philosophy and the crofters in Assyn are to be congratulated," Mr Forsyth said.

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news

Prison drama provides little to cheer

Heather Mills looks at the events leading up to this week's stand-off

HEATHER MILLS
Home Affairs Correspondent

It was a bizarre and complex drama involving a general, a disgraced prison governor, an unpopular Home Secretary and the prisons boss he sacked.

Television series have been written with more meagre raw material than contained in this week's "trial" of Michael Howard, which ended with him seeing off (yet again) attempts to sabotage his political career. But some questions remain.

It started on 3 January, when three lives – two killers and an arsonist – put into action Colditz-like preparations and went, armed, through a fence and over the wall from Parkhurst top security prison on the Isle of Wight.

What made the escape so embarrassing for the prison authorities and the Government was that it happened only three months after the breakout of five armed IRA inmates from Whitemoor, Cambridgeshire, another supposedly impenetrable jail. There was public and opposition outrage.

Losing five dangerous men from one supposedly secure jail may be a tax. Losing another three, so soon afterwards – and following a security audit – looks like negligence. There were calls for the heads of the two men responsible for the prisons, Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, and Derek Lewis, the director general.

But a week after the escape, after the men's recapture and after a short inquiry, Mr Howard announced to the Commons that John Marriott, the prison governor, was to be the only fall guy. He would be removed from his duties immediately and would not govern a jail again. The words "scapegoat" and "passing the buck" were used in Mr Marriott's defence.

Mr Howard also announced an inquiry into events at Parkhurst and into security at all jails. It would be carried out by Sir John Learmont, the former quartermaster general.

Nine months later on Monday this week, Sir John dropped his bombshell. His inquiry report was an indictment of the service from top to bottom. It was, he said, "a chapter of errors at every level and a naïveté that defies belief." The fallout was swift, dramatic and quite unforeseen.

Mr Lewis was summarily sacked by Mr Howard. The Home Secretary, anxious to acquit himself of the blame, went out of his way to tell the Commons the buck stopped with Mr Lewis and the prison management.

But the former television executive was not prepared to become a sacrificial lamb. He fired off a broadside accusing the Home Secretary of interference with the running of the service and blurring the demarcation lines of responsibility. In other words, if Mr Lewis was to blame so was Michael Howard.

It was fodder for Labour. Coming so soon after Lord Taylor, the Lord Chief Justice, had launched his extraordinary attack on Mr Howard's penal policy, Mr Howard's credibility was seriously undermined.

Mr Lewis swiftly followed up his advance with a writ for unlawful dismissal, detailing 12 incidents of political interference including in the removal of John Marriott. Two highly respected non-executive members of the Prison Board resigned in protest over Mr Lewis' treatment – and to cap it all Mr Lewis and two board members also questioned the validity and accuracy of the Learmont report.

An outside observer might well think it reasonable for a Home Secretary to consider the removal of the man in charge of a jail from which three category A prisoners had escaped. Similarly a Home Secretary might be entitled to seek the resignation of the man whose management of the service had been thoroughly undermined by the Learmont report. For that matter, they might expect that a Home Secretary responsible for law and order and criminal justice policy, could and should be involved in such a sensitive and important part as prisons.

But what Mr Howard has done is to build an artificial wall between himself and the service, so that he could take refuge behind it when events turned nasty. He says he on one side of the wall is responsible only



Back on the beat: Michael Howard visiting Bournemouth, where he launched a CCTV security scheme yesterday

Photograph: South Coast

for policy and Mr Lewis over the other is responsible for operations. Had he and his policies been found at fault by the Learmont inquiry, he would have gone, he says. Crucially, he reiterated this distinction in Parliament before the Home Affairs select committee – in particular he denied any involvement in the removal of John Marriott.

But this division really stretched credibility on two grounds. Learmont was highly critical of ministerial meddling in day-to-day events. Upwards communication to the Home Office had become the service's *raison d'être*, he concluded. And could Mr Howard

really argue that a "lock 'em up" criminal justice policy coupled with a prison privatisation programme are in no way connected to a demoralised, overstretched staff trying to cope with jails bursting at the seams?

That is what was really at the centre of this week's drama. Mr Howard was on the end of a hook he himself had baited. The Opposition and Mr Lewis were seeking to prove that Mr Howard's wall was built without foundation – and crucially that he had been "less than frank" about the division of responsibility for the Prison Service to the Home Affairs select committee. That is a potentially sacking offence for a minister even if prison escapes were not.

Hence the hints of "smoking faxes" and "smoking minutes" in the media leading up to Thursday's debate – did the evidence exist to prove Mr Howard had been "economical with the truth?" Labour, clearly thought it had with the minutes of the meeting between the Home Secretary and Mr Lewis when Mr Marriott's removal was discussed.

Mr Howard had told the select committee he had "no need to discuss" the transfer of any staff because it was operational and governed by the disciplinary code. In fact he clearly had discussed it, but under shadow Home Secretary Jack Straw's lacklustre cross-examination in the Commons he was able to side-step repeatedly the main allegation that he, Mr Howard, had insisted that Mr Marriott was removed that day against Mr Lewis' wishes – in other words that he involved himself directly in operations.

That was the admission the opposition were chasing and they did not get it. Labour, outclassed and outmanoeuvred, let Mr Howard off his own hook. They failed to pursue the bulk of Mr Lewis' other claims and they missed entirely the wider questions of who runs the prisons, the relationship between government and the

semi-independent agencies, and, indeed, what, on the ground, is being done in response to the Learmont report.

Mr Howard, meanwhile, secured the backing of the Commons in a 280-231 vote and he secured his tenure at the Home Office by a robust and adept performance. But should a matter as delicate and important as the management of prisons and prisoners be decided by who performs best at the dispatch box and who shouts loudest from the benches. Starting with a dramatic escape, ending in yobbish political farce, neither the public nor the prison service are any better off.

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'I would have resigned' 'He has no scapegoats left'

"On Thursday I comprehensively rebutted the unfounded allegations made against me by Tony Blair."

"General Learmont's report into prison security was highly critical of both John Marriott – the former governor of Parkhurst – and senior prison service management."

"In accepting the broad thrust of that independent report, I concluded that Derek Lewis's position as Director General of the Prison Service was untenable."

"Had such criticisms been made of me I would have resigned."

"I am responsible for prisons policy. The Director General for the day-



MICHAEL HOWARD

to-day running of the service. As I made clear two days ago I am entitled to be consulted on operational matters which might give rise to grave public or parliamentary concern. I was consulted on such matters.

I was not entitled to issue instructions. I did not."

"It is now time to look forward. I want to concentrate on the important work being done by the Prison Service: mandatory drug testing; curbing the abuses of home leave; and ensuring that privileges are earned, not handed down as of right."

"As the Learmont report makes clear there are many excellent people working in the prison service who want to do a good job."

"I hope the changes I have announced this week will help them achieve that goal."

"This week's events have blown apart the Home Secretary's claim not to be responsible for operational matters in the prison service."

"The distinction between operations and policy was always a bogus one. It conveniently allowed Mr Howard to take the credit when things went well but to say 'Don't blame me I'm not in charge', if things went wrong."

"But on Thursday Mr Howard was forced to admit that, in the aftermath of the Parkhurst escape, he was deeply involved in operational decisions."

"It was he who pushed for the Gov-



JACK STRAW

ernor to be suspended. It was he who was worried that anything short of that would be seen as a 'fudge'."

"And it was he who refused on seven occasions to deny having taken the crucial decision that John

Marriott would be removed on the day of his statement to the Commons."

"The damaging impression has been left of a Home Secretary who has something to hide."

"Caught between a rock and a hard place, he could not admit the full truth because of the responsibility which he would then have to accept the blame for the overwhelming crisis now facing the prison service."

"The problem for him now is that he has run out of scapegoats."

"Next time something goes wrong there will be no one else to blame."

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"Next time something goes wrong there will be no one else to blame."

Clarke finalises tax cut scope at Budget summit

PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES
Political Correspondent

Kenneth Clarke, the Chancellor, set about crystallising the scope for Budget tax cuts yesterday at a meeting of Treasury ministers and advisers at his country residence, Dorneywood, in Kent.

While some analysts say the case for cuts is weak because the public sector borrowing requirement is running ahead of Treasury forecasts, there were growing expectations yesterday that the necessary scope for a cut of up to 2p in the basic rate of income tax, or its equivalent in other taxes such as inheritance or capital gains tax, could be found.

Mr Clarke is holding out hope that spending could be cut to below this year's control total of £263bn, but Gillian Shephard, Secretary of State for Education and Employment, Stephen Dorrell, Secretary of State for Health, and Peter Lilley, Secretary of State for Social Security, are fighting against cuts in their budgets.

Ministers will assess the likely receipts from next April's sell-off of Railtrack, while the spending cut are likely to be wielded heavily over Whitehall running costs. Mr Clarke is also expected to attempt to breathe more life into the Private Finance Initiative to reduce capital public spending.

The final balancing act between spending commitments and tax cuts will be hammered out at a Cabinet meeting early next month in advance of Mr Clarke's detailed announcements in the 28 November Budget.

At a private meeting with backbenchers on Thursday night, William Waldegrave, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, warned that tax cuts could only be delivered through cuts in public spending. MPs at the meeting urged the Government to resist calls from "Middle England" asking for help from the taxpayer for long-term care for the elderly.

Tory backbenchers are concerned that next month's Budget may be the last chance for tax cuts before the election is called, and some are hostile to suggestions that the social security savings limit should be doubled to £16,000 before people have to pay for private care, or that nursing fees for the elderly should be paid by the state.

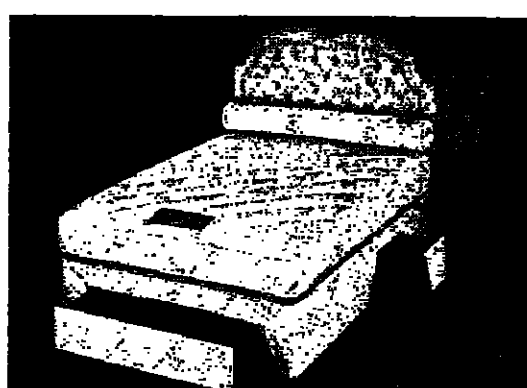
Right-wingers especially want to see a drive for people to make their own provision for long-term residential care through private insurance. A further demand that is expected to be brushed aside by the Chancellor is help from the public purse for home-owners faced with falling prices and negative equity.

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well and wake up feeling great. So much so, you'll feel like you've had an extra hour's sleep every night. If you'd like more information about Sealy Posturepedic call free on 0500 21 00 21 for a colour brochure and details of your nearest stockist. We'll give you a great night's sleep every night of the year.



heer Blair "lo after po snub an Howard triumph

"My experience in revealing the truth changed my life. I've learned that for sake of truth you must lose your friends, your family, your home, life, identity. I've learned that sometimes you have to scream the truth so that the world pays attention and that, sometimes the world doesn't want to hear no matter how loud you scream"

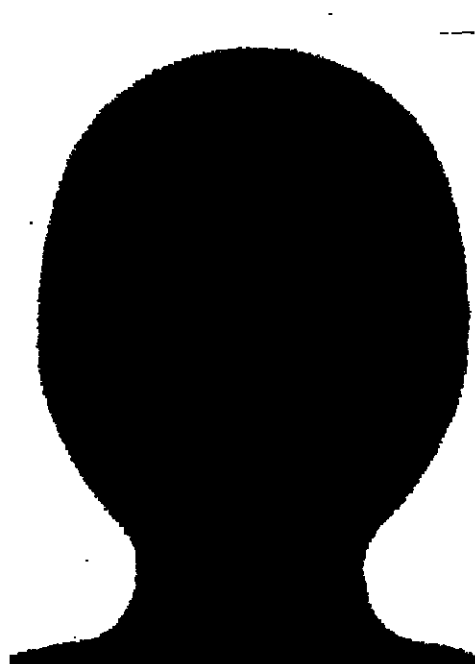
ALENKA MIRKOVIĆ,
A JOURNALIST
CAMPAIGNING ON
BEHALF OF THE
"DISAPPEARED".



Musafa was abducted by armed men, forced to drink alcohol (because it was against his Muslim religion) and then made to dance to a Serbian folk tune whistled by his captors. He was taken away and has "disappeared".



Admir worked as a post office electrician in a town in northern Bosnia. He "disappeared" after being abducted by an extreme Serb nationalist paramilitary unit which called itself 'The White Eagles'. They have not been brought to book.



Nineteen year old Vahda was one of a group of young women (some schoolgirls of fourteen) dragged off a bus at gunpoint by men who reportedly said, "We'll make some fine Serb babies with these girls". The girls "disappeared".



When her home town was attacked, Marija and her mother hid in a cellar, praying they wouldn't be found. But armed men dragged them out and took them away. Neither woman has been seen or heard from since.

"The people who did this say they are Serbs. I am a Serb. I have nothing in common with them. I don't want to live where there are only these people."

NENAD RADOJČIĆ

"It is not possible for someone to disappear. Either they are under the earth, or on it - in prison."

ČASLAV NIKŠIĆ

"We decided not to have children until the war was over, and then look what happened. Three years and no news. I miss my home. I miss my husband."

HAJRIJA KAHRIMANOVIĆ

"If they are alive then they are alive. If they are dead, well it's a war and you have to accept that, but we want the truth."

SEJIDA MENČI

"While I write this I am not even aware of the tears that flow down my tired and bagged face, tears of grief and powerlessness. They suffer there in Bosnia and I suffer here and I ask myself will there ever be an end to it?"

SISTER OF HUSEIN HOTIĆ

"At least now I have a grave to visit. In some ways it is easier to bear than the terrible uncertainty of those nineteen months without any news."

LJUBICA BUTULA

Help us stop the sinister conjurers who make living people "disappear" into thin air.

Can you imagine what it would be like if someone you loved very much vanished one day without a goodbye, never to be seen or heard from ever again? Can you imagine a pain that would never leave you, or a hope that would in the end become a poison, keeping the agony alive?

PHOTOGRAPHS: AMNESTY ARCHIVES.



To a victim's family, "disappearance" is the cruellest weapon of political repression. The loved one is arrested by soldiers, police or armed paramilitaries.

After which, silence. The authorities deny all knowledge and the "disappeared" person is never seen again.

Not knowing the truth is an agony that never ends. Even after years, a wild hope keeps flickering. Although, in their heart of hearts, the family knows their loved one is probably dead, they're denied the solace of mourning. Not knowing the truth means agony never lifts, grief never dies, wounds do not heal, the picture on the wall brings no peace.

But it isn't always easy to find the truth. In former Yugoslavia, thousands of people

have "disappeared", never to be seen or heard from again. A few of their pictures appear above. In each case, no-one has ever found out what happened to them.

The war has caused huge dislocation. When millions of people are on the move, to get news of individuals is a daunting task. In Srebrenica alone, as many as 8,000 people "disappeared" in July of this year.

But the "disappeared" have not really vanished. Someone knows what happened to them. Someone knows who abducted frightened women off refugee buses and which prisoners of war are in detention camps. Somebody knows where the bodies of the dead lie.

For everyone who has "disappeared", there is someone who decided their fate.

Someone who knows where they are held. Or how they died and where their body is.

But getting through to that someone is almost impossible. All sides have to some extent obstructed efforts by the Red Cross to register prisoners of war. UN attempts to exhume mass graves in Croatia were obstructed by de facto Serbian authorities.

The Croatian authorities also restricted exhumations.

Even when the identities of abductors and killers are known, cases are rarely investigated or the perpetrators disciplined let alone prosecuted.

Faced by a chronic lack of action and no political will to release information, families are frustrated, miserable and desperate.

Some are too afraid of reprisals to report relatives missing. But many families have joined relatives' organisations which lobby for the truth. Ordinary people searching for the truth, struggling for justice, clinging to ideals which transcend national antagonism - people like these are the hope for this region. Yet they struggle against impossible odds in relative obscurity and with very few resources. More and more, the human rights defenders of former Yugoslavia look to the outside world for help.

They are not getting it.

Despite the urging of its own advisors, the world community has done little to tackle the problem of "disappearances" in former Yugoslavia. Yet it is so important.

Even if there is a military or diplomatic end to the war, peace won't magically appear. There must be respect for human rights, justice and openness.

Amnesty International has taken up the cases of hundreds of "disappeared" people. Talking to their families, time and time again we encounter the same terrible grief.

That's why we support their efforts to find out the truth and to ensure that the perpetrators face justice.

Right now the kidnappers, torturers and killers think they can get away with it because there never will be an outcry. After all, who can bring them to justice? Who can stop the disappearances and killings?

Who can stop it? You can.

Not by yourself, but working with the rest of us in Amnesty International, you can send a message to people responsible for making living people "disappear". They need you to tell them that the guilty must be brought to justice and the relatives allowed the solace of mourning.

Join us and you will also support the

families' campaigns by publicising the facts and badgering the authorities responsible.

Some victims need immediate aid because they might be tortured or executed - a fast response is essential because the most dangerous time for someone who has "disappeared" is usually the first 48 hours after they have been taken.

Amnesty International's Urgent Action scheme involves sending - and paying for - faxes, telegrams, telexes and letters to the relevant embassies, letting them know we are aware the person has been taken.

This work is vital, but also expensive and we have too little time and money.

In order to guarantee our objectivity, Amnesty refuses to accept any money from governments. We rely totally on donations and subscriptions from supporters.

This week is Amnesty International Week. What better time to join, or support our work with a donation?

Please. The sinister conjurers who make living people "disappear" are relying on you to keep silent and do nothing.

They gamble that you would rather spend an extra five minutes in front of the television than filling in a coupon. That you'd rather spend £20 on a night out than use it to help nail them and their lies.

Prove them wrong. Please join Amnesty International. send us a donation, or best of all, do both. We promise you it will be the best five minutes and £20 you've ever spent.

Amnesty International exists to expose and oppose human rights abuse wherever it occurs in the world. We are not party political. What we do insist on is that Governments respect and fulfil their international commitments to protect human rights, and that the law - which they have sworn to uphold - should apply fairly and freely both to their citizens and to themselves.

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news



Resurrection: The scrolls being prepared for exhibition at Seaby Galleries, London

Egyptian book back from the dead

DAVID KEYS
Archaeology Correspondent

A unique 2,000-year-old ancient Egyptian manuscript - a so-called Book of the Dead - has surfaced on the international antiquities market, after having disappeared from view for the past 70 years.

The "book" - a 23ft-long papyrus scroll - was removed from an unknown tomb in southern Egypt late last century and purchased by a prominent Victorian amateur Egyptologist, the Rev William MacGregor. For at least two decades it remained in Mr MacGregor's private museum in Tamworth, Staffordshire, until he sold it at auction in London in 1922 to the American millionaire William Randolph Hearst.

Hearst then kept it in one of his many mansions - or possibly in storage in New York - until 1942, when financial circumstances forced him to sell it. The book subsequently became the property of the Los Angeles Philosophical Research Society which, three months ago, sold it to the New York auction house Harmer, Rooker, which then decided to put it on the market through Royal Athena Galleries in New York.

Back in the first century BC, the scroll was made for the funeral of a member of a priestly family - a wealthy Egyptian lady by the name of Ta-er-pet.

Research over the past few months by an American Egyptologist, Dr. Malcolm Mosher, has revealed that the book came from a pre-Christian



The afterlife: Ta-er-pet's Book of the Dead was made to help her soul merge with gods Photographs: Geraint Lewis

cemetery near the ancient Egyptian city of Akhmin. It was probably removed illicitly by local treasure hunters in the 1880s around the time when the French archaeologist Gaston Maspero, an early director of the Egyptian Antiquities Service, was excavating the site.

The first Books of the Dead were produced circa 1450BC and production went on until around AD50.

Their function was to act as manuals for use by the dead in the afterlife. They included formulae which the dead person could use to merge his or her soul with those of the gods.

And this particular example also included a unique chart of images depicting 75 protective amulets - powerful talismans which would have protected the body and soul of the deceased. It is the only Book of the Dead to include such a chart.

Over 1500 years, thousands of Books of the Dead were produced by the scribes of ancient Egypt. Yet today only around 100 lengthy, complete examples survive.

Ta-er-pet's scroll - now cut into nine framed lengths - is one of only a dozen of complete examples from the end of production of the books.

However both the people who produced the scroll and Ta-er-pet's family appear to have had virtually no idea as to how the text actually read.

It had obviously been copied from a much earlier example and the scribe had made a lot of mistakes. Indeed parts of the text are completely garbled.

The Ta-er-pet Book of the Dead revealed a sort of religious revivalist conservatism - almost a religious antiquarianism - in which wealthy first-century BC Egyptians, around the time of Cleopatra, tried desperately and somewhat pathetically to hark back to more

ancient times, as their real world became increasingly Hellenised and Romanised.

Now, the New York-based antiquities gallery, Royal Athena, and their London associates, Seaby Antiquities, hope to sell the book for US\$600,000 (£375,000). Both the Louvre and the Boston Museum of Fine Art are said to have shown interest, as has at least one top private collector in Europe.

Ta-er-pet's Book of the Dead can be seen at Seaby Galleries, 14 Old Bond Street, London, weekdays 10am-5pm until 31 October. Free.

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Son 'gripped with panic' after tycoon disappeared

JOHN WILLCOCK
Financial Correspondent

Kevin Maxwell described on his fifth day of giving evidence at the six-month-old Maxwell trial the panic following the news of his father's disappearance at sea on 5 November 1991.

Kevin told the Old Bailey: "It is very hard to explain the sense of panic. I consider myself to be quite a calm and solid individual and I found myself almost unable to control myself physically, and I realised that if I didn't get a grip that I would probably suffer some kind of breakdown."

"I realised that despite not knowing where my father was, that a hell of a lot depended on not losing control and I therefore sat down and thought as logically as I could what had to be done."

Questioned by his counsel Alan Jones QC, Kevin said he then made a "very urgent" check list of things to do. These included suspending the shares to prevent a "disorderly market" developing.

He also had to tell the company's stockbroker and the banks, the Stock Exchange and the company's lawyers. The brothers decided their mother should be flown out to oversee the search for her husband.

Kevin said he and his brother opted to stay in London because they realised the shock for the group of losing his father, even temporarily, would be "a hell of a piece of news and someone would have to stay and mind the shop".

Meanwhile Ian called a board meeting to inform the rest of the management about what was going on and to confirm Kevin as the new chairman. This was done to avoid a "rudderless ship".

It took three quarters of an hour to convince the Stock Exchange that the share price should be suspended. The Exchange said that such a move, based on the disappearance of a company head, was not in their "usual experience".

As the day unfolded a number of board meetings took place. Kevin said he was appointed chairman of MCC and Ian put in charge of Mirror Group Newspapers (MGN).

By this time, a large crowd of journalists had gathered outside the group's Holborn headquarters, in London, and there was "tremendous" pressure for a statement. "We agreed to accept the inevitability of my father's death and we gave a statement in the entrance hall of MGN," he said.

One of Kevin's priorities after his father's disappearance was to retrieve a certificate for the ownership of the Teva shares, which form one plank of the prosecution.

The Maxwell Trial



Day 82

Kevin is accused of conspiring to defraud the pension funds by misusing the shares, the ownership of which has been called into question. Kevin asked his mother to go to the Glisane and search for the certificate. His mother found it on board and they were then flown in the company jet to London.

It was pointed out to him that a £23m repayment was due on MCC's jumbo loan within the next few days and he was extremely concerned that this should be paid on time because otherwise "in my view it was have sent a terrible and wrong signal to the banking community".

He told the court that in those days it was difficult to describe "the intensity of the meetings and phone calls and the amount of paper that was generated ... and the confusion."

Questioned by Mr Jones about the attitude of banks, Kevin criticised Lehman Brothers, who held some shares as security, as "exceptionally aggressive and hostile" with no concern other than their own self-interest.

By contrast NatWest was "enormously supportive ... supportive does not do adequate justice, they wanted to demonstrate a level of commitment and emotional support to myself and my brother."

He said his father had a 40-year connection with NatWest which had been a very successful and profitable relationship for both sides.

Kevin quoted from a handwritten letter sent to him by NatWest's deputy chairman, Sir Edwin Nixon, after his father's death, expressing sympathy. Sir Edwin went on to say Robert Maxwell's "reputation with the bank was as a man who always kept his word, we shall miss him greatly".

Kevin said he had personally received over 500 letters of condolence, and the family as a whole had received thousands. This year he had written about 150 letters to the people in the City who had written the letters of condolence asking them, in the context of the trial, to confirm the views of his father they held when he died. He received just eight replies.

He had written to Sir Edwin and the answer came back "from his lawyers saying he couldn't and wouldn't answer."



Fox to
hardlin
1922 lea

Blueprint for Scottish parliament endorsed



Border view: Representatives of the Scottish Constitutional Convention yesterday at New Parliament House

The blueprint for a home rule Scottish parliament was unanimously accepted yesterday. The plan was endorsed by all sides of the Scottish Constitutional Convention, a cross-party group which has worked on it for more than six years.

About 60 representatives of the Convention met in Edinburgh at New Parliament House, which would be the base for a Scottish parliament.

Details of the plan were revealed this week and will be officially unveiled to the public on 30 November, St Andrew's Day.

Under the scheme, the 129-member parliament would control most domestic issues and would have the power to vary income tax by 3p in the pound.

At yesterday's meeting the Convention heard of the need to get support for the parliament from the public and also to rebut the criticisms of the Conservatives and the SNP.

George Robertson, the shadow Scottish Secretary, said the parliament could change life in Scotland: "This is not just some dry document representing a

cold picture of a constitutional change. It is instead a message of hope that democracy is coming back to our country."

Canon Kenyon Wright, who chairs the Convention's executive committee, said they would now have to prepare for "a torrent of misrepresentation, myths and falsehoods" from the opposing political parties.

Responding to attacks by Michael Forsyth, Secretary of State for Scotland, about the cost of devolution, he said: "Be prepared for that entertaining work of fiction - the Forsyth Fables."

The Convention came under attack from the SNP leader, Alex Salmond. He renewed his claim for independence rather than devolution. "The SNP's independence message is that only a real parliament - an independent parliament - will have the real powers necessary to change Scotland for the better. What Scotland needs for the new millennium is not a puppet assembly which can talk, but a powerhouse parliament which can act."



Rivals: Sir Marcus Fox (left) faces a threat to his authority from right-winger Bob Dunn

Fox to fight hardliner for 1922 leadership

PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES
Political Correspondent

Sir Marcus Fox, veteran chairman of the influential Conservative 1922 Committee, yesterday vowed to fight an expected bid to unseat him by the right-winger Bob Dunn.

Sir Marcus, who has been criticised for being too close to the Tory leadership, also strongly denied suggestions that he was planning to stand down as MP for Shipley at the next election.

Mr Dunn, a former education minister, will issue a statement on Monday in which he is expected to announce that he will mount a challenge for the leadership in next month's annual poll of Tory backbenchers. But Sir Marcus said: "There is no way that I feel I have completed the job I started to do three years ago. He added: "I feel I have enough friends on the back benches who have supported me through this last difficult period."

The blunt-speaking professional Yorkshireman is well-liked but only narrowly fended off a challenge last year by Sir Nicholas Bonsor, now a Minister of State at the Foreign Office. There were criticisms that Sir Marcus was too prone to demanding backbenchers' loyalty to John Major - including a warning that a Euro-rebellion would provoke a general election - while failing to satisfactorily relay their dissatisfactions over policy.

But with the Government's majority now down to five, if one Tory MP without the whip is excluded, Sir Marcus insists that loyalty is more important than ever. "I will certainly do every-

thing I can to support the Prime Minister," he said.

Mr Dunn, another northerner, but MP for Dartford in Kent, is a member of the 18-strong committee executive and believes his election as chairman would ensure continuity at a time when a number of fellow executive members are planning to retire from the Commons at the next election.

He would be viewed by many MPs as an effective champion of backbench interests who would not shrink from making their views clear to ministers and whips.

Mr Dunn, a leading member of the powerful 92 Group of right-wing Tories, has had a chequered political career. Margaret Thatcher declined his offer to resign as a Minister of State for Education after Labour revealed in 1986 he had obtained his degree in politics and history not from Salford University, as he had recorded in Who's Who, but from Manchester Polytechnic.

Less genial than Sir Marcus and an outspoken critic of liberalism, he backs hanging and once denounced New Age Travellers as a "bunch of unwashed, benefit-grabbing socialist anarchists who deserve a good slap and a wash." On another occasion he demanded immediate overnight detention for children under 16 found on the streets after 10.30pm.

Despite recent criticisms, the equally straight-talking Sir Marcus proved his salt on earlier occasions, effectively stopping the controversial 1992 pit closure programme in its tracks by declaring: "It is not acceptable."

Inquiry urged into foreign blood sales

LOUISE JURY

Stephen Dorrell, the Secretary of State for Health, is to be challenged over the sale of British blood products abroad after an *Independent* investigation.

The Liberal Democrats are to demand a full inquiry by the Government and by the National Blood Authority which runs the blood service in England and Wales.

The *Independent* found the blood products made by Bio Products Laboratory, the commercial arm of the NBA, offered for sale in Turkey at four times the price paid by some British hospitals.

The finding shocked donors who have received repeated assurances from the NBA that any surpluses were not sold for commercial gain.

David Alton, Liberal Democrat MP for Liverpool Mossley Hill, is to raise the matter with Mr Dorrell on Monday at a meeting previously arranged

to discuss proposals for amalgamating or closing some parts of the blood service. Mr Alton and Alex Curille, Liberal Democrat health spokesman, are also to table an Early Day Motion in the Commons "deploring the trade and profiteering in blood" and contrasting this approach "with that of the donors who give generously and altruistically".

Speaking after a visit to the Liverpool blood centre which is threatened with closure, Mr Alton said the fact that donors had been left unaware of the way blood products were sold overseas was "symptomatic of the deceptive and incompetent ways of the authority".

The national blood service is awaiting a decision from Mr Dorrell on recommendations from the NBA to scale down the work of five out of 15 regional centres aimed at making the service more efficient.

Internal documents have described the process as "clo-

sure" of the five although the authority recently angrily denied this.

Sue Kilroe, a Liverpool donor, said yesterday that she had taken NBA reassurances that profits were not made from the sale to mean that no one profited.

"You want to help people when you give blood but it seems somebody else is gaining from it other than the people who should be," she said.

In several parts of the country yesterday, donors met to discuss plans for a campaign for "informed consent" by donors before blood products could be sold overseas.

Blood products include Factor 8 used for treating haemophiliacs and albumin used to treat burns. Little whole blood is now used in medicine.

The National Blood Authority has said that foreign sales bring income back into the service and that the alternative would be to burn surpluses.

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The key players at the centre of the Guinness case and how they have fared since their convictions



Ernest Saunders: The former chairman of Guinness paid out £3m in legal costs, later reduced to £500,000. The case has so far cost the taxpayer an estimated £27m. His Buckinghamshire house has been sold and Swiss and French properties transferred to his family. His pension from Guinness is about £80,000 a year. His income is increased by consultancy work. He lives in the West Country and shows no recurrent signs of the degenerative illness which resulted in his prison sentence being cut.



Gerald Ronson: Still chief executive at Heron, the company he built up, he is, according to associates, thinner, a little older, a little wiser, but has lost none of his self-confidence. Contributions to several charities help his rehabilitation. At the peak of his wealth Heron was worth £500m. A £5m fine, £3m legal costs, and the falling worth of Heron, has meant Ronson's personal wealth has shrunk. But he still owns a £10m yacht and a private jet. Formerly on £1.5m a year, he now has a package worth £4.5m over five years.



Anthony Parnes: At the time of the Guinness trial the former stockbroker was married to the wealthy heiress Denise Ratner. They have since divorced. In court he is constantly accompanied by his new partner, originally from the Middle East and said to be very wealthy. Parnes's former £3.3m house in Hampstead has long since been sold. He now lives in a modest flat in central London. In spite of incurring legal costs of £2m, he can still afford what he calls his "only luxury", a 15-year-old Aston Martin Volante car.



Jack Lyons: Plain Jack, as he has been since being stripped of his knighthood after being found guilty, has left England for the relative obscurity and warmth of Florida and the sun. His most famous asset, Monet's painting *Corneille*, was sold for £9m to help pay a £3m fine and legal costs of £2m. Lyons' family is still active in business, but it is reputation rather than wealth that is said to concern Mr and Mrs Lyons. Some of their former life is preserved at the Centura Spa hotel in Miami where there is still the Sir Jack Lyons Suite.

Guinness judge faces avalanche of files

JAMES CUSICK

It could have been mistaken as a passing reference to the skeletal models working at Paris fashion week when the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Taylor, addressing counsel on the first day of the Guinness appeal this week, pronounced "This is beautiful".

However, the shape and content of files rather than figures was occupying Lord Taylor's thoughts as he and two Court of Appeal judges faced a month of new argument in the latest chapter of the continuing Guinness saga.

It is now five years since Ernest Saunders, the former chairman of Guinness, Gerald Ronson, the property tycoon, and the stockbroker Anthony Parnes all received jail sentences for operating a share-support scheme that boosted Guinness's share price in the crucial run-up to the company's successful £2.7bn takeover of Distillers.

A fourth man, the consultant Sir Jack Lyons, was fined £3m and stripped of his knighthood. Claims of Star Chamber conspiracies, confessions extracted with legal rights being prejudiced, crucial evidence withheld by the prosecution, new documents becoming available, new details emerging on a crucial witness and claims that the guilty parties were simply doing what was "all the rage in the City" have been advanced by lawyers for the appellants.

Nearly 10 years have passed since the 1986 takeover battle. But in addition to longing for thin files, the Lord Chief Justice seemed hardly surprised that new material was still being presented to the judges. In his own self-confessed *cri de coeur*, Lord Taylor told the court that he expected "that if we all came back here in a few years, there would doubtless be even more new material".

On Monday Anthony Scriven QC is expected to conclude his summary of the arguments on behalf of Jack Lyons. In the four court days so far Jonathan Caplan QC, counsel for Mr Saunders, said that the "crux of his case" was that Department of Trade and Industry inspectors, called in to investigate the Distillers takeover, effectively became "evidence gatherers" for a prosecution team and that the police were excluded from inquiries because their powers of inquiry were less than those of the inspectors.

It was also alleged that Oliver Roux, the former finance director of Guinness and a key witness in the case against Saunders in the first 1990 Guinness trial, was himself being investigated by the DTI over suspected insider dealing.

Counsel for Anthony Parnes and Gerald Ronson, who have always admitted they participated in the share-price support deal but regarded the business as nothing unusual, had their argument return again this week. Share price indemnity schemes were "all the rage" at the time, the Court of Appeal has been told.

In spite of Mr Ronson's acknowledgement that he did become involved in supporting the Guinness share price - taking, he says, advice from Anthony Parnes - his counsel in the Court of Appeal, John Mathew QC, nevertheless claimed that the role of the DTI inspectors had involved "a misuse of process".

Mr Mathew also offered his own challenge to their lordships when he said: "No one on this side of the bar can think of a single example over the years of police inquiries being deliberately delayed in order for inspectors to obtain admissible evidence."

Next week, when Mr Scriven completes his summary, the Crown will have its turn. In its argument, expected to last a further week, the court is likely to hear assertions that even if the jury had known of others involved in similar practices to those found guilty, it would have made no difference to their decision.

And whether it was the DTI inspectors or the police, the law was adhered to, the Crown is expected to argue.

Following the Crown's case, the four appellants' counsels will be given a further opportunity to reply. The court proceedings will then adjourn with the judges expected to deliver their written verdict in about two months.

A fortnight of summary, however, is not what the three Court of Appeal judges will have to work on.

On the legal benches of court four there are currently the 12 wigs of leading and junior counsel, advising solicitors and their specialist advisers.

In front of them are 130 thick files on which their verbal summaries are based. Their lordships will retire, according to one counsel, to do "some serious reading".

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5 JUNE

Climbers fear curbs on their freedom

Stephen Goodwin reports on a proposal to limit access to rock faces

British climbers will be watching anxiously to see that John Gummer, Secretary of State for the Environment, does not sign away half their rock playgrounds at the "Environment for Europe" conference in Sofia, Bulgaria, next week.

The British Mountaineering Council has forsaken its normally low profile to campaign vigorously against a proposal for climbing bans on cliffs of high biological or landscape value. It believes that about half of Britain's sea cliffs and inland crags could be threatened with sweeping restrictions.

The proposal is contained in just one sub-paragraph of a document entitled *Pan-European Biological and Landscape Diversity Strategy* due to go before ministers at the conference on Tuesday. It sets out more than 100 recommendations for improving conservation across Europe, mainly affecting forestry and farming.

However, while most of the proposals are couched in rather vague terms, paragraph 10.5 in the "mountain ecosystems" section is quite specific and would affect mountain bikers and ski-

mountaineers as well as rock climbers.

It urges governments to "promote schemes for 'no climbing, gliding, off-road or skiing areas/seasons' and legally enforce climbing bans on cliffs important for biological and landscape diversity". In Britain, these would be sites of special scientific interest and areas of outstanding natural beauty.

Jeremy Barlow, access and conservation officer for the BMC, said the council did not accept that climbing and other informal outdoor recreation had an effect on landscape.

He also emphasised climbers' support for voluntary restrictions during the bird-nesting season. Each year, in co-operation with the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the council publishes a detailed list of cliffs subject to restrictions.

One example from this year's list is Craig Gogarth on Anglesey, one of Britain's most challenging sea cliffs with routes of around 350 feet. But the cliff is

also a nesting ground for puffins, guillemots and choughs and so from February to the end of July a voluntary ban was in force in sensitive areas. The Countryside Council for Wales described the arrangements as "a model example of a good practice site".

This is the type of approach the BMC would like substituted for paragraph 10.5, and it could be acceptable to the Dutch-based European Centre for Nature Conservation which drafted the Sofia strategy.

The Sofia meeting - which will be attended by ministers of the Council of Europe, a wider grouping than the European Union - will deal primarily with the environmental problems of eastern and central Europe.

"Although the strategy will not be legally binding, we must assume that European governments will take it seriously and will seek to implement as many of the proposals as possible," Mr Barlow said.

Mr Gummer's department

yesterday described the strategy as a "wish list" and said there would be wide consultation, "including with mountain people", before anything was concluded. A DoE spokeswoman said: "The document will not be the same when it comes out. The strategy will be seen at Sofia as a nice idea in principle but it needs to be workable and costed."

Climbers remain apprehensive, however, fearing that even agreement in principle could be used by landowners and conservation bodies to justify bans and restrictions.

Gill Kent, editor of the magazine *On The Edge*, said the prospect of the loss of a cliff like Gogarth was "absolutely unthinkable" and would have climbers up in arms. But the more likely threat was to smaller crags where access might be eroded without galvanising an "essentially laid-back community". She added: "We will be watching with concern for what comes out of the meeting. It could provide a perfect opportunity for anybody who has got a gripe against climbers and wants to turf them off a crag."



Upwardly mobile: Jeremy Barlow, conservation officer of the BMC, on Craig Gogarth, Anglesey. Photograph: Roger Payne

Lottery board to make £40m charity pay-out

MARIANNE MACDONALD
Arts Reporter

The National Lottery Charities Board will finally announce its first lottery grants totalling £40m on Monday.

The long-awaited announcement follows harsh criticism that the quango, set up to distribute lottery funds to charity, has spent too much on administration and has been too slow to pay out its much-needed cash.

But on Monday it is due to give its first grants to hundreds of charities, almost all community-based self-help groups.

The exception will be two pay-outs to medical research charities working in the breast cancer field.

Further grants to charities working to alleviate poverty and disadvantage - the theme of the first tranche of the board's lottery funds - will be made in November and in December. In all it will spend £160m.

Meanwhile, evidence of the huge disparity between lottery spending in the different counties of England emerged last night.

The research by the Directory of Social Change on behalf of BBC *Newsnight* shows that the county in the UK which has benefited the most from the survey of £535m paid out in lottery grants is South Yorkshire, which

has won almost £53m - or £49.46 per head.

At the other end of the scale Bedfordshire has benefited by just £54,072 since grants began in April - equivalent to 10p per head of population.

The top six counties to win lottery cash are South Yorkshire, Cambridgeshire (£42.15 per head), Hampshire (£28.84), Grampian (£25.02), Gwynedd (£21.38) and Greater London (£20.74). At the bottom are Cumbria (90p), Warwickshire (84p), Surrey (60p), Wiltshire (31p), West Glamorgan (20p) and Bedfordshire.

It also emerged yesterday that a one-day conference to explain how to apply for lottery money was charging more than £400 for admission.

The conference at the Cophoroe Tara Hotel in west London on 8 November features a keynote address from Virginia Bottomley, the Secretary of State for Heritage, who has responsibility for the lottery.

It also features representatives of all five lottery distribution bodies including Jeremy Newton, director of the national lottery at the Arts Council and David Carpenter, head of external affairs at the Sports Council lottery unit.

But John Wood, chairman of the British Kodaly Academy, a small London charity, said the conference would be "useful" but was too expensive.

Animal exports protest blocked

Angry demonstrators screamed abuse at police in Dover yesterday and tried to break through their ranks after a heated protest that was supposed to have been a peaceful memorial service.

About 60 of the 200 demonstrators, who gathered in Dover to mark the six months since the restart of live animal exports through the port, were demanding to lay bunches of flowers in front of the Eastern Docks, but they were denied permission by Kent police "for safety reasons". A police spokesman, Mark Pugh, said: "We can't just let lots of people go across the road. This is to prevent any accidents and danger to both motorists and the protesters themselves."

No arrests were made but furious protesters claimed they were being persecuted. One

said: "If they just let us lay these flowers it would all be over in a couple of minutes. The police provide escorts for the lorries carrying these animals but they won't escort us across the road."

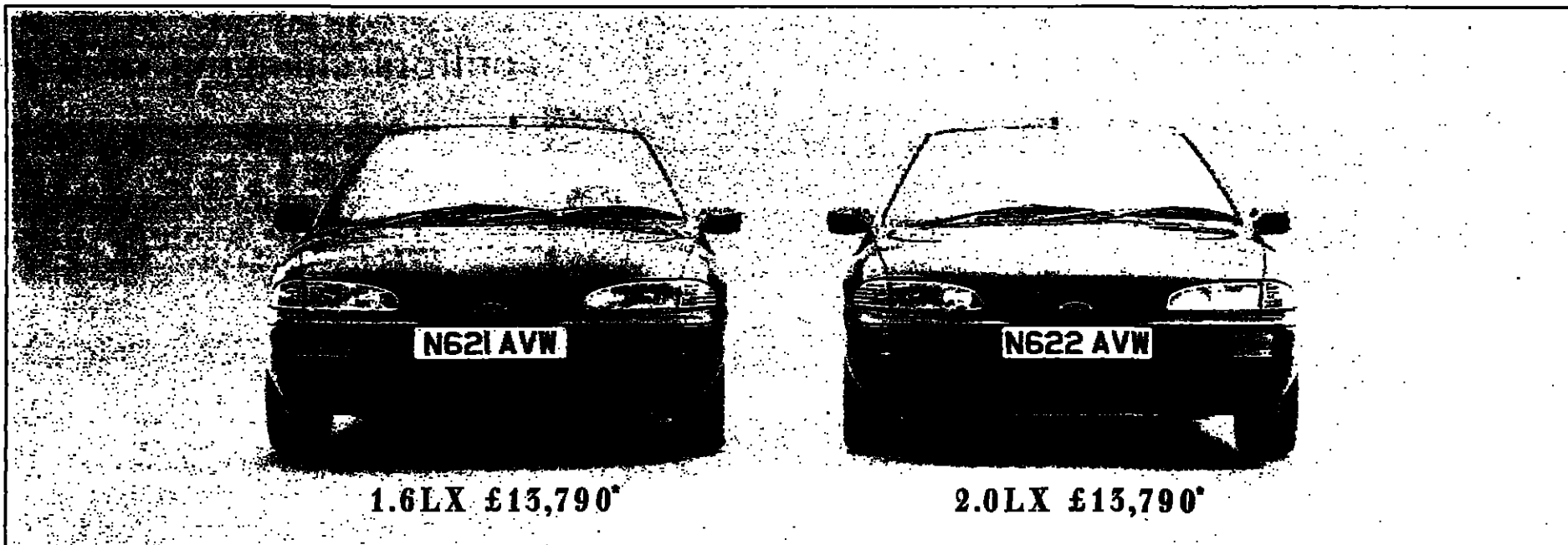
Earlier, a cavalcade of more than 40 vehicles, organised by Kent Action Against Live Exports, had travelled around three lairages where animals are kept at the villages of Capel, Petham and Shepherdswell. The tour passed off peacefully although the protesters angrily sounded their horns when a lorry filled with livestock left the lairage at Petham.

Six lorries loaded with sheep and calves passed through Dover at 9.30am, one of two cargoes expected through the port yesterday. The next convoy was expected at 12.30pm, and the planned memorial service was not allowed to go ahead.

After negotiations with police, demonstrators were finally allowed to go in pairs to lay flowers outside Dover Eastern Docks. Most of the protesters were unhappy with the compromise and responded by chanting: "Just like Noah's Ark - two by two."

The police maintained that to hold up the traffic for just a few minutes would cause "major disruption" in a busy part of town. But Mrs Jo Le Mesurier, widow of *Dad's Army* actor John, and one of the second pair allowed to lay flowers, said: "This is farcical. Why don't they let us go through in one fell swoop and get it over with?"

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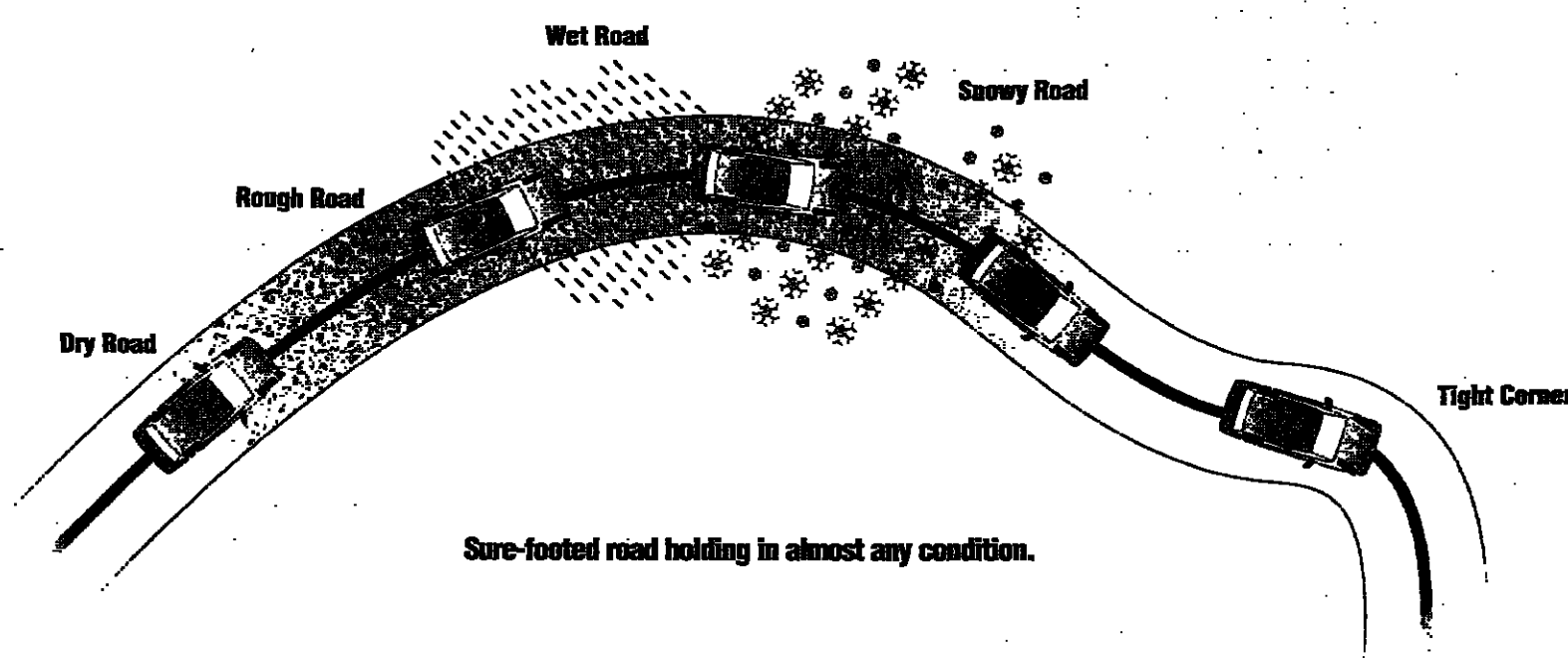
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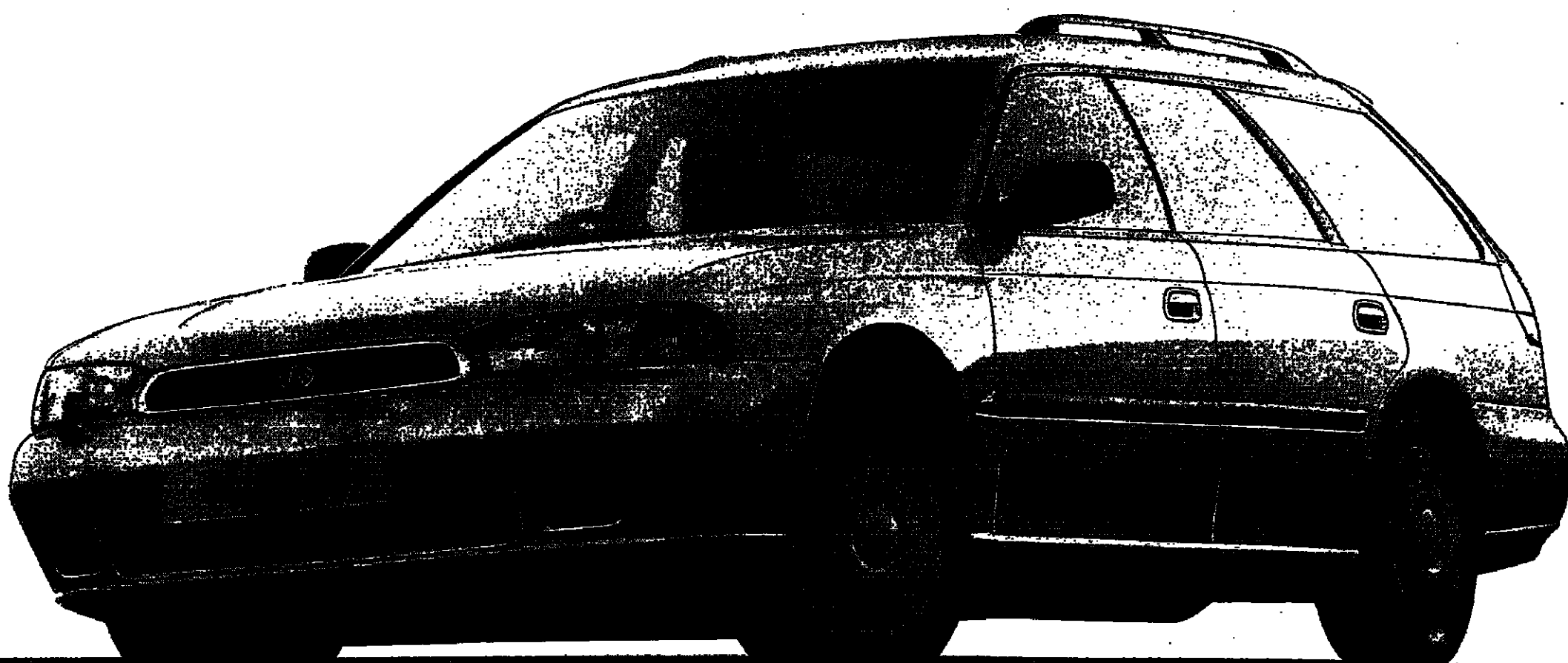
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مركز الدراجة

Nato chief resigns: Race intensifies to succeed Secretary-General felled by bribes scandal Claes protests innocence to end

SARAH HELM
Brussels
MICHAEL SHERIDAN
London

Willy Claes resigned yesterday as Nato Secretary-General, angrily protesting his innocence, as the search intensified for his successor. In the succession race, Ruud Lubbers, the former Dutch prime minister, appeared to have gained some favour over Uffe Ellemann-Jensen, the former Danish foreign minister, but according to Nato sources, other figures could still step in. Mr Claes went down fighting. It was, he said, "political murder". He had had no opportunity to defend himself, he declared: the Belgian system of law was archaic and undemocratic, and the press had been biased from the start. "I am totally innocent. I am convinced I have been unjustly treated." No ordinary citizen would be so unfairly prejudged — only a politician, he said, as he stepped down from the job he has held for only one year.

He opened his final press conference, at Nato headquarters, with an apparently heartfelt account of the achievements of the alliance in the past year. He focused on the immense task of the summer, when Nato forged its air-strikes policy in Bosnia, and spoke of the need to pursue Nato's enlargement plan, in which he had played an important role as broker. "I have been proud and privileged to serve the alliance, and be part of these endeavours." But soon he was obliged to turn to the details of his downfall. As he did so, his eloquence



Read all about it: Mr Claes (centre) on his way to Nato headquarters in Brussels yesterday to announce his resignation

Photograph: AP

changed first to bitter accusation, then self-pitying rhetoric, before running on into a long, repetitive rant.

He started his self-defence by attacking the Belgian constitutional law, which, he complained, had not been updated since 1831, and allowed a politician to be sent for trial before an investigation had been completed. He repeated his

claim that the evidence against him contained "no facts, just a few statements" and he complained that he had been refused the right to confront his accusers.

He described the MPs who voted that he face trial for his alleged part in a Belgian government bribery scandal as "150 judges", most of whom had ganged up against him and

voted along party lines. As he spoke of the "personal tragedy" for himself and his family, any sympathy was fast ebbing. "I am an angry man. I do not intend to become a bitter man, despite the injustice to which I have been subjected."

There were moments when it was hard not to feel sympathy with Mr Claes. But at no stage did he concede that his

determination to stay in the job and save his skin might have unnecessarily strung the scandal out, damaging the image of Belgian politics and of Nato. In the end, Willy Claes left the Nato stage with little dignity. In the meantime, the deputy secretary-general, Sergio Balanzino, will stand in.

Britain praised Mr Claes for his service, but the Foreign

Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, said Nato should move quickly to appoint a successor. Britain will be anxious to see continuity on three important policy themes: Nato intervention in Bosnia, relations with Russia, and expansion to eastern Europe. British officials said London has not given its backing yet to any candidate to succeed Mr Claes.

Few mourn as the blunt Belgian packs his bags

SARAH HELM
Brussels

By all accounts, Willy Claes was a good Nato secretary-general. As Nato secretary-general, he was an efficient administrator and good mediator. Some alliance leaders — particularly the Americans — were sorry to see him go, having lent him public support until the last.

But staff at Nato headquarters had no such sentiments. A blunt Belgian, Mr Claes was not a popular boss. Distant, unpredictable and charmless was

how he was described by many yesterday. In the eyes of proud Nato loyalists, his refusal to resign earlier besmirched the reputation of the alliance.

The Secretary-General has a largely administrative and brokering role. Under alliance rules, the job always goes to a European. The US always appoints the two Nato military chiefs, the supreme allied commanders for the Atlantic and for Europe. If the US can maintain its men at the military pinnacle it is happy to let the Europeans run the bureaucracy.

The Secretary-General's job is not one that carries the kudos or political clout of some other top international postings, which is why few high-ranking politicians from big countries are interested in the job unless they are thinking of retirement, like Lord Carrington, Secretary-General 1984-1988.

It is often respected politicians from smaller countries who line up for the job, and this time round Uffe Ellemann-Jensen, former Danish foreign minister, and Ruud Lubbers, former Dutch prime minister,

are front-runners. The job clearly carried too little money (£175,000 a year) or prestige to lure Douglas Hurd, the British former Foreign Secretary.

Although 2,000 diplomats and staff work at Nato's Brussels headquarters, most answer to their national delegations. The Nato chief has only a small staff and not much role in initiating policy.

However, as an operational manager the Secretary-General is the linchpin and will play a key role in the task now facing Nato, setting up a peace-en-

forcement force in former Yugoslavia.

The Secretary-General's prime tasks are to act as chairman at the weekly meetings of the North Atlantic Council, the group of 16 Nato ambassadors who gather every Wednesday at the Brussels headquarters, and to heal divisions between member states by proposing compromise. Much Nato diplomacy is carried out directly between capitals, bypassing Brussels altogether.

But Nato headquarters is the only forum where all 16 coun-

tries are represented and regularly meet. The Secretary-General travels the world, mediating. Mr Claes should have been at the UN's 50th anniversary meeting in New York this weekend, where he might have brokered a deal over the command structure for the peace-enforcement force.

Instead, he will be packing his bags and moving out of his official residence on the exclusive Avenue Louise. The last deal he brokered yesterday was to be allowed to stay on in the house for a few more days.

IN BRIEF

Swedes refuse to send back Metro suspect

Stockholm — Sweden's Supreme Court rejected France's request for the extradition of Abdelkrim Deneche, an Algerian immigrant suspected of involvement in the Paris Metro bombing in July. It ruled that under a section of the immigration law which protects asylum-seekers, Mr Deneche could not be extradited. France says he supports the Armed Islamic Group, the most extreme opponent of Algeria's military-backed government. While the ruling prevents Sweden from extraditing him directly to France, he can be kept in custody while authorities investigate him under Swedish laws. Mr Deneche was arrested in his suburban Stockholm flat in August after a request from French police. A witness claimed to have seen him in the train which was bombed, killing seven people and wounding 84. AP

Car-bomb rocks Croatian city

Zagreb — A car-bomb exploded in front of a police station in the Croatian city of Rijeka, killing the driver and wounding 29 people. The Interior Minister, Ivan Jarnjak, said the bombing was regarded as a "serious terror attack," and that the Croatian military had taken over the investigation. Two of the victims were seriously wounded and the other 27 had slight injuries. AP

Zimbabwe opposition leader bailed

Harare — A Zimbabwe High Court judge ordered the release on Z\$100,000 (£7,030) bail of the opposition leader, Ndabaningi Sithole, who was detained last weekend on allegations of plotting a coup. His lawyer said he had been ordered to surrender his passport and title deeds to his five-acre property in Harare, where he must stay for the next four weeks while police continue investigations. Reuters

Cuba bill passed by US Senate

Washington — The Senate voted by 74 to 24 to pass a watered-down bill aimed at tightening sanctions against Cuba, and blocking foreign investment in the country. The bill was short of its most controversial provision, which would have allowed naturalised Cuban-Americans to sue foreign individuals and firms buying, leasing or using properties which they formerly owned but which had been confiscated by the Castro government. Reuters



Haitians in Port-au-Prince demanding three more years in office for President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, who was ousted by the military in 1991. He returned last year

Aids scare over infected surgeon

Paris — A Paris hospital said it had plans to test more than 5,000 people for the Aids virus after learning that one of its surgeons had been infected for 13 years. The surgeon was unknowingly infected during surgery on a female patient in May 1983, but Aids was not diagnosed until earlier this year. Reuters

Ex-wife to take half of Nobel \$1m

Chicago — Rita Lucas, ex-wife of Robert Lucas, this year's winner of the Nobel Prize in economics, is no fool when it comes to economics herself. Under a clause in their divorce settlement seven years ago, she will get half of her former husband's \$1m award. The clause was due to expire at the end of this month. AP

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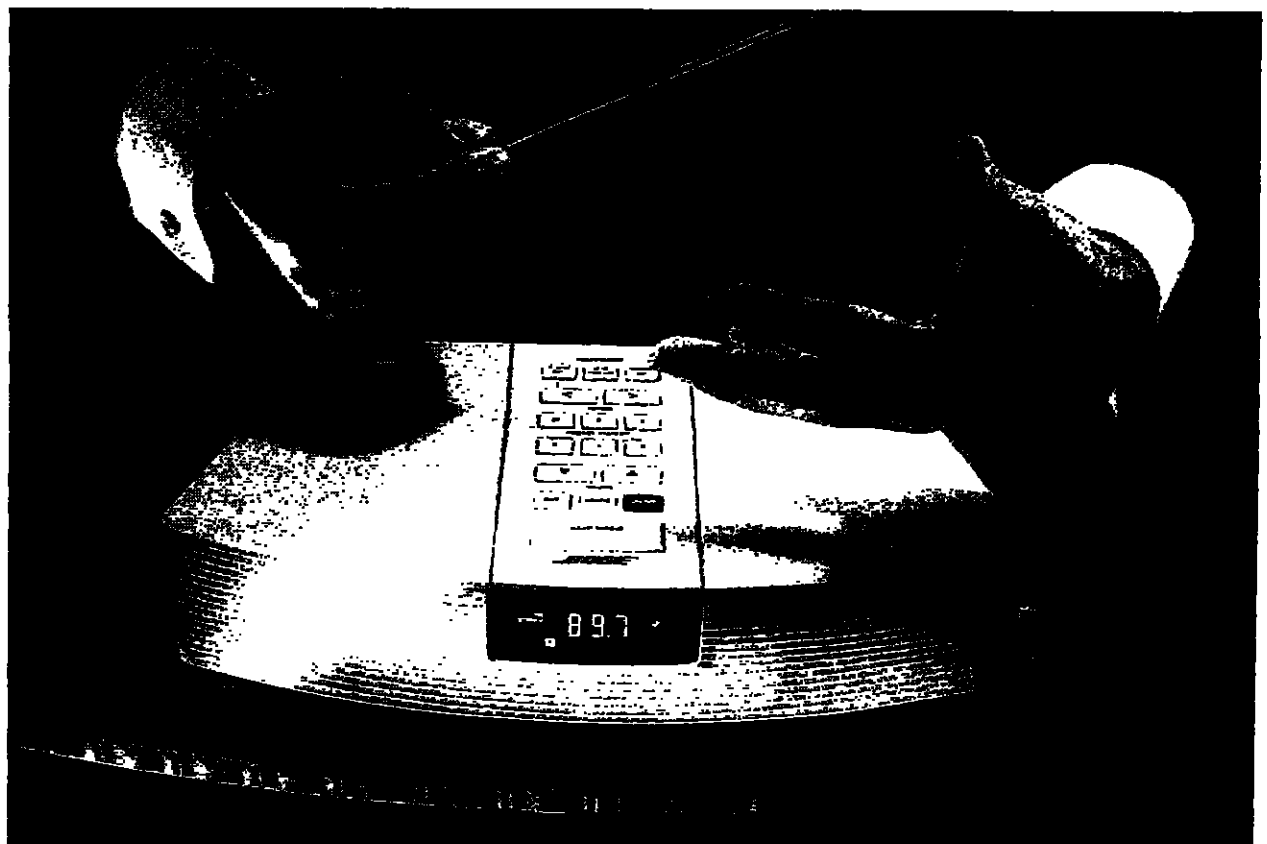
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ABOVE ALL, IT'S A ROVER

Wine scandal: Head of quality control says some vintages are 'undrinkable' and crops are being doctored

France set to harvest its grapes of wrath

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

Wine buffs may now have a less ideological reason for boycotting French wine than opposition to France's policy on nuclear tests: some of it, apparently, is just plain bad – and that includes wine with the respected AOC label, *appellation d'origine contrôlée*.

The head of the national institute which monitors wine quality throughout France, Alain Berger, says AOC wine is "sometimes undrinkable" and "occasionally scandalously bad". As well as criticising the inconsistency in the quality of such wines, Mr Berger singles out particular sins, such as the over-watering of vines and the addition of sugar to increase the alcohol content, which, it says, producers have adopted to try to meet market demands.

Mr Berger's body, the National Institute of Appellations, is considering testing the wine more systematically and possibly adding an extra, national mark of approval. Mr Berger was responding to criticism made earlier this month in the French consumer magazine, *Que Choisir?*.

At present, the institute conducts laboratory tests on samples and also checks that the wine comes from the relevant area. These tests, however, are now deemed insufficiently rigorous to guarantee the quality of the wine. From next year's harvest (1996), they are to be intensified.

Until now, the AOC designation has been relied upon by millions of wine drinkers, especially the new generation of buyers outside France, who regard it as a mark of reliable quality for a decent price. While wine specialists might demur, it appeared to offer something better than cheap "plonk", which was none the less more

affordable than the *grands crus*. To French wine drinkers, questions about the value of the AOC will probably be less shocking. French wine-buying practices are very different from those of north Europeans. Supermarket shopping for wine has never caught on in the same way as it has in Britain and the selection and quality in French supermarkets often seems haphazard. Many French families still buy their wine direct from vineyards or specialist suppliers, and rely upon them to provide the quality they expect. There are happy to buy a wine with the lowly *vin de table* designation if it comes well recommended or they can taste it first. Some quality wine-growers had eschewed the AOC system, preferring to rely on their good name alone.

For many French wine producers and exporters, however, the official querying of the AOC's validity, will come as an additional blow, following the likely damage of the North European and Australasian consumer boycott over France's nuclear tests. It will be especially hard because the AOC was seen as a highly successful system.

As if to confirm one of the consumer magazine's criticisms, it became known this week that the same consumer standards body, which originally queried the value of the AOC has started an inquiry into this year's irrigation practices in the prestige wine-growing region of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, near Orange in the south. It is investigating reports that some vineyards were watered after 31 July, the date after which vines in the region are supposed to be left to the tender mercies of nature. Late watering is said to make the grape swell, so increasing the quantity of the wine while reducing its quality.



Bad practice: Market demands have led to late and over-watering of vines and the addition of sugar to the wine

Photograph: Jacob Sutton

Experts find 'appellation contrôlée' wanting

ANTHONY ROSE
Wine Correspondent

Do you normally look for the magic words *appellation contrôlée* when buying your French wine as a guide to its quality and authenticity?

If so, think again. According to the results of a blind tasting in November's *Que Choisir?*, France's answer to *Which?*, a panel of experts found themselves unable to distinguish their burgundies from their California chardonnays; their clarets from their New World cabernets sauvignons.

Putting his head on the block, as it were, Michel Bettane one of France's leading wine writers said, the fact is that today,

the words *appellation d'origine contrôlée*, are a guide neither to the quality nor authenticity of what you will find in the bottle.

You could hear the shock waves reverberating from Paris to Papeete.

Developed at the turn of the century as a way of protecting French producers from imitation and fraud, the *appellation contrôlée* system is an institution in France and widely respected beyond its shores as the European model for designating and controlling regional names. Covering vast regions such as Bordeaux as well as obscure plots of rural vineyard, the system is as sacrosanct as Notre Dame.

But not to *Que Choisir?*, which complained that "too many growers prefer money over authenticity, as a result of which the system no longer protects the consumer".

There is little doubt that excessive yields and the overextension of classic vineyard districts such as Chablis and Châteauneuf-du-Pape have contributed to the declining quality of French AC wines.

Equally, question marks arise over the validity of appellations such as Châtillon-en-Diois or Cotes du Ventoux, which appear to owe more to vested interests and political lobbying than the inherent quality of the vineyards.

And at approval tastings for

AC status, unspoken economic pressures to pass wines destined for export as *appellation contrôlée* can be strong.

If the system started as a way of safeguarding traditions and reputations, there is increasing concern within the industry that bending the rules has undermined the quality and image needed to make AC wines more competitive.

In an unprecedented move, the entire board of the Institut National des Appellations d'Origine (INAO), the system's controlling body, came to London in February this year to see how French wines could compete with the likes of New World chardonnay and cabernet sauvignon without having to

change the concept on which *appellation* is based, namely French wine's sense of place.

In a recent communiqué, Alain Berger, director of the INAO admitted that there are wines which pass the *appellation contrôlée* test but which do not deserve AC status.

With this in mind, Mr Berger has promised to set up more tests and better scrutiny. The industry also acknowledges that further inroads need to be made on permitted yield levels and that the number of appellations (more than 400) should be cut back if the French wine industry is to tackle the consumer-friendly wines of the New World.

Cultural clash over grave of Mitterrand

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

An unseemly row has broken out over François Mitterrand's plans for his burial. Two months ago news leaked out that the former president and his wife, Danielle, had obtained a plot of land on the site in east-central France where Vercingetorix rallied the Gauls in 58 BC – an event seen as the symbolic founding of the French nation.

According to the report – initially denied, but then confirmed by the regional authorities and by the Mitterrands – the committee responsible for preserving the site, Mount Beauvray in the Morvan national park, had sold the former president a 100-square-metre plot for the token price of one franc. Now, a subscription campaign has been set up by a local artist to try to "buy back" the plot and preserve the site intact.

The artist, Chantal Dunoyer, once applied to the conservation committee to buy a plot on which to exhibit her work, "saving the site from an influx of tourists", but permission was refused. Her association, "A Plot for Everyone", aims to "contest the system of privilege and connections which is leading to the fragmentation of the site". Ms Dunoyer says she wants to "preserve the integrity of Mount Beauvray and restore its initial archaeological and academic vocation".

Morvan is close to Mr Mitterrand's heart: it is an area of strangely striking landscape, and includes Chateau Chicon, of which he was mayor, and where he votes. One of his last presidential acts was to inaugurate an archaeological museum on Mount Beauvray.

Mr Mitterrand, whose last two years in office were dogged by illness, has given interviews in which he has spoken of death and his doubts about the existence of God and an afterlife. So far, his health has held out and since he handed over to Jacques Chirac five months ago he has been seen walking and dining in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where he has a house, and visiting family and friends in various parts of France.

His wife has described the burial plot polemic as "shabby and regrettable".

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Mission of hope: The crew of the 'Columbia' at Kennedy Space Center, Florida yesterday preparing for the shuttle's seventh launch attempt

Yeltsin backs off sacking Kozyrev

PHIL REEVES
Moscow

After delivering a verbal beating to Andrei Kozyrev, his loyal and long-serving Foreign Minister, President Boris Yeltsin yesterday decided to administer the smelling-salts. He indicated that Mr Kozyrev, once the embodiment of the new Russia's pro-Western stance, may not be dismissed after all — at least not yet.

His comments, as he left for France and the US with a smiling Mr Kozyrev at his side, came a day after he caused a flurry in the West by saying he planned to sack the minister as soon as a replacement could be found.

Mr Yeltsin appeared to backpedal yesterday, saying Mr Kozyrev might well keep his job if a good deputy can be found for him. Taking Mr Kozyrev by the arm and turning towards the aircraft, he added: "We're flying together, aren't we?"

Mr Yeltsin's strategy appears

to be one of trying to shift the attention of a disgruntled and frustrated Russian public away from himself in the run-up to an election year — a policy he is prepared to pursue even if it badly undermines Mr Kozyrev's credibility on the eve of talks with President Jacques Chirac and President Bill Clinton which are certain to cover key issues such as Nato expansion and Bosnia.

Mr Kozyrev is not the only official to suffer this tactic. Earlier this week Mr Yeltsin delivered a dressing-down to his Defence Minister, Pavel Grachev, by ordering him to attend a libel case in which he is involved. Mr Grachev had earlier said he did not plan to appear, flouting a court order.

The whipping-boy before that was Viktor Chernomyrdin, the Prime Minister, whom Mr Yeltsin snubbed by excluding him from the list of guests who visited the presidential holiday home on the Black Sea this

summer. In Mr Chernomyrdin's case a more sinister force appears to have been at work: a clique led by Mr Yeltsin's two closest aides — Viktor Ilyushin and his ex-bodyguard Alexander Korzhakov — has been trying to undermine him both because they want their own candidate in his post and because they want Mr Yeltsin, and not Mr Chernomyrdin, to run for the presidency next year.

Mr Kozyrev's fate still hangs in the balance. To some extent, he is more useful in office than in exile, because he provides a punchbag whenever the President wants to try to direct blame away from himself. But the Foreign Minister may eventually weary of this. Under a new law he cannot be both a minister and a member of the State Duma, the lower house, after parliamentary elections in December. He may decide life as an MP is more pleasant than being humiliated before the world by a political bully-boy.

Chirac woos Russia for Bosnia force

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

France initiated a last-ditch attempt yesterday to persuade Russia to take part in the international peace-keeping force for Bosnia, proposing a deal that would overcome the issue of US command. The plan, outlined by the Defence Minister, Charles Millon, was expected to be broached by President Jacques Chirac, in talks with the Russian president, Boris Yeltsin, last night.

Mr Yeltsin, accompanied by his Foreign Minister, Andrei Kozyrev, arrived in Paris in the afternoon for a two-day official visit on his way to the UN General Assembly in New York.

Interviewed by French television earlier this week, Mr Yeltsin ruled out Russian participation in the planned force for Bosnia, objecting to US or Nato command. The Western participants are keen that Russia should be involved, to preserve the international character of intervention and prevent any overt East-West division in the Balkans.

The suggested French compromise is that Russians should serve in a joint French-Russian division that, theoretically, would be under Nato command but, because of France's special relationship with Nato, would "enjoy a certain autonomy".

Mr Yeltsin is being treated to a top-level, but discreet, reception in France. He was whisked directly from the airport to the chateau at Rambouillet, to the south-west of

Paris, for the first round of his talks with Mr Chirac. He has further talks at the Elysée Palace today.

The two leaders are also expected to discuss the longer-term question of Nato expansion and the Western alliance's relations with Russia. A positive tone was set for the discussions when the chairman of the French National Assembly, Philippe Seguin, said this week that any eastward expansion of Nato would be "an example of what should not be done", and that it would be difficult to interpret such a move as other than "directed against Russia".



Yeltsin: Will not let troops serve under US or Nato

Quite apart from any understandings that may be reached, this Franco-Russian summit is diplomatically valuable to both leaders, who have recently come in for much international criticism: Mr Yeltsin over Russia's use of force in Chechnya and Mr Chirac over his decision to resume nuclear testing in the South Pacific.

Nato believes French pilots killed by Serbs

EMMA DALY
Sarajevo

The bizarre "kidnapping" story told by Radovan Karadzic, the Bosnian Serb leader, to explain the disappearance of two French pilots shot down over Bosnia at the end of August and captured by rebel Serbs is almost certainly a sign that the two men are dead, according to Nato sources.

Captain Frederic Chiffot and Lieutenant Jose Souvignat were last seen ejecting from their Mirage 2000 on 30 August as it plunged flaming to the ground close to Mr Karadzic's headquarters at Pale, during Nato air strikes against the Serbs.

Photographs of the two, apparently with leg wounds but alive and in captivity, appeared recently in the magazine *Paris Match*; but President Slobodan Milosevic, the ultimate Serb leader, told the French Foreign Minister, Herve de Charette, this week that he had no news of the pilots.

As the two met in Belgrade, Mr Karadzic said in Banja Luka that the pilots had been seized

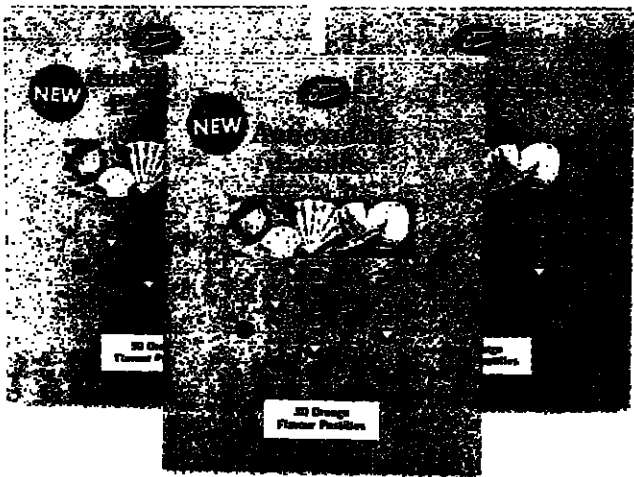
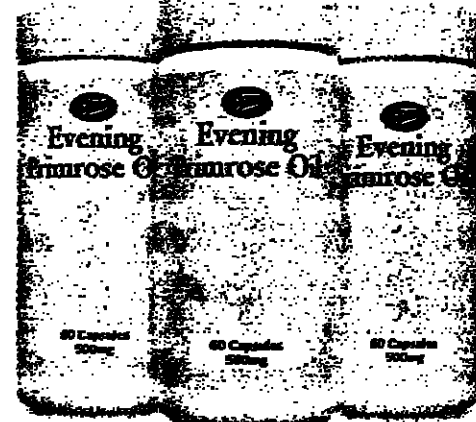
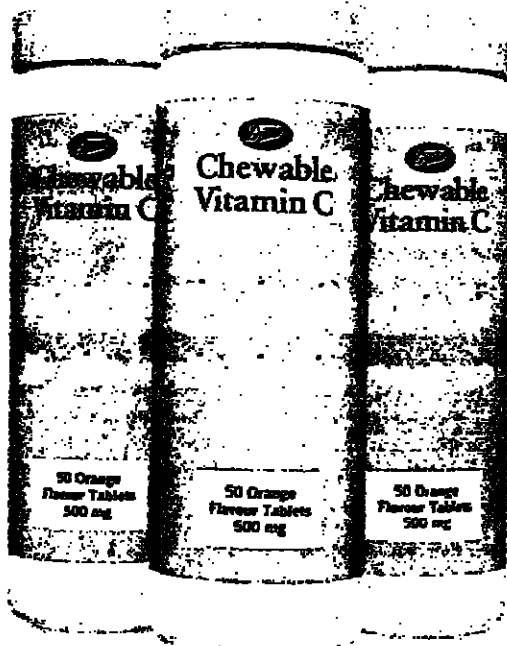
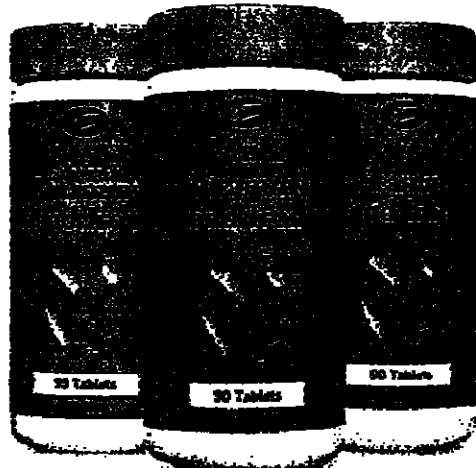
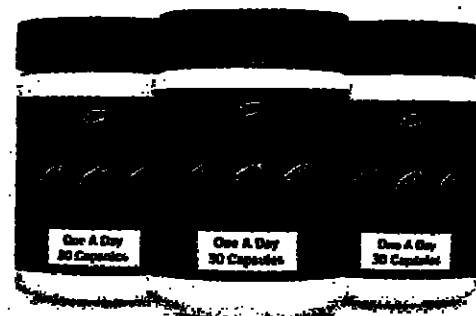
from hospital by an unknown group. "What we know so far is that they have been kidnapped by somebody, and I have given the strongest order for an investigation into what happened," Mr Karadzic said.

The prime suspect for the kind of blackmail opportunity offered by the capture of two Nato airmen — "help us politically or we will kill your pilots" — is Mr Karadzic. French officials have remained extremely tight-lipped about the affair.

"Most people I think, including a lot of the senior French people, actually believe they are dead," one Nato source said. "They believe they were killed by the Serbs, when deliberately or in an unplanned way. The belief is that they died fairly early on."

The alliance picked up signals from the pilots' location beacon and mounted three rescue missions a week after the jet went down. Nato continued to search from the air. Its senior officials were angered by French tardiness in reporting evidence that the pilots had been captured.

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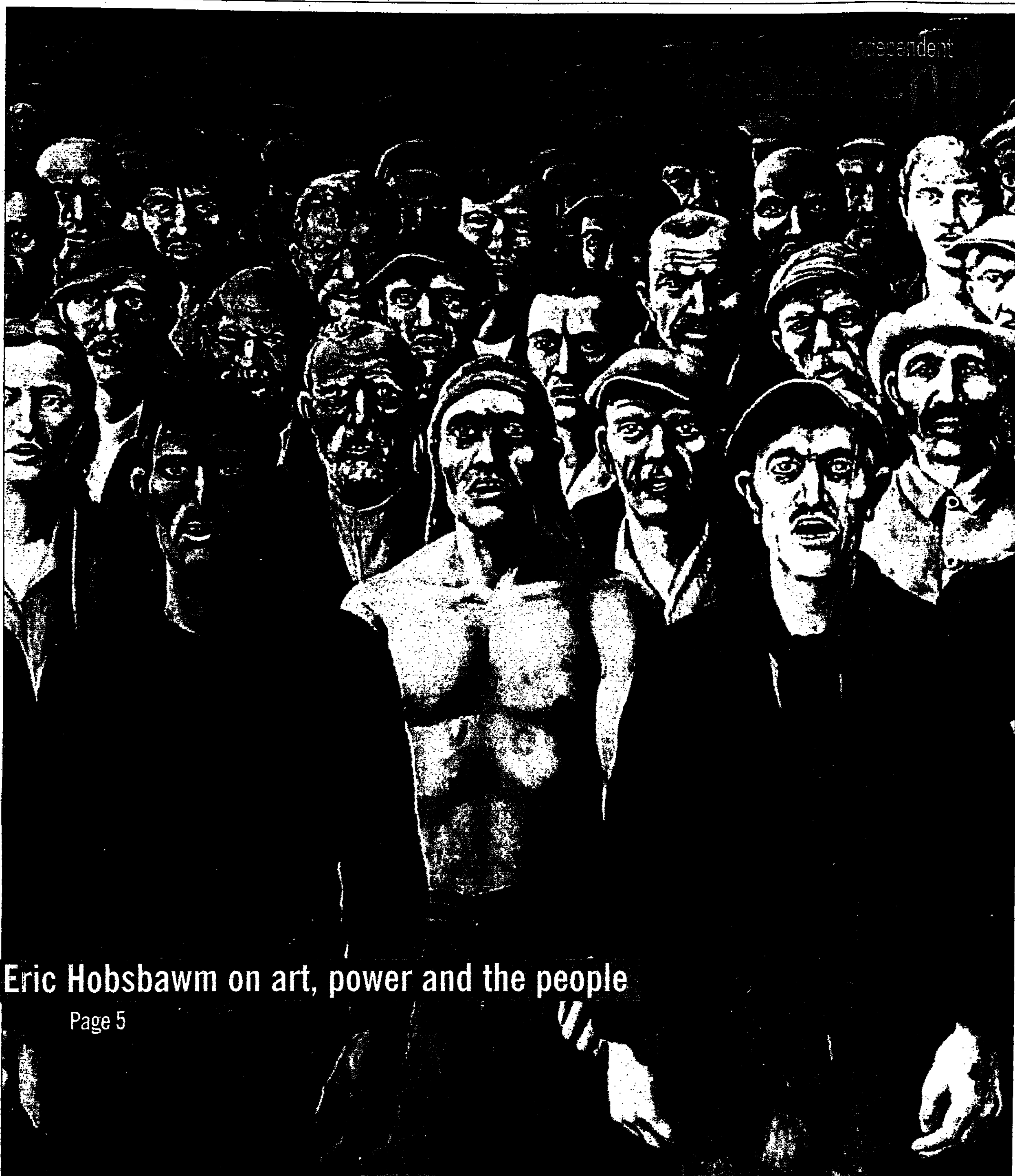
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Eric Hobsbawm on art, power and the people

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The British sitcom
Blackadder is
 back on the
 screens.

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It is said that up to 12.5 million
 people in Britain could now be
 suffering from SAD – Seasonal
 Affective Disorder. I do not think
 any of them can be gardeners

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There are plenty of reasons not
 to travel to Mexico: pollution,
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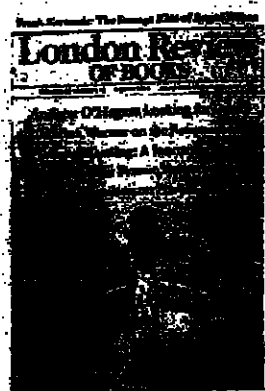
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Phyllida Lloyd's
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page 4



The museum
inspectors
Well-heeled,
well-intentioned
and well-meaning.
And, what's more,
they do a jolly good
job
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Dickie Fantastic
The judge, the
convict, and the art
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Out of print
David Aaronovitch
comes out of the
closet: he doesn't
read books, he
listens to them
page 7



The cover picture is a detail
from *The International* by
Otto Griebel (Deutsches
Historisches Museum, Berlin)

This evening *The Generation Game* returns to BBC1 for a new series. Its compere on this occasion is Jim Davidson. For many of my older readers a television game show means something like *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* This is perfectly proper. As a rule, the modern game show is aimed at and appreciated by viewers whose chosen newspapers eschew notions as complicated as, well, generation.

The Generation Game was born in 1971. Its compere at that time was Bruce Forsyth, an authentic all-round entertainer who had proved the most popular of a succession of MCs for *Beat the Clock*, a game-show segment slotted into television's most lavish

What is to be wondered at is that this ITV archetype is now a BBC1 fixture. Jim Davidson is part of a BBC culture that embraces 'Pets Win Prizes' and '999'

variety show of the Fifties and Sixties, *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*.

But Forsyth's roots are firmly in music hall, as was made splendidly clear in his two least successful enterprises - a guest turn in Anthony Newley's cruelly neglected film fantasy *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* and a one-man stage show designed to launch him on Broadway.

The reinvention of Forsyth in *Beat the Clock* as television's favourite game-show host was achieved by an ITV company, Lew Grade's ATV. The year after *The Generation Game* was born, ATV gave a

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respectable and reliable, ITV was for the council estates. Which brings us back to Mr Davidson. Inheriting papa's sensitivities if not his politics, I have not followed the Davidson career too closely, gathering from trailer-spotting and passing press coverage that such concepts as vulgarity, laddishness, misogyny, alcohol, serial marriage, homophobia, snooker and suchlike unpleasantnesses have tended to attach themselves to his reputation. That he is a product of ITV, specifically *New Faces* (ATV again), is inevitable.

What is to be wondered at is that this ITV archetype is now a BBC1 fixture. He is part of a BBC culture that embraces *Pets Win Prizes*, *How Do*

They Do That?, *Telly Addicts*, *999*, *Auntie's Bloomers*, *Anne and Nick*, Bob Monkhouse, the lottery and that ineffable Butlin's redcoat, Dale Winton. As if that did not suffice, every other BBC1 programme now apes ITV in inviting viewers to swell its coffers by ringing an 0891 number and answering a dullard's quiz question ("Who burnt the cakes, Alfred the King, Jason King or Chicken à la King?"). How John "Quality" Birt ever sleeps at night is a mystery.

So I do not drag out the welcome mat for Mr Davidson. He is just one more in a thousand points of convergence.

Thomas Sutcliffe is on holiday

The Coltrane sideshow

For Robbie Coltrane's tough shrink they stand for hours and eat mud. Jim White mingles with extras on the set of 'Cracker'

Cracker didn't pick up 28 significant television awards on its journey into the nation's heart by stinting on the detail. All those little bits add up: the close-ups of Robbie Coltrane, cigarette smoke curling around his brow as he posits his theories at the scene of the crime; the way the camera lingers fractionally longer than is comfortable over an interrogation or a moment of violence; and the way that, during the filming of an episode in the new series which begins tomorrow, Barney the body extra spent two hours in make-up having prosthetic wounds attached to his features to give him the appearance of someone who has been savagely murdered with a broken beer bottle. And this was even though he was going to be filmed exclusively face down in mud.

"I'm well used to it," said Barney as he gingerly re-attached a wound to his slashed face during a break in filming. "I done GBH2, a Manchester gangster movie, and I was shot in the eye in that. You know, blood and that everywhere. And I was a thug in a video for 808 State, the band. I usually play a thug or a body. Not that I am, like, a thug."

Barney was one of a dozen extras called up by the producers of *Cracker* one day in the summer to fill in the few gaps on screen that Robbie Coltrane's Fitz doesn't occupy. There were insurance clerks playing WPCs, the bloke who normally acts as a guide at Manchester's Granada Studios Tour kitted out as a bobby and, playing a forensic photographer snapping Barney's final resting place while dressed in a paper boilersuit (bought - this is *Cracker* accuracy - from the outfitters that supply the Met), and there was me.

A film set is probably the biggest waster of productive time invented. There is always something going on, but it rarely involves more than two people at a time. Before any shooting takes place, lighting has to be adjusted, camera angles worked out, sound levels checked. And since the extra is at the bottom of the film-set food chain, it is the extra's time that hangs heaviest: your part in *Cracker*'s success is, to be honest, thin.

Thus, on a wet and squally day in August (the programme is filmed in Manchester) I found myself spending a lot of time talking to police officers. Or, rather to insurance clerks and guides from Granada Studios Tour who looked uncannily like the real thing.

"I've had all sorts when I've been dressed in this uniform," said Liz Roberts, who landed her non-speaking, non-acting role as a background bobby after applying to an advert in her local job centre.

"One day I was walking between two locations along the street, still in costume, and this car drew up just in front of me. And this bloke I was at school with stuck his head out of the window and shouted: 'My God, Liz Roberts is a pig!'"

Such is *Cracker*'s thirst for accuracy that the same extras have played the uniformed branch throughout the programme's life: even in the wider reaches of Michael Howard's imagination, police manpower is limited. So it is only logical that the same faces should crop up in the background.

Like Robbie Coltrane and Geraldine Somerville, who plays Detective Sergeant Jane Penhaligon, therefore, Liz has appeared in all three previous series of the drama. You may not have noticed her, but after her

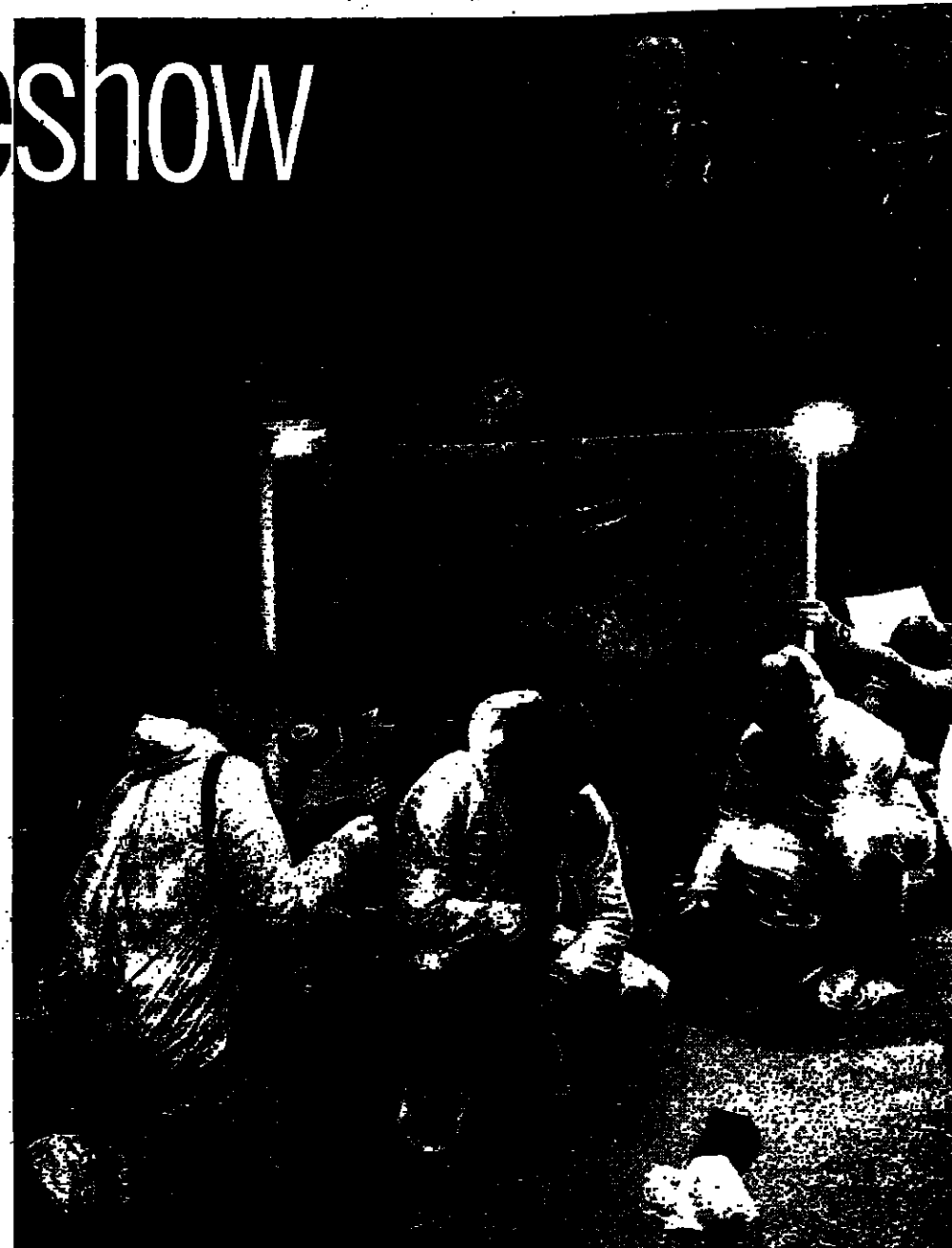
performance knocking on the door. Moments like that presumably make it worth spending most of your holiday from your insurance company employer sitting on the bonnet of an ersatz panda car yawning while the first assistant director supervises the construction of a small railway system along which the camera will track. It certainly couldn't be the financial return that persuades people to dress up in paper suits or to frighten their old school chums by impersonating policemen - £45 for a very long day is the going rate (although Barney the body got more, thanks to an inconvenience allowance for all those prosthetics).

"No, I love it," said Liz Roberts. "I love just being a part of something everybody loves." Not that being an extra is easy. All that hanging around merely feeds the nerves, which boil in the stomach as you anticipate being responsible for some awful gaffe - dropping your props, or tripping and ripping your paper suit - a cock-up that will surely appear on a show fronted by Denis Norden.

Thus, after two hours of uninterrupted hanging around, the moment the first assistant director called the proper actors on to the set - "positions, huries, please" (I kid you not) - it would not have been a surprise had the forensic photographer fainted on the spot.

It is fortunate, then, that *Cracker* involves Robbie Coltrane. The location for the shoot was behind a pub directly underneath platform 14 of Manchester Piccadilly station. The pub had been commandeered as a dressing room.

The first we lower orders were aware of Coltrane was when a commotion started outside the pub. "Yee faggin' bash-tudd," we could hear a huge Scots voice yelling. "Ah've been thrown out of better pubs than this, yee bash-tudd. No one throws me out o' their pub and gezz away wi' it." As heads spun round from every point on the set (and up on platform 14), it quickly became clear this was Coltrane, impersonating a drunk being thrown out of a boozer. The country's favourite actor, it seems, is a man genetically incapable of being called from his dressing room without making a



Jim White (kneeling, left) and Robbie Coltrane (back) on the set of 'Cracker'

Photograph: Craig Easton

comedy performance out of it. It didn't stop there. For the rest of the day, he gave a bravura turn for the benefit of the cast and crew. He constantly cracked jokes and told yarns, lifting Geraldine Somerville off her feet in a vast bear-hug one minute, shadow boxing with Ricky Tomlinson (Wise) the next and making the technicians wet their trousers in between.

Even the extras were privileged to a Coltrane shaggy dog story (involving a Scotsman, the SAS and an impromptu operation on the thumbs), a yarn so brilliantly told there was little energy left when it had finished to fuel nerves. With Coltrane around, the scene we had waited so long to film was soon over. It concerned him arriving at a murder site, checking the body ("not too much blood on Barney's head," cautioned the director, "remember the ITIC guidelines"), presenting a theory to his unimpressed colleagues as to how it came to be there and then running off to attend to a plot detail which cannot be revealed here

lest it ruin your enjoyment of the programme: roughly two minutes' action from most of a day hanging around.

You wondered, given the staccato manner in which they film the programme, how it achieves the tension, the continuity, the seamless verisimilitude that is its trademark. "I wonder that myself," said Charles McDougall, the director, as the crew enjoyed the biggest perk of film-set life - free gourmet catering after the shooting stops. "Have you enjoyed yourself by the way? Yeah? Well, you wouldn't if

you had to spend another day hanging around here."

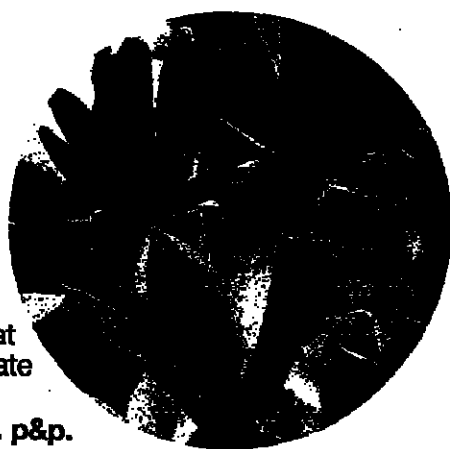
After that it was all over for two fake police officers, three pretend forensics, a couple of bogus undertakers and a body. As this unimpressive army made its way back to the make-up wagon, someone caught sight of Barney's fast-fading wounds. "That looks really, you know, yuck," she said. "You ought to take care, love."

'Cracker' is on Sundays, ITV at 9pm

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Is there anything more real?

Roll the dice and take your chances

The choreographer Merce Cunningham remains, at 76, a serious gambler. And the odds continue to be stacked in his favour. By Sophie Constanti

"Tossing a coin can save you all kinds of mental harassment," declares Merce Cunningham, the lines around his eyes and mouth deepening into tangential furrows as a wry smile gives way to laughter.

Cunningham, of course, is famous for tossing coins – and throwing dice. For almost half a century, the American choreographer has been using chance as a means of organising choices and making decisions. His dedicated adoption of the *I Ching* – an ancient Chinese text containing 64 hexagrams based on yin and yang symbols – as a basis for chance operations dates back to the Fifties. His initial application of chance methodology to choreographic processes was in 1951 and resulted in *Sixteen Dances for Soloist and Company of Three*. It featured a score by the maverick composer John Cage who, until his death in 1992, was Cunningham's partner and closest artistic collaborator.

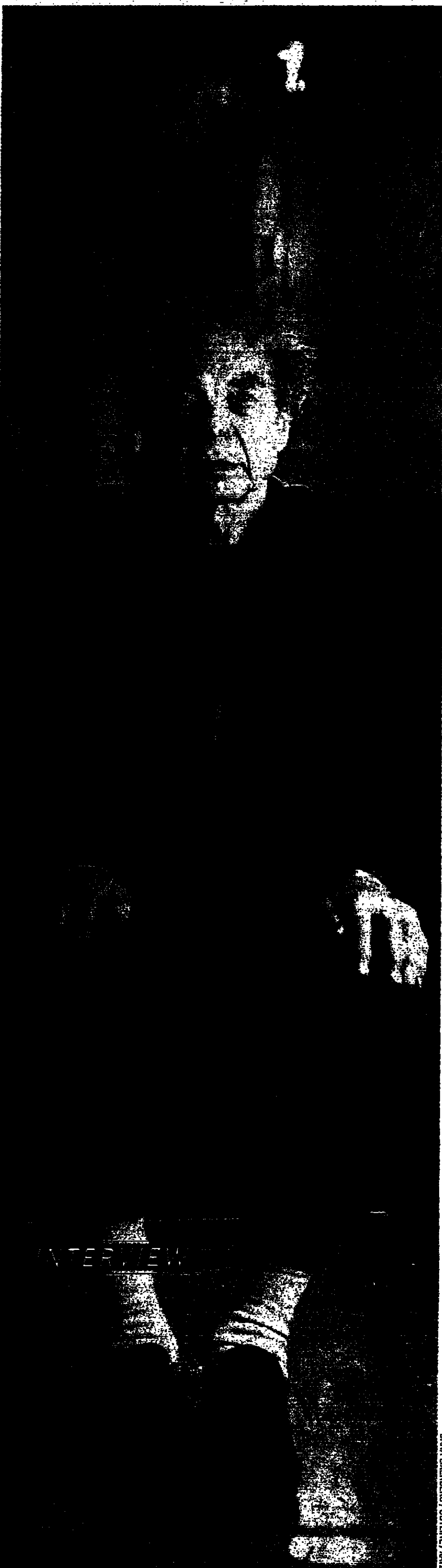
If Cage was the mad inventor in that partnership, Cunningham was the intrepid explorer. Working together – and with like-minded associates such as Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg and Christian Wolff – Cunningham and Cage systematically challenged the received idea of interdependency between theatrical elements. For them, movement, sound and decor were separate, independent entities which, during performance, just happened to co-exist in the same space and time. Nowadays, such notions no longer seem radical. Indeed, Bertolt Brecht had railed against the *Gesamtkunstwerk* in the Thirties. But it was Cunningham who, with steady logic, succeeded in freeing dance from the constraints of music and narrative, and demonstrated that dance needn't be about or rely upon anything but movement itself. In recent years, there has been a growing reaction against the intellectual detachment of Cunningham's approach and a revival of interest in the art of dancing to music. Ironically, Mark Morris, the choreographer at the forefront of this revival, is also the most important American modern dance creator to have emerged since Cunningham. While Morris's choreography – clever as it is – has an immediate, easy appeal, the Cunningham experience has always proved too dry and too esoteric for some viewers: they admire but cannot connect with it; they acknowledge the dances' rhythmic complexities but cannot realise or grasp them. And there are also those who appreciate – or actively dislike – both Cunningham's and Morris's work. Even Cunningham's admirers have sometimes felt that, while the dances are veritable angel food, the music (and occasionally the decor) are nearly always the unwanted side dishes.

Although nobody expects dance, decor or noise to bear any relation to each other at a Cunningham performance, the result can still regularly irritate. Sometimes the scores act like some excruciating interference to the dance; sometimes one is able to shut out the noise; sometimes music and dance gel, not in any "dancing to music" sense, but in some unforced, often absurd consensus. This is not surprising given that dance and music rarely bang heads before opening night – that is, the dancers learn the choreography, and the score is prepared separately. It may be going against the whole spirit of Cunningham's work to argue that the music – always an autonomous element – doesn't do the dance any favours. Why should it? But I'd venture that decor and costumes have never impinged on the dance to the same degree as some of Cage's accompaniments and the contributions of other composers such as David Tudor and Takehisa Kosugi. Sometimes the design has been as extraordinarily beautiful as the dance – Rauschenberg's pointillist landscape for *Summertime*; Warhol's silver, helium-filled cushions for *Rainforest*; or Johns's realisation of Duchamp's *The Large Glass* for *Walkaround Time* – sometimes just unnoticeable.

Next week, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company will visit London as part of this year's Dance Umbrella festival. Riverside Studios will host three evenings of what Cunningham calls "Events" – performances in which sections of dance, music and design are mixed up and collaged together. Then the company will shift to Sadler's Wells to dance three works – *Beach Birds*, *Ground Level Overlay* and *CRWDSPCR*.

Merce Cunningham was born in Centralia, Washington in 1919 – a month before Margot Fonteyn's birth in the equally distinguished town of Reigate, Surrey. His father was a lawyer and his two brothers also studied law. From the age of 12, Cunningham attended the private dance school of Mrs JW Barrett, a former vaudeville performer. He was more intent on being an actor than a dancer, but as a student at the Cornish School in Seattle, where Bonnie Bird taught dance and John Cage accompanied classes on the piano during the Thirties, Cunningham decided to change course. He was the second man to join Martha Graham's company (the first was Erick Hawkins), and on Cage's persuasion eventually left Graham to concentrate on making and performing his own choreography. Since his first solo recital at the age of 25, Cunningham has created some of the most rewardingly pure and difficult modern dance of the past 50 years.

My meeting with Cunningham takes place in the dimly lit games room of some hotel apartments in Paris. He is sitting on a sofa, his back dancer-straight, his hair a halo of light, untameable frizz, his skin glowing despite the ravages of age. At the age of 76, Cunningham has lost the muscular solidity he once possessed as a dancer; now he's a smaller, more wiry figure, whose extremities betray the signs of arthritis. He is friendly and talkative, charming and formal all at once; modern and open-minded, yet quaintly old-fashioned and discreet. He's also intensely private. Although Cage's name frequently crops up in our conversation, it doesn't open any appropriate



route to asking Cunningham about life without him. And having caught Cunningham on such fine form – thoughtful, enthusiastic, articulate, giggly (given that he has done so many interviews you half expect him to look desperately bored or reel off standard answers to the questions he's been asked hundreds of times before) – it seems wasteful to tear him away from the subject on which, unsurprisingly, he is most voluble: choreography. But while his danceworks may be models of autonomy (during both creation and performance), it is the flexible, holistic logic of Cunningham's approach to his own life which is at the heart of everything he does. Perhaps he is alluding to Cage when, ostensibly discussing dance composition, he talks about how "life continues and changes. It's not about any one person. It changes on bad levels (with all our problems), but there are interesting levels, too. Take technology and the possibilities there are if you don't pin your mind down to how you think something should go."

Change, chance, technology: the currency of youth? The septuagenarian Cunningham shows no sign of settling into a geriatric comfort-zone. He is more prolific than choreographers to whom he could be a grandfather (even great-grandfather). In the six years since his company's last repertory season in London, he has made at least 15 works. During the Seventies, he was one of the first choreographers to embrace the new video technology, reconceiving stage works for video in collaboration with film-makers like Charles Atlas and, more recently, Elliot Caplan; and for the past seven or eight years he has been using the computer program *Life Forms* as a choreographic tool. The *Life Forms* "dancer" is known as the sequence editor. "It looks like the Michelin man, only not so fat," explains Cunningham, "and what you use are the joints. You can't separate the fingers yet, but otherwise it will do anything you like. I try to work within what I think are human limits, but because of the *Life Forms* 'time line' – which is constructed not on metre but on camera time of 30 frames per second – you can put in all kinds of things which are not possible for the body to do." At present, Cunningham works on *Life Forms* in a small back room and brings the information into the studio by memorising it or making notes, and he still demonstrates as much movement as he can manage.

One of the fallacies surrounding Cunningham's foray into computer technology is that he now uses *Life Forms* to create entire dance-works. "I may put in many of the movements but by no means all of them. *Ocean* [originally conceived for the James Joyce / John Cage festival in Zurich in 1991, and designed to be performed in the round with a 112-piece orchestra located on the outer circumference] has maybe one third of movement phrases from the computer." Cunningham was immediately attracted to *Life Forms* because "it's visual. With other forms of notation you have to know how to read the symbols. But anyone looking at this figure can see it's meant to be a human. And that's the way dancers work: they watch a teacher or choreographer do something and then they attempt


to do it. And *Life Forms* is three-dimensional, so if you put a shape on a dancer and can't see what the back leg is doing, you just turn it all around. You can look at it from the top, bottom, side – even underneath. I think."

Cunningham's enthusiasm for *Life Forms* hasn't so much replaced his belief in the value of chance as led to a complex marriage between computer and dice. In "a small, funny store in Minneapolis", the choreographer found eight differently coloured, eight-sided dice. These, he points out, correspond exactly to the *I Ching* (in that 8 x 8 = 64). To Cunningham, "using chance operations to make your decisions allows you to examine the possibilities of those decisions rather than merely see them as either good or bad." But this philosophy of limitation-cum-clarification requires a choreographer as great as Cunningham if it is to yield results.

For British audiences who rate Cunningham's work as some of the most stimulating modern dance being produced in the world today, the opportunity to see his company in both Events and repertory is long overdue. Cunningham's choreography combines the lightness and speed of ballet with the flexible spine- and body-part isolations of contemporary techniques, and it has a geometrical and sculptural sophistication that goes beyond both. Yet how does a man who asserts that "dancing is very limited by the human shape" and then, in the next breath, expresses his wonder at how "everybody moves differently" manage to turn both these things to choreographic and pedagogic advantage? "Well, one side is discipline. The other side is freedom. But where do you draw the line? 'You don't draw a line,' is the short answer. 'You put them both together at the same time – or try to!'" laughs Cunningham. "You look at the precise way of doing a step, make it as clear as it can be, and then don't insist everybody does it the same way." In every class he teaches, Cunningham tries to give his dancers "something that provokes them... something they can't do easily". He doesn't place any deliberate emphasis on gender difference, preferring instead to observe the contrasting physical abilities of men and women. "For example, women can move in a remarkably beautiful, slow way. I don't see any point in not allowing that because of some idea about unisex or whatever."

For some followers, the high point of a Cunningham company performance is when the choreographer comes on stage for one of his now characteristically brief solos. Cunningham feels that "appear" is a more apt term than "perform" for what he does in the theatre these days. His personal appearances are becoming less frequent due to "age and obvious infirmities", he says. "But I like to be on the stage. I must admit. It's hard to explain that without... some idea about grandeur. When I'm no longer performing, I don't know whether the critics will sigh with relief or regret," chuckles the dancer who made his Paris Opera debut at the age of 72.

The Merce Cunningham Dance company will perform Events at Riverside Studios, London W6 (0181-741 2255) 24-26 Oct; and a programme of three works at Sadler's Wells (0171-713 6000) 28-29 Oct



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Football Fussball Voetbal

Jasper Rees gets a kick out of footie speak à l'étranger on BBC2

Football Fussball Voetbal, a history of the European game, adopts the philosophy of the penalty shoot-out. You lead off with your best man and, in the hope of getting well ahead, leave the lame and useless till last. So, in the Lincker role, the opener was "written and presented by" Barry Davies. Parts 8 and 9, the Pearce and Waddle slots, will be "botched and bungled by", respectively, Clive Tyldesley and Ray Stubbs.

It was obvious that these were the correct tactics as soon as we chanced upon Barry in a Paris café, nose deep in a copy of *L'Equipe*. What class. Here's a man who can read the European game. But he ordered that coffee in the native parlance. He strode up to the spot to slot home a few French names. Easy. The first one hit the post: "Le Keep," he said, referring to the journal in his paws. Steady, Barry, keep your eye on the acute accent. The next went just wide, when the founder of the World Cup was rechristened Jools Rimet. Well, it is an away leg. But then he stubbed his tongue on Reims and walloped it well clear of the bar. Only in your nightmares does Reims rhyme with "dreams".

A week after Gary Lineker's report on Dutch talent-spotting, four days after *Kicking and Screaming*, the BBC clearly felt the time had come for another football documentary. It's not as if there's too much football on the box or anything. Many viewers are still reeling from shock after last Tuesday morning between 4am and 4.15am, when there was no football-related programme on a single channel.

Panic over. Despite mispronunciations, *Football Fussball Voetbal* knows what it's talking about, and talks about it non-stop. Treading that fine line between *People's Century* and *Match of the Seventies*, its success lies in understanding, and treating, the double myopia that afflicts the little Englander, who has scant interest in old footballers and scantier in old foreign footballers. When questioned, eight out of 10 Union Jack owners said Puskas was a brand of cat food.

In Part 1, we covered Spain and Portugal, incorporating a two-second history of the Spanish Civil War. A longer introduction to this Franco chap would have helped, but might have entailed binning the interview with John Toshack. It was a particular pleasure to meet the old Real Madrid hard man Jose Santamaria, and reflect that Vinnie Jones might be that slightly less monstrous (and slightly less Welsh) with a name like Vinnie Virgin Mary. The most surreal bit of all was the French newspaper headline, "Non, Wolverhampton n'est pas encore le champion du monde des clubs". With Graham Taylor at the helm, it could still so easily happen.

Barry, by the way, wasn't the only one getting his lingo crossed. A former Benfica captain remembered waiting for the whistle in a European final. "I started to control the clock," reported the subtitle. ("Controllare" in Italian means "to check": a fiver says it's the same in Portuguese). Sounds like one of those dirty foreign tricks. No wonder they scored so many goals back then. Reims and reims of them.

theatre The Way of the World, Lyttelton Theatre

Phyllida Lloyd has put her cast in mini-dresses and green shirts. Paul Taylor applauds the actors who refuse to be fashion victims



Kenneth MacDonald and the 'sublimely funny' Geraldine McEwan

Photograph: Stuart Morris

In *The Way of the World*, all the ladies are styled "Mrs", regardless of marital status, but Phyllida Lloyd's updated revival in the Lyttelton is, well, more of a miss than a hit – or a Ms. Perhaps because the director has just had a big success here with Orton, who was influenced by the play, Congreve's complicated comedy of intrigue over inheritance, contracts and female freedom has been deposited in a high fashion no-man's-land, a Sixties retro-chic world where skimpy mini-dresses are sported with full farthingales, black stockings and cruel heels and where it's considered legal for men to wear lime-green shirts. Typically, instead of in St James's Park, the first scene of Act 2 now takes place at a "Rosamond Pond Retrospective" where the various scheming couples have to stop and pretend to look at Ms Pond's abstract daubs whenever one of her understandably scarce fans pauses in that part of the gallery for a gawp.

The broad temporal relocation does not seem to me to run directly counter to the meaning of the play as it did in Lloyd's recent dystopian *Threepenny Opera*, where the replacement of petit bourgeois snobbery and violence by *Crimewatch 2000* in-yer-face yobbery and violence destroyed Brecht's point that the values of criminals are interchangeable with those of the middle classes. Here, the updating simply fails to justify itself by throwing a new light on the sexual politics of the piece, while Lloyd's efforts to clarify and whip up interest in the narrative element (showing us various offstage marriages and arrests to joky-urgent incidental music) are almost touching, given the stubborn way Congreve's plot continues to make three-dimensional chess seem like a game of snap.

The cast is a decidedly mixed blessing. Mirabell is supposed

to have reformed after an intriguing rakish past, but Roger Allam plays him as though he'd just emerged from a stint as a more than usually stodgy and sententious vicar. Millamant's prevarication over committing herself, conveyed with a delightfully self-parodic capriciousness in Fiona Shaw's performance, becomes all too understandable. In the famous scene where they make their detailed marriage contract, the two of them seem to be in separate plays. Shaw's intensity as she shudders at the thought of children or "dwindles" to the ground as a neat pile of mockingly prostrate obedience at Allam's feet seems to push the piece, at moments, beyond comedy into almost proto-Ibsenite territory. It's about time she gave us Beatrice.

Excellent in a less controversial manner are Sian Thomas's splendid Marwood, a stylishly villainous bird of prey and Geraldine McEwan's sublimely funny Lady Wishfort. Decked out in a puffball riot-of-roses minidress, this scrawny, superannuated crone is given to hilarious little girlish gambols across the stage and tossings of the head. The joke is that she seems to be quite taken in by this show of bemused innocence herself. There's no mistaking the riddled hominess, though, when, as she reassures Sir Rowland that there is not the "least scruple of tameness" in her designs, her normal egad-style bray swoops down to a throbbingly conspicuous contralto. Watching her practise alluring ways of rising in confusion from a couch, you realise just how gracefully Nancy Reagan and Barbara Cartland have consented to grow old. Wishfort here winds up a tipsy wreck, left out among the binbags where McEwan should end up is on the short list for an award.

National Theatre, London, SE1. Booking: 0171-928 2252

opera

The Fairy Queen

Crass? Vulgar? Magic! Nick Kimberley on ENO's dream production of Purcell

The Purcell tercentenary celebrations have subjected the composer's stage works to all kinds of treatment, but nothing so crass and vulgar as David Pountney's new English National Opera staging of *The Fairy Queen*. Well, no one ever accused Pountney of subtlety, but the fact that the show is wonderful suggests that Purcell is big enough to withstand, perhaps even demand, rough handling and nothing that we see sins against the spirit of the piece, which has its own delightful crassness and vulgarity.

The Fairy Queen was written as a sequence of masques to be inserted into a performance of a bowdlerised text of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and estimates of how long a complete performance would run vary between four and six hours. That's rather longer than we feel comfortable with these days, nor would we take too well to hearing what was done to Shakespeare's text back in 1692. Yet a performance within the original play is not quite right either.

Something has to be done if *The Fairy Queen* is to have a stage-life and Pountney does it. All of it. Just as Purcell's masques sometimes relate to Shakespeare, at other times go their own merry way, so Pountney devises a story for the masques to tell, a story blending Shakespeare, Purcell and Pountney in unequal measure. Men dress up as women, poets get drunk and try to take over the conductor's podium and – you're not going to believe this – the fairy queen herself falls in love with a donkey. With a seething mass of non-singing supplementals, choreographed by Quinny Sacks, the eye is never sure what to watch, but Pountney's showmanship ensures that, wherever we look, there is something worth seeing.

Titania (Yvonne Keany) and Oberon (Thomas Randle) argue over the Indian Boy (the dancer Arthur Pita) while all around them all kinds of amorous mayhem break out. Jonathan Best's Drunken Poet, a masterpiece of exact comic observation, is not too far gone to attract Michael Chance's Dick; Janet and John get it on; and only Richard Van Allan's Theseus, a "curmudgeon" bearing a marked resemblance to Michael Tippett, seems unwilling to join in the fun.

It's all a long way from authentic baroque, yet the spectacle's sheer exuberance might not have gone amiss at the Dorset Garden Theatre 300-odd years ago. Robert Israel's sets and Dunya Ramkova's *Carry On Camping* costumes play their part and Quinny Sacks's choreography keeps the comic heart pumping. None of it would work if the performers were anything less than completely committed.

The cast list runs to a page-and-a-half in the programme and there wasn't a dull performance to be seen: Pountney is a dab hand at rallying huge numbers. Not all the singing was as crisp as modern Purcellian practice demands and Nicholas Kok's conducting sometimes allowed the rhythms to slacken, but all of that will improve as the run progresses. Just when Purcell was in danger of being embalmed as National Heritage, this riotous production comes to rescue him from that fate far worse than death.

In repertoire to 23 Nov at ENO, London Coliseum, WC2. Booking: 0171-632 8300



AFRICA: THE ART OF A CONTINENT	THE GREEK	SOUTHERN MICKLETON
overview The British Museum's exhibition celebrates the art of Africa, showing the continent's rich cultural heritage. It features a wide range of objects, from ancient to modern, and is a must-see for anyone interested in African art.	critical view A revelation! writes Andrew Ross. This is one of the most compelling and accessible exhibitions of African art ever staged. It is a triumph of curation, bringing together a wide range of objects that tell the story of the continent's art.	on view Royal Academy of Arts, London, 21 Oct to 19 Nov. 10.15-5.45. Free admission. See also the exhibition at the White House Gallery.
our view Prepare to have your opinion challenged. This exhibition is a masterpiece of curation, bringing together a wide range of objects that tell the story of the continent's art.	our view This exhibition is a masterpiece of curation, bringing together a wide range of objects that tell the story of the continent's art.	our view This exhibition is a masterpiece of curation, bringing together a wide range of objects that tell the story of the continent's art.

BRITTEN AND FRANCE.



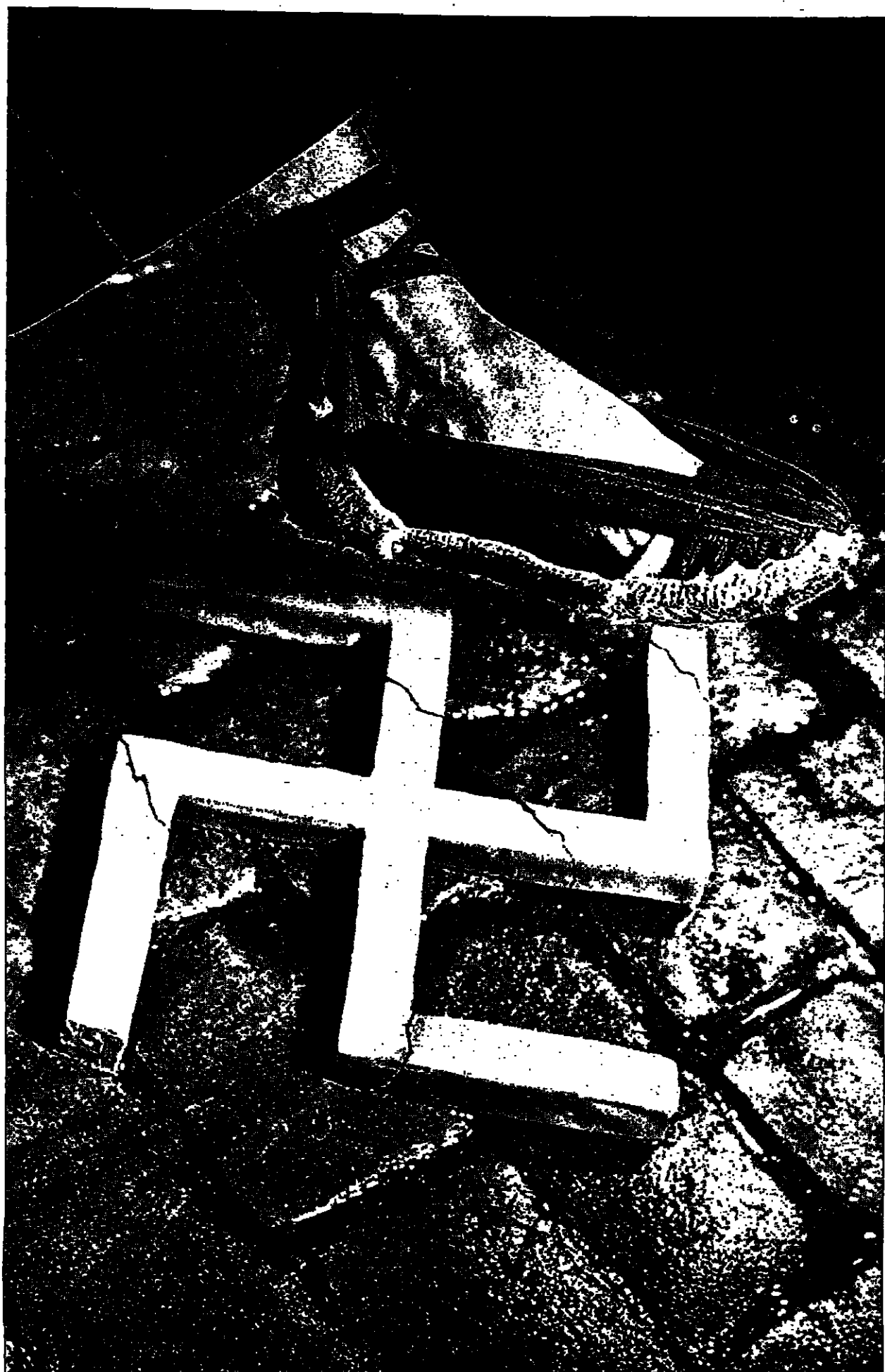
BRITTEN PLUS AT THE WIGMORE HALL. THE COMPLETE SONGS OF BENJAMIN BRITTEN PERFORMED IN A MAJOR SERIES OF RECITALS. TOMORROW ON RADIO 3, HIS FRENCH FOLKSONGS, 4.05PM-5.45PM.



من الراجح

Art of darkness

Dictators don't know much about art, but they know what they like: its power to deceive, to flatter, to rewrite the past and reinvent the present. The historian Eric Hobsbawm considers the dangerous alliance of art and power



Art has been used to reinforce the power of political rulers and states since the ancient Egyptians, though the relationship between power and art has not always been smooth. A new exhibition, *Art and Power*, illustrates probably the least happy episode in this relationship in the 20th century, in what has been called the "Europe of the Dictators", between 1930 and 1945.

Most of the regimes with which this show is concerned consciously and deliberately broke with the immediate past. Whether this radical break was made from the political right or left is less important than that such regimes saw their role, not as maintaining or restoring or even improving their society, but as transforming and reconstructing it. They were not landlords of old buildings but architects of new ones. They were ruled, or came to be ruled, by absolute leaders whose command was law. Moreover, although these regimes were the opposite to democratic, they all claimed to derive from and operate through "the people" and to lead and shape them.

These common characteristics distinguished both Fascist and Communist regimes in this period from the older states, in spite of their fundamental differences and mutual hostility. In them, power not only made enormous demands on art, but art found it difficult or even impossible to escape the demands and controls of political authority. Not surprisingly, an exhibition on art and power in this period is dominated by the arts in Hitler's Germany (1933-1945), Stalin's USSR (c. 1930-1953) and Mussolini's Italy (1922-1945).

There are three primary demands that power usually makes on art, and which absolute power makes on a larger scale than more limited authorities. The first is to demonstrate the glory and triumph of power itself, as in the great arches and columns celebrating victories in war ever since the Roman Empire.

The second major function of art under power was to organise it as public drama. Ritual and ceremony are essential to the political process, and, with the democratisation of politics, power increasingly became public theatre, with the people as audience and – this was the specific innovation of the era of dictators – as organised participants. The importance of art for power lay not so much in the buildings and spaces themselves, but in what took place inside them. What power required was performance in the enclosed spaces, elaborate ceremonies (the British became particularly adept at inventing royal rituals of this kind from the late 19th century onwards); and, in the open spaces, processions or mass choreography.

A third service that art could render power was educational or propagandist: it could teach, inform and inculcate the state's value system. Power clearly needed art in this period. But what kind of art? The major problem arose out of the Modernist revolution in the arts in the last years before the Great War, which produced styles and works designed to be unacceptable to anyone whose tastes were, like most people's, rooted in the 19th century. They were, therefore, unacceptable to conservative and even to conventional liberal governments. One might have expected regimes dedicated to breaking with the past and hailing the future to be more at ease with the avant-garde. However, there were two difficulties which were to prove insurmountable.

The first was that the avant-garde in the arts was not necessarily marching in the same direction as the political radicals of right or left. Probably the Soviet revolution and revision against the war attracted many to the radical left, although in literature some of the most talented writers can only be described as men of the extreme right.

The German Nazis were not entirely wrong to describe the

Modernism of the Weimar Republic as "cultural Bolshevism". National Socialism was therefore a priori hostile to the avant-garde. In Russia, most of the pre-1917 avant-garde had been non-political or doubtful about the October Revolution which, unlike the 1905 revolution, made no great appeal to Russian intellectuals. However, thanks to a sympathetic minister, Anatoly Lunacharsky, the avant-garde was given its head, so long as artists were not actively hostile to the Revolution. It dominated the scene for several years, although several of the avant-garde's less politically committed stars gradually drifted westwards. The Twenties in Soviet Russia were desperately poor, but culturally vibrant. Under Stalin this changed dramatically.

The only dictatorship relatively at ease with Modernism was Mussolini's (one of whose mistresses saw herself as a patroness of contemporary art). Important branches of the local avant-garde (for example the Futurists) actually favoured Fascism, while most Italian intellectuals not already strongly committed to the left did not find it unacceptable, at least until the Spanish Civil War and Mussolini's adoption of Hitler's racism. It is true that the Italian avant-garde, like most of the Italian arts at the time, formed a somewhat provincial backwater. Even so, it can hardly be said to have dominated. The brilliance of Italian architecture, later discovered by the rest of the world, had little chance of emerging. As in Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Soviet Union, the mood of official Fascist architecture was not adventure, but pompous rhetoric.

The second difficulty was that Modernism appealed to a minority, whereas the governments were populist. On ideological and practical grounds they preferred arts that would appeal to the public, or at least be readily understood by it. This was rarely a top priority for creative talents who lived by innovation, experiment and, quite often, by provoking those who admired the art displayed in official Salons and Academies.

Power and art disagreed most obviously over painting, as the regimes encouraged works in older academic, or, at any rate, realistic styles, preferably blown up to large size and filled with heroic and sentimental clichés – in Germany, adding a little male erotic fantasy. Even in broad-minded Italy, official prizes such as the Premio Cremona of 1939 (with 79 contestants) were won by what could almost serve as a photofit portrait of public painting in any dictatorial country – perhaps not surprisingly, with such subjects as "Listening to a speech by Il Duce on the radio".

How, then, are we to judge the art of the dictators? The years of Stalin's rule in the USSR and of the Third Reich in Germany show a sharp decline in the cultural achievement of these two countries, compared to the Weimar Republic (1919-1933) and the Soviet period before 1930. In Italy, the contrast is not so great, as the pre-Fascist period had not been one of such creative brilliance – nor, unlike Germany and Russia in the Twenties, had Italy been a major international style-setter. Admittedly, unlike Nazi Germany, Stalin's Russia and Franco's Spain, Fascist Italy did not drive out its creative talents *en masse*, force them into silence at home or, as in the worst years of Stalin, kill them. Nevertheless, compared to the cultural achievements and international influence of post-1945 Italy, the Fascist era does not look impressive. One has only to compare the Fascist plan for Rome's railway station – fortunately it did not get far – with what was actually constructed after 1947.

What power destroyed or stifled in the era of the dictators is more evident than what it achieved. These regimes were better at stopping undesirable artists creating undesirable works than at finding good art to express their aspirations.

Dictatorships were not the first to want buildings and monuments to celebrate their power and glory, nor did they add much to the traditional ways of achieving these objects. And yet, it does not look as though the era of the dictators produced official buildings, spaces and vistas to compare with, say, the Paris of the two Napoleons, 18th-century St Petersburg or that great song of triumph to mid-19th-century bourgeois liberalism, the Vienna Ringstrasse.

It was harder for art to demonstrate the dictators' ability to change the shape of their countries. The antiquity of European civilisation deprived them of the most obvious way of doing so: the building of entirely new capital cities like 19th-century Washington and 20th-century Brasília. (The only dictator who had this opportunity was Kemal Atatürk in Ankara.) Engineers symbolised world change better than architects and sculptors. The real symbol of Soviet planned change was "Dnieprostroi", the much-photographed great Dnieper dam. The most lasting stone memorial to the Soviet era (unless the distinctly pre-Stalinist Lenin Mausoleum on Red Square manages to survive) is, almost certainly, the Moscow Metro. As for the arts, their most impressive contribution to expressing dictatorial aspiration was the (pre-Stalinist) Soviet cinema of the Twenties – the films of Eisenstein and Pudovkin and Victor Turin's unjustly neglected epic of railway building, *Turksib*.

But dictators also wanted art to express their ideal of "the people", preferably at moments of devotion to, or enthusiasm for, the regime. This produced a spectacular quantity of terrible paintings, distinguished from each other chiefly by the face and costume of the national leader. In literature, the results were less disastrous, though seldom worth turning back to. It was photography and above all film that lent themselves most successfully to the aims of power in this respect.

Lastly, the dictators wished to mobilise the national past on their behalf, mythologising or inventing it where necessary. For Italian Fascism the point of reference was ancient Rome, for Hitler's Germany a combination of the racially pure barbarians of the Teutonic forests and medieval knightlyhood, for Franco's Spain the age of the triumphant Catholic rulers who expelled unbelievers and resisted Luther. The Soviet Union had more trouble taking up the heritage of the tsars which the Revolution had, after all, been made to destroy, but eventually Stalin also found it convenient to mobilise this episode, especially against the Germans. However, the appeal to historic continuity across the imagined centuries never came as naturally as in the dictatorships of the right.

How much of the art of power has survived in these countries? Surprisingly little in Germany, more in Italy, perhaps most (including the magnificent post-war restoration of St Petersburg) in Russia. Only one thing has gone from all of these countries: power mobilising art and people as public theatre. This, the most serious impact of power on art between 1930 and 1945, disappeared with the regimes that had guaranteed its survival through the regular repetition of public ritual. The Nuremberg Rallies, the May Day and Revolution Anniversaries on Red Square, were the heart of what power expected from art. They died forever, along with that power. States which realised themselves as show-politics demonstrated their and its impotence. If the theatre-state is to live, the show must go on. In the end it did not. The curtain is down and will not be raised again.

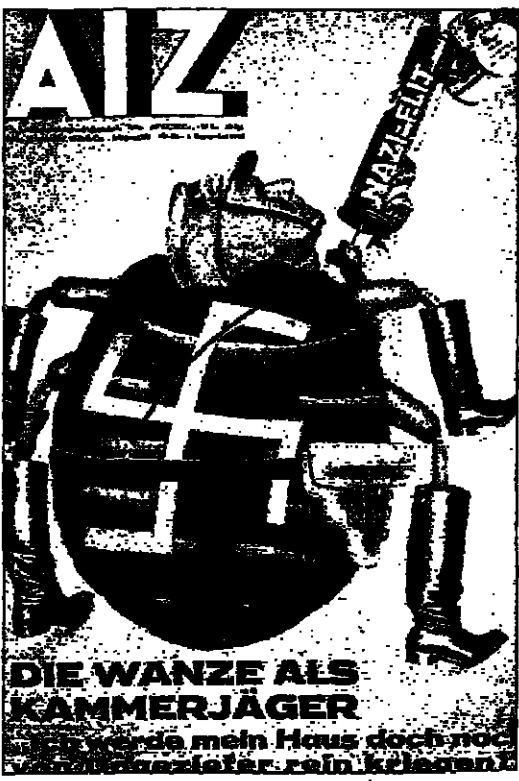
© Eric Hobsbawm 1995. This is an edited extract from the foreword to the catalogue for *Art and Power, Europe under the Dictators 1930-1945* published by the Hayward Gallery at £19.95. The exhibition runs from 26 Oct to 21 Jan.



Images of power... Against it, above: 'Let's Squash Fascism', Para Català i Pic, 1936 (IVAM, Valencia) Power as public theatre: left, 'Long Live the Constitution', Alexander Rodchenko, 1936 (Rodchenko & Stepanova Archive, Moscow), and right, the international regatta on the Seine, 1937 (Archive of Modern Conflict, London)



The state flexes its muscles, left: Arno Breker in his studio working on 'Prometheus', 1938 (Wiener Library, Vienna) ... and for the opposition, right: 'The Bug as Pest Controller', John Heartfield, 1933 (Akademie der Künste, Berlin/ photo: Roman März)

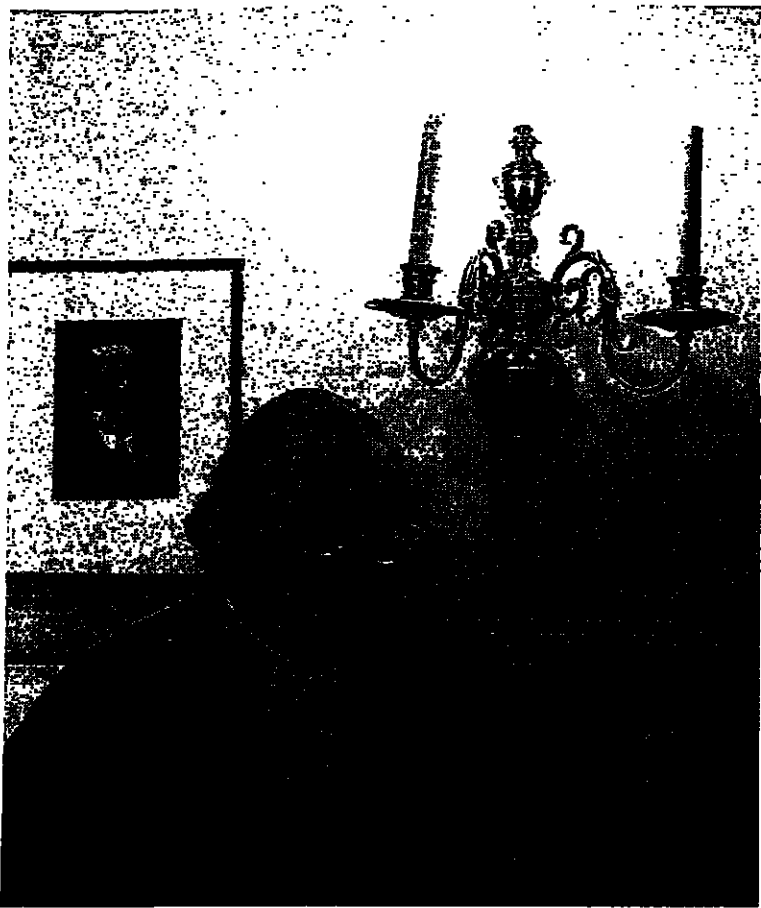


Die Wanze als Kammerjäger, 1933 (Akademie der Künste, Berlin/ photo: Roman März)

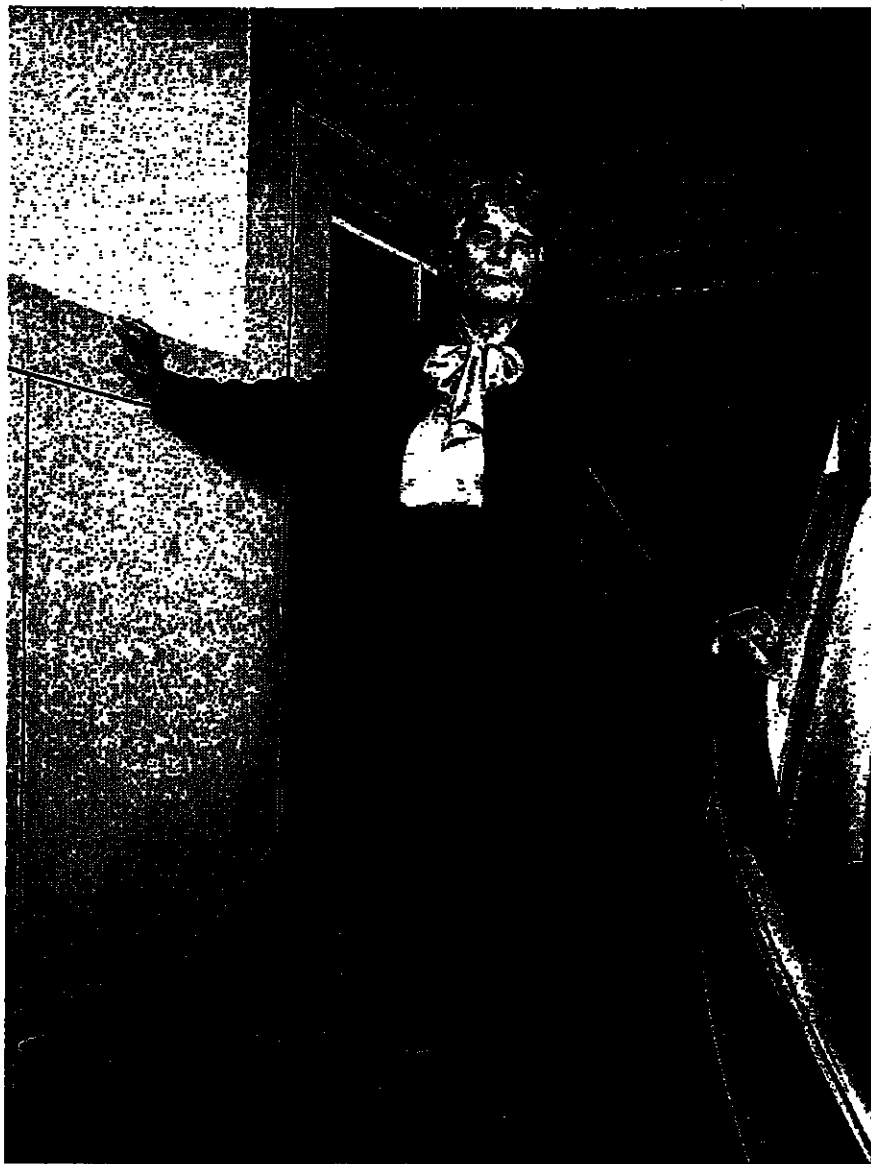
ANCHI

The fate of thousands of British museums is determined by a select group of well-heeled, well-connected men and women

Jonathan Glancey trails the thoroughly civilised (and thoroughly effective) members of the Museums and Galleries Commission



Well-intentioned: Museums and Galleries Commission members Graham Greene, Lady Anglesey and Lady Cobham



Photographs: Edward Webb

"So, exactly how many visitors do you get?" asks Admiral Sir John Kerr of Patricia Osborne, chair of the trustees of the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks. "3,000." "Ah, that'll be 3,000 a...?" "A year," says Mrs Osborne without embarrassment, "but we have great plans to increase this to 15,000."

Sir John Kerr tries to imagine 15,000 people a year tramping up the narrow stairs of one of the country's smaller and less well-endowed museums. Sir John likes to ask this sort of question and to ponder the ramifications of the answers. As a former commander-in-chief Naval Home Command, Sir John is something of an expert on logistics. Which is why from this year he is chairman of the Audit Committee of Lancaster University and one of the commissioners of the Museums & Galleries Commission (MGC). It is in this latter capacity that Sir John is marching around the Cowper and Newton Museum, in company with fellow commissioners.

Sir John and crew sail in stately fashion along creaking floorboards, asking pertinent questions, making helpful suggestions and generally lending a sympathetic ear. They are part of a national body of the influential and the good who keep a weather eye on Britain's museums from Camber Sands to Cape Wrath. This is the third local museum they have visited over the past two days as part of their regular round-up of the nation's total of 2,000.

"Commissioners make two visits a

year to selected parts of the UK," says Timothy Mason, director of the MGC. "These tours provide a good opportunity to find out what is happening on the ground and to meet museum staff together with members of museum governing bodies and representatives."

The MGC is the government's official adviser on museum policy in the UK and its 15 unpaid members chaired by the avuncular Graham Greene, a Trustee of the British Museum and former chairman of a number of publishing companies including Chatto, Bodley Head and Jonathan Cape, are appointed by the Prime Minister.

"Museums are a very serious part of our economy as well as our culture," says Mr Greene, "so the politicians can't afford to ignore them even if they wanted to. Of course, they also find it a relief to talk about the acquisition of a Titian for the nation after a round of heavy talks on interest rates and unemployment."

Unpaid, hard-working and wearing their combined learning behind a gentle and almost self-deprecating manner, the commissioners of the MGC are, it must be said, a delight to spend an afternoon with and the least frightening "inspectors" imaginable. They can, however, help make or break museums, proffer grants and, today, guide hungry curators in the direction of Lottery funding through either the Millennium Commission or the National Heritage Memorial Fund.

Kindly they may be. But the gang of 15 do not miss a trick. Between them, they have covered many senior

jobs in industry, the arts and museums. Eagle-eyed Dame Margaret Weston, an electrical engineer by training, was director of the Science Museum from 1973-86. She is a trustee of the Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeovil and a proactive chairman of the Horniman Museum and Public Garden Trust.

Alan Warhurst was director of the Manchester Museum from 1977-93 and driving spirit behind the MGC's initiative to register all Britain's museums so that they can meet and maintain certain standards.

The Baroness Brigstocke was High Mistress of St Paul's Girls' School from 1974-89 and was Governor of the Royal Ballet School during much of the same period. If central school of casting was to pick a grand headmistress, Baroness Brigstocke would fit the bill perfectly. Today, she listens to curators' problems much as she must have lent an ear to teachers and Paulinas some years ago.

The list goes on, impressively so, but that is enough for now, as we troop up the stairs of the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney.

The museum is, as Sir John Kerr might be inclined to say, rather a rum affair. Ostensibly, this rambling pair of stone cottages fronted with a unifying and grand brick facade (1740s) is dedicated to preserving the memory of the poet Cowper and the former slave-trader-turned-clergyman Newton. It was in the summer house (or perhaps the greenhouse) in the walled garden of this odd house that rather forgotten poems like "John Gilpin" and stirring hymns like

"Amazing Grace" were penned. Cowper (pronounced Cooper, say half the staff, the others plump for Cowper) and Newton were obsessive penpals, but they are little known today outside the confines of Olney.

So, as if to widen its appeal, the museum has built up a collection of dinosaur bones, excavated locally, and locally made lace. A team room will open soon, staffed by unpaid volunteers.

A Victorian kitchen superintended by a pouting blonde mannequin (masquerading as a lacemaker) has been installed, not because Cowper and Newton (Georgians both) cooked their suppers in a Victorian kitchen, but because the trustees thought it an interesting addition.

The commissioners sip tea and hum and hah politely. They are jolly tactful. "Oh, we have to be very tactful," says Mr Greene. "We see many museums like the Cowper and Newton. They are getting on a bit [the Cowper and Newton is about to celebrate its centenary] and sometimes have got a little confused or rather lost their way. But, the enthusiasm of those who give their time to run them is infectious. Our aim is to help them in every way we can."

"Perhaps they could put the dinosaur bones in a garden pavilion," says Margaret Weston. "That way they could have their cake and eat it while maintaining the integrity of the museum's original purpose."

"But a lot comes down to money," says the Marchioness of Anglesey as we get back on the coach and head back to a reception at Chicheley Hall.

a glorious Baroque pile where the commissioners have been staying overnight. "There are 2,000 museums, many of them rather poor. Sometimes a tiny sum of money makes all the difference. Just think of the revenue of the Cowper and Newton."

I think. Three thousand times £1.50 equals £4,500.

"Yesterday," says Jack Baer, former chairman of Hazlitt, Gooden & Fox, and an expert in acquiring works of art for museums in lieu of tax and duty, "we visited Waddesdon Manor, the Rothschilds' Victorian mansion. They've just had a new lighting system installed to light the paintings. Extraordinarily good. But, then you see, the Rothschilds are not exactly short of a penny. So we do get to see the extremes."

The museums themselves are grateful for the attention paid them by the MGC. "Two-thirds of British museums," says Alan Warhurst, "are now registered with the MGC. We can offer expertise in many areas, not least security measures and how to get artworks in lieu of death duties."

"Most museums aspire to join us because of the practical help we can give them and the ways in which we can introduce them to all sorts of people who might be able to help."

Local politicians, as well as curators, know that the MGC can make connections in high places that they would be unlikely to make themselves. So, naturally, they turn out in force on the stroke of six at Chicheley Hall for a reception. Wine and canapés are served in the grand entrance hall.

"They've had a bit of a problem with

the ceiling," says Admiral Kerr. So they have. Designed by William Kent and a bit of a museum piece itself, the ceiling collapsed after a guest left a bath running.

Under the drooping Kent ceiling, flesh is pressed, wine quaffed and introductions made. Everyone has high praise for the revamped Buckinghamshire County Museum in the mutilated centre of nearby Aylesbury and high hopes that the Museum of Industry and Rural Life, Wolverton will get a bit of a nourishment from the wealthy Millennium pot.

Tomorrow, there is another closed-doors MGC meeting (09.15-12.30), lunch at Chicheley Hall (12.30-13.30) under another grand ceiling, visits to the Natural History Museum, Tring (14.15) and the Walter Rothschild Zoological Museum, tea and biscuits (16.00) and the train from Tring back to London (arr Euston 17.34).

The MGC commissioners, unpaid, hard-pressed, individualistic and enthusiastic come across as just the sort of body to which one can trust the development of our small and local museums. Between them they have no axe to grind, no hidden paymaster and have got to the stage in life (some older, some younger) when they are past the stage or need for political manoeuvring.

Of course, the big question remains unanswered (at least by MGC commissioners): how many more museums do we need? "Now, there you've stumped me," says Admiral Kerr, still thinking about how 15,000 goes into the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks.

DJANGO BATES & HUMAN CHAIN

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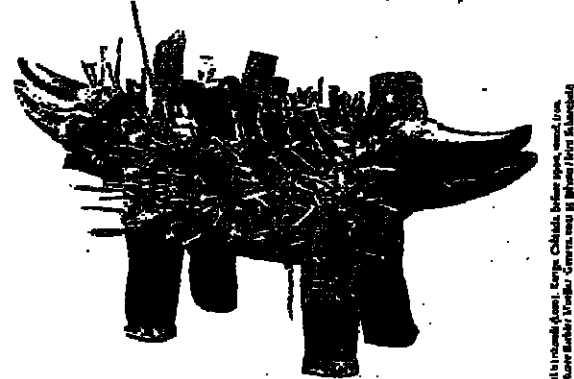
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DICKIE FANTASTIC on the schmoose

It is not hard to spot the drunken, scary, homeless person at the glamorous First Night Art Party. He or she is usually readily identified, isolated and dealt with, and thus prevented from sullying our aesthetic enjoyment. But tonight, when the man with the tattooed hand starts yelling: "You're all a bunch of toffee-nosed bastards" before falling into a plate of grilled-chicken finger dips, we smile benignly - for he is probably one of the artists on view.

We are at St Martin-in-the-Fields' catacomb cum chic art gallery and café complex (can you think of anything worse than being laid to rest in an exclusive London burial ground, only to discover, 200 years later, that your decayed corpse is wedged between the rocket salad and the espresso machine?), for an exhibition of selected Prison Art. The paintings and sculptures collected from jails across the country will be seen and sold

over the coming weeks (for remarkably little money - but then, £50 probably goes a long way when all you have to worry about is bribing bent guards).

Kittens, girls with big hats, teary-eyed clowns - the outside world, painted, cutely, from the inside. Alas, the identifying cards give only the name of the artist, the painting and the price. What a shame; nobody admits it, but we're all dying to know what heinous crimes the contributors have been banged up for (D Bradshaw, *Kitten with Frilly Hat*; Assault with a Deadly Weapon).

But it is an honourable endeavour, even though it opens a can of worms when it comes to art chat at the First Night Party.

"So," I ask a man with huge beard and glaring eyes, "that painting there. An element of early Warhol? Lush colours."

"I haven't got a clue what you're on about."

Then I hear tonight's special guest - a bow-tied judge - making small talk with a man in ill-fitting polyester.

"We're giving an award," he says, "to that remarkable sculpture over there. It really is a substantial work."

"Well," replies the polyester man, "you're probably the bastard who sent him down in the first place."

"No," smiles the judge, politely. "I didn't send him down."

"You or one of your mates. You bastard. Showing your face round here! What have you got to say for yourself. Bastard! You wanna know art? This is art!"

He points to a painting of a sunset over the sea. "I did that. That's mine. You bastard..."

And whatever you say about the quality of the paintings, this is the first art event I've been at where an artist has to be physically restrained and ejected by three quivering exhibition supervisors.

Gore to

Swansongs

Nicholas Wroe on the last work of Burgess

Byrne
by Anthony Burgess
Hutchinson, £14.99

At first sight it appears too neat that this "verse obituary" of Michael Byrne, bad artist and worse human being, should match the publisher's claim that it "sets the seal" on Burgess's own life and career. That's just the sort of thing publishers say about a late writer's jottings. But it's undeniable that within the book's rhyming form is not only a raft of key autobiographical material, but also a definitive summation of Burgess's thematic preoccupations.

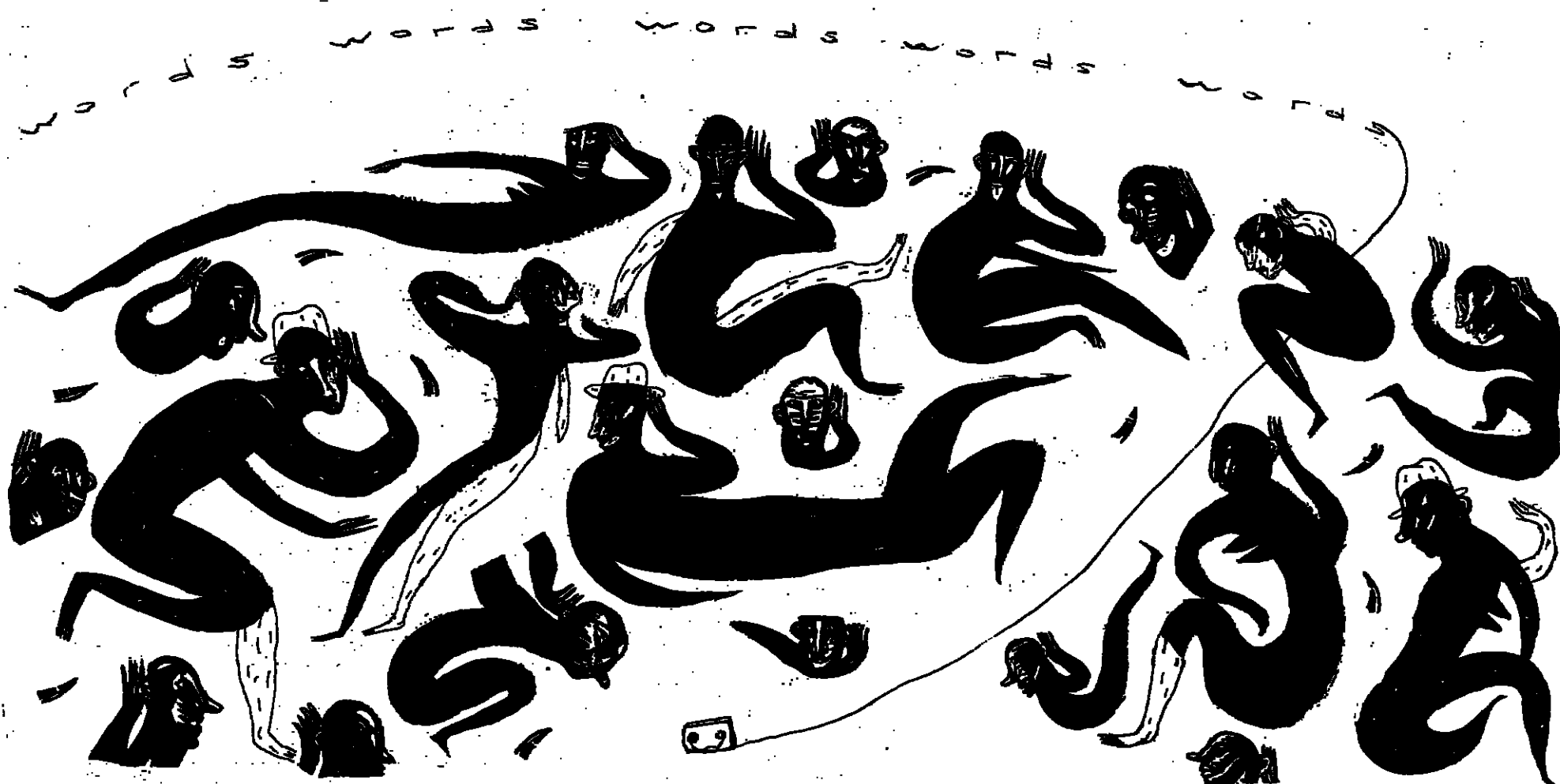
We are first in *Earthly Powers* territory, with Byrne witnessing most of the discordant episodes of 20th-century European art and history. From the riot at the premiere of *Le Sacre du Printemps* to the creation of the Nazi film industry, he progresses through a series of exploitative affairs, fathering children along the way before, as a "failed artist but successful bigamist", escaping Germany for Switzerland and then on to Marrakesh, South America and Malaya, from where he continues to produce his mad, maybe evil, music and painting.

Byrne's offspring include Tom and his twin brother Tim, a priest. These contemporary figures become caught up in an Islamic terrorist attack on a Euro-conference honouring the "anti-Muslim" Dante in Strasbourg. The links to their father are slowly revealed while they continue to do the usual twin things (prefigured in his 1971 novel, *MF*) like swapping identities and confusing women. The novel is finally resolved when Byrne, his children and his art are brought together in an astonishing conflagration at Claridges on Christmas Eve.

That Burgess has chosen to use rhyme is not so much of a departure for a writer who has produced fictionalised versions of Shakespeare, Keats and Marlowe, as well as creating Enderby, who provides the opening poem for *Byrne*. But, this being Burgess, there's more to it than a few couplets worthy of Cole Porter ("Saul Bellow/Jell-O", "fumble in a hallway/His Grace of Galway"). *Byrne* uses the same rhyme scheme as Byron's *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold*, and, like Byron, takes the opportunity to attack some fellow writers with haymaker swipes ("And white men go to pieces, as we've seen/In overlanded trash by Graham Greene"). Other targets include the Booker Prize, Calvinism, Euro-culture and Switzerland.

Burgess's probing of the theme that underpinned much of his fiction, the free will to choose evil, is presented with a bracing freshness and bite. If you want to know what Burgess was all about, but can't find the time to read the shelf of 30-odd novels, the multi-volumed memoirs, the literary studies or the translations, then read the 150 pages of *Byrne*. It's a fine book and a perfect primer.

ILLUSTRATION: FRANK MEERIN



Listen with mother

As the first ever audiobooks award is launched, David Aaronovitch comes clean about his addiction to being told stories

We've had this habit for a couple of years now, me and my Mum. So when the family go round to visit - and when my missus isn't looking - I slip Mum a little something for later in a small brown paper package. It's not that anybody would actually say anything, it's just that you can do without that censorious raising of the eyebrows. You see, my Mum and I are part of that growing number of sad loners who are hooked on audiobooks. We venture into bookshops and seek out that far corner where the tapes are hidden and (when few are looking) grab one, slip it between two paperback covers just for cover and hope, red-facedly, that the cashier works the till quickly.

The liberal reader may be asking what makes me so embarrassed; why, if someone were to find Audiobooks Anonymous, I'd be there admitting in low voice, "I'm David. I like to be told stories". Because in the circles in which I move talking books are still seen as terribly naff, that's why. In the literary snobs it's the cheat's way of reading - books without pain; worse, abridged books, butchered by barbarians for the entertainment of morons! "I don't listen - I read," commented one of my most enlightened colleagues acidly, on hearing that I was writing this article.

And to my many chronically youthocentric pals (who themselves tend not to read), audiobooks are either for tiny tots ("and do you know what Flopsy did next, children?"), or for grannies, whose failing eyesight and social isolation leave them little alternative other than to take their teeth out and curl up with a tape-deck. In the movies sick young heroes drive their cars

to a pounding beat, or Pavarotti arias - not to Alan Bennett reading "The Wind In The Willows".

But these contemptuous attitudes are now being challenged as, gradually, those who make and those who buy talking books emerge from the closet. Yesterday the first awards for talking books were announced at a ceremony and lunch at the Landmark Hotel in London. Dubbed "The Talkies", the event saw prizes awarded for abridged classics (*Ulysses* and *Death in Venice* shared the award), non-fiction (Bill Bryson's *Made in America*), Best reader (Martin Jarvis, of course) and ten other categories. Organiser Peter Dean, editor of the new trade mag, *Talking Business*, revealed the economics behind this new confidence: "Last year the talking books business grew by 50 per cent - the highest percentage growth in any home entertainment medium in Britain". Although not massive, this has meant a UK trade worth around £34 million, and set to grow.

Dean sees no reason why Britain should not follow American trends. In the United States the audiobook business took off earlier and is more highly developed. Truckers embarking on a long trip will rent unabridged tapes of Louis L'Amour Westerns, dropping off and picking up instalments at way-stations en route. So that grizzled veteran of a million road miles, sat high in his cab, chunky chocolate bar in hand - far from contemplating bits. Penguin's edition of *Macchiavelli's The Prince* has a first 45 minutes entirely taken up with a long and scholarly discourse on the crafty courtier's life and times, before you hear one word of Niccolo's own *bien pensant*. Nevertheless the Penguin classics are selling and -

buyer, there are over 200 stores in the US that sell only audiobooks.

But apart from me and my Mum, who else in this country is buying these tapes, what do they buy and where do they listen to them? According to the market research the "who?" turns out to be any of us. The profile of tape buyers is the same profile as that of the population at large. Phew! I may have Virginia Woolf on the Walkman, but there's nothing odd about me.

The absolute bestsellers are the BBC's recordings of classic comedy programmes - ranging from the Goon shows to the more recent (and utterly brilliant) "Knowing Me, Knowing You". These can apparently clear anything up to an astonishing 100,000 copies. Next come the mass-market books; the thrillers and romances. Penguin's top draw is Dick Francis, whose race-track whodunnits can sell as many as 17,000 audiobook copies. But Penguin's audiobook publishing manager, Jan Paterson, is most proud of the success of its classic recordings, like the *Odyssey* read by actor Alex Jennings, its five Thomas Hardy titles, its Steinbecks and its collections of horror, ghost and supernatural stories. These are beautifully packaged, often boxed up with explanatory booklets and maps. They are fabulous. It is, however, possible to be too solicitous of the listener. One disadvantage with taped books is that you can't easily skip the boring bits. Penguin's edition of *Macchiavelli's The Prince* has a first 45 minutes entirely taken up with a long and scholarly discourse on the crafty courtier's life and times, before you hear one word of Niccolo's own *bien pensant*. Nevertheless the Penguin classics are selling and -

judging by the sumptuous new catalogue - the company's faith in the product is rising high.

While some listeners will - as in days of yore - sit down in their living rooms, tea and digestives close to hand, and switch on the tape recorder, most talking book consumers are either sleepers or drivers. Sleepers relive the warm childhood experience of being read to as they drift off. A nice Stephen King, or perhaps Cherie Lunghi reading the *Kama Sutra* and in comes Morpheus with open arms. My Mum is a sleeper.

I am a driver. My standard fare is the thriller. I have never read a word of John Grisham, Michael Crichton or indeed Minette Walters, yet I know all their works. For 35 minutes on the way home from work I escape into the story, surfacing only to yell or curse at fellow commuters. Sometimes, when the denouement begins just as I arrive home, I will sit guiltily - unable to move - in the stationary car as the local Neighbourhood Watch scribe down my registration number. One company, Telstar (famous for those compilation albums with titles like "40 ballads for dog lovers"), has now entered the market after its research showed that the average car journey is 18 minutes in duration. Their talking tapes are made up of short stories lasting exactly 18 minutes.

Not all tapes are equally suitable for listening to in the car. Some require too much concentration; others will cause accidents. Men who put on Nancy Friday's breathy account of women's sexual fantasies, *My Secret Garden*, are likely to end up missing the gear lever and shifting themselves into fourth. Women roaring along with Michael Praed whispering

Leopold Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs* will come to grief, car teetering half over a canal, a policeman sprawled on the bonnet.

Tapes are a boon on long holiday drives with the kids and the spouse. Any normal adult will prefer one good reading of *Black Beauty* to an endless repetition of I-Spy and "The Wheels on the Bus". And when enjoyable grown-up gossip about the real marital problems and career disasters of close friends runs out, there's Joanna Trollope on hand to invent fictional ones for you.

But just because more and more of us are doing it, that doesn't mean that we may not be colluding in a terrible violence being done to our literature. Are stories after all not written to be read? And is the reader's imagination of the way characters speak not replaced with someone else's vision?

Bollocks, says Jan Paterson, "Stories were originally made up for telling to audiences. So we're going back to the days before the novel". So when you listen to Derek Jacobi tell the story of the *Iliad*, you hear it the way the Greeks did. And a good reader can bring a difficult text to life. The Naxos recording of Joyce's *Ulysses*, that shared the top Talkies award, is wonderfully told by Irish actor Jim Norton, who turns what can feel like two-dimensional type into immediate and compelling speech.

The autobiography translates particularly well to tape. However good Alan Clark's diaries may be in print, when read aloud in Mr Clark's own clarety and slightly dissolute voice they are utterly compelling. Women go weak at the knees. So do their husbands. It's like sitting next to someone at dinner, who turns around and tells you the fascinating tale of their life - without

demanding anything clever in return.

The two things that distinguish the good from the bad audiobook, according to Mark McCallum at Random House (top authors: Ruth Rendell and Robert Harris), are the quality of the abridgement and the ability of the reader. Tapes are typically 45 minutes per side, so abridgements will be designed to last 90, 180 or 360 minutes. If the wrong decisions are taken, the narrative becomes confusing.

A poor read ruins everything. Toni Morrison's *Jazz* was released here a couple of years ago and read in a low, husky whisper that certainly conjured up shame, steaminess and hot, sleepless nights, but in which scarcely a sentence was intelligible. It was like being chatted up by a beautiful mute. You hope it's going to be OK, but you soon realise it's hopeless.

Britons also demand to be read to by stars - unlike the Americans. We want Kenneth Branagh or Sean Connery, where the Yanks plump more pragmatically for the reader who can best bring the text to life. There are interesting exceptions, though. Martin Jarvis was a good character actor who seemed to fade after early promise. But now he is the king of the audiobook and radio: his Violet Elizabeth Bott a masterpiece of the storyteller's art.

Martin Jarvis's Violet Elizabeth Bott! For some readers this will sound like sacrilege - yet another philistine nail in the coffin of culture. We should all be creating our own Botts - that is what literature is about. But I believe that this will change. After all, the same purists have come round to word-processors - and will condescend to travel occasionally by aeroplane. All that remains is to find a good noun for tape enthusiasts. If book lovers are bookworms...

The Gore to end Gore

Robert Winder checks out the Vidal statistics of one of America's grandest literary men

Gore Vidal is in the rare position of having featured in many memoirs written by others. "It seems," he writes with tremendous hauteur, "that practically everyone that I have ever met is now the subject of at least one biography." Now he sits high in his enviable Italian villa, with commanding views over a dazzling ("yes, cobalt") sea, and siffs mockingly through the documentary material. In his introduction he makes quite a meal of his title - a palimpsest is, after all, a cliché among tricky moderns, who love the idea of manuscripts scarred by revisions and erasures. But it does turn out to be a perfect driving idea for anyone, like Vidal, in the memoir business. He does not narrate his life; he reviews it. He quotes from diaries, letters and books, even enlisting the support of his own essays and fiction. The result is something quite novel and wonderfully appealing, a critical biography of himself.

Palimpsest: A Memoir
by Gore Vidal
André Deutsch, £20

Not many people could imagine taking such an approach. But Vidal knows everybody - or at least the small group that counts as "everybody". The grandson of a senator, and the half-brother of Jackie Kennedy, he grew up with Washington's political elite, which he both despises and enjoys (even early on they used to call Jack Kennedy "the president-elect"). A natural crowd-pleaser and devout gossip, his memoir is mainly an enchanting set of stories about household names: Annis Nin, Tennessee Williams, Grace Kelly, the Roosevelts, Isherwood, Kerouac, Mailer, Truman Capote, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Princess Margaret, André Gide, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Bowles,

Nureyev... how long have you got? In the wrong hands this might have seemed a ghastly exercise in name-dropping. But it is a shrewd move to let others do his boasting, and then quibble. After all, the bare facts of this life - what we might call the Vidal statistics - are impressive: 22 novels; nine volumes of essays; five plays; various screenplays; lots of acting and television work. A fierce liberal critic of America's military-imperial complex, he also flirted with politics, and might have done well in the age of the soundbite.

There are some lapses into mere self-regard - he wastes an entire page of expensive deckle-edged paper on a reproduction of the 1964 bestseller list to prove that his novel, *Julian*, was a number one seller - but mostly the book is given an appealing fluid strength by its very haughtiness. Vidal's pen is sometimes accused of being barbed, but it doesn't seem malicious: it is too tolerant and

amused. Even when his subjects fare poorly - his mother, Nina, who married a man with three balls ("apparently it was in all the medical books") or Anais Nin ("I did not like her writing but, compassionately, never said so") - his tone of sorrowful superiority remains appealing because it seems neither adopted nor disdainful. "It's always a delicate matter when a friend or acquaintance becomes president," he writes, mischievously aware that this is a line few people could write. "I am a poor guest and dislike staying in other people's houses," he says with a showy yawn. "But in my early days in England, out of curiosity, I did sometimes go for weekends at the stately homes."

Vidal extends this world-weary air to most of his acquaintances. In London he meets Du Maurier: "Daphne talked to me of her fascinating family, whose ancestors had been glassblowers in northern



Gore Vidal: Platonic love

France," he recalls. "I affected awe." And he has Waugh-like fun with Evelyn Waugh - "a drunken social climber who wrote small funny novels of no great appeal until television realized that the books contained soap opera elements which, properly exploited, could fill with vicarious joy the dismal lives of consumers everywhere." He meets Evelyn at dinner

and affects (much as Waugh himself might have done) not to know what he does ("something in the line of estate planning, I decided"). Vidal is proud of his composure, especially in sexual matters, and is casually candid, putting the record straight about his night in the shower with Jack Kerouac, among other adventures. Making a strict distinction between sex and friend-

ship, he declares that among his thousands of encounters he did not have a single "affair". Well, maybe one. The book begins and ends with an affecting remembrance of his true love, a schoolfriend called Jimmie Trimble. At the beginning, enlarging on the subject of palimpsests, Vidal likens his memoir to the excavation of Troy. "At some point beneath those cities upon cities," he writes, "one hopes to find Achilles and his beloved Patroclus, and all that wrath with which our world began." And here they are - for Achilles and Patroclus read Gore and Jimmie. It's a pretty epic claim, and all the more touching for that. Vidal describes their union (in truth, a couple of snatched scenes) in high Platonic terms that are wonderfully at odds with the frosty, satirical tone everywhere else. Only some indefatigable reader who has read the entire oeuvre could say so with confidence, but Vidal's life might even be his greatest work: the Gore to end Gore.

Crime book special

What's wrong with American crime fiction?

Robert Hanks considers the dubious legacy of Raymond Chandler

Thin Air by Robert B Parker, Viking, £15.50

VI for Short by Sara Paretsky, Hamish Hamilton, £14.99

RL's Dream by Walter Mosley, Serpent's Tail, £9.99

Even if it's hard to agree with James Ellroy's recent assessment of Raymond Chandler as "a lightweight who knew jack shit about people", it's harder still to deny that Chandler has had a bad effect on American crime fiction. Down these mean streets have trudged untold numbers of Marlowe clones, untarnished and unafraid, trying to cover up for poor plots and paper characterisation with would-be snappy dialogue and terse prose.

Nobody has dogged Chandler's footsteps more assiduously than Robert B Parker, who has not only written his own addition to the Marlowe canon (*Perchance to Dream*), but was first choice to complete Chandler's last, unfinished novel, *Poodle Springs*. Parker himself has evidently never had any problems with the idea that he is Chandler's natural heir, naming his own detective Spenser by way of tribute; but, after 20-odd Spenser novels, the resemblances are hard to spot and there's not a lot else to keep you reading.

The plot of *Thin Air* is more than usually perfunctory – Spenser is searching for a cop friend's missing wife, who has been kidnapped by her mildly psychotic Hispanic ex-boyfriend – and it degenerates into an excuse for Spenser to leave his native Boston for California and then a Massachusetts mill-town dominated by corrupt Irish police and Latino gangs.

The shakiness of the plot wouldn't matter so much if Parker's prose had any of the whip or sparkiness of Chandler's. He doesn't describe people, he catalogues their wardrobes ("He was wearing a tan suit and a blue-striped shirt with a button-down collar and a khaki-coloured knit tie"), and this goes along with a weakness for reciting restaurant menus (for a private eye who claims to have little business, Spenser manages to eat out at some fairly swanky joints). The real problem, though, is that Spenser is a rather repellent character – forever flexing his muscles to intimidate people into giving him what he wants, never betraying any interesting vulnerability.

Leaving aside her sex and her clunking liberal agenda, Sara Paretsky's V.I. Warshawski is another Marlowe epigone – though Paretsky would presumably rather claim descent from Dashiell Hammett. At any rate, she dedicates one of the stories in *VI for Short*, "The Maltese Cat", to "the great master of the hard-boiled detective" (the title gives you some idea of how whimsical and slight it is). Other stories have different motives – in a short Preface, she explains: "I sometimes write short stories when I am trying to understand a question that doesn't seem to merit a whole novel. That was true of 'Settled Score', where I was wrestling with the issue of personal responsibility." At that rate, a couple more novels could settle most of the ethical problems that plague western civilisation.

Paretsky is a far better writer than Parker, with a stronger sense of place (in her case, Chicago), more plausible characters and a more spry and readable style. But most of the stories in this collection are based on half an idea, padded out with small wiggles rather than actual twists.

You could read Walter Mosley's first novel, *Devil in a Blue Dress*, as a reaction to Chandler – it in effect took the LA ghetto sketched at the beginning of *Farewell My Lovely* and showed how it looked from the inside. But subsequent novels have moved further and further away from the traditional private eye story; in the latest, *RL's Dream*, Mosley drops his hero, Easy Rawlins, and turns away from crime altogether.

The book follows the last weeks of Soupspoon Wise, an ageing bluesman who once played with Robert Johnson, the RL of the title. After he's evicted from his New York apartment, Soupspoon is taken in by Kiki, a screwed-up white woman who forges his medical insurance papers and fixes him up enough for him to play the blues again before he dies; meanwhile, he slips in and out of the past, remembering his boyhood in the Deep South. It's not, in the end, a madly original or gripping book, but it has a quiet charm.

The English way of death

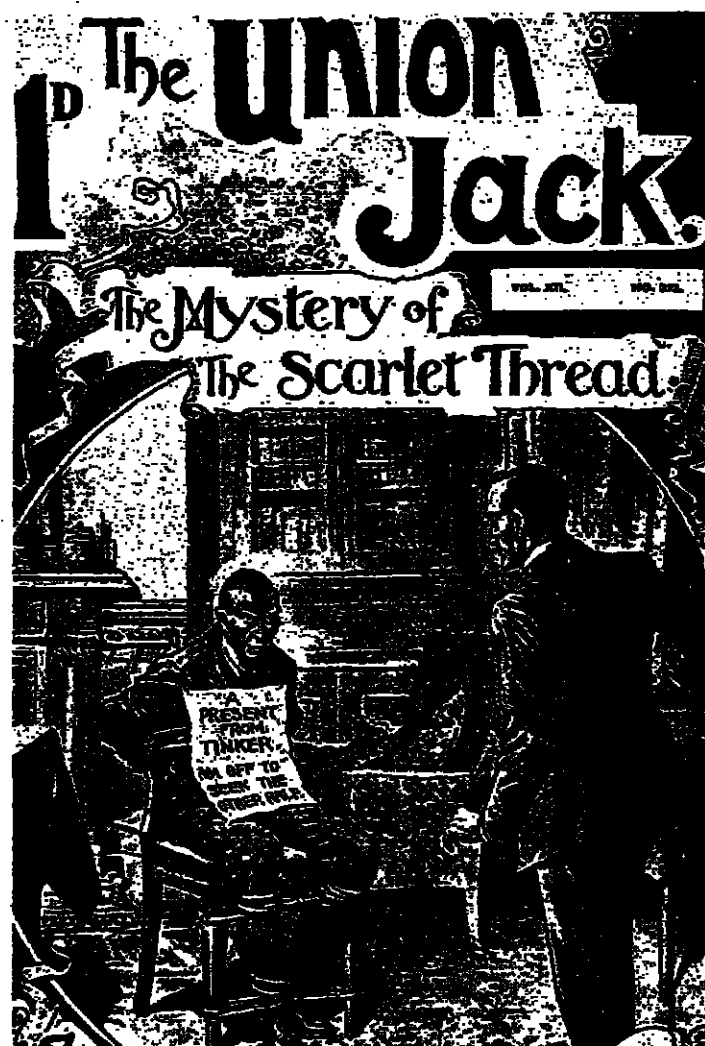
Low on homicide, high on remorse, familiar with their victims – that's the Brits. By Christina Hardyment

England, land of Holmes and Christie, often seems obsessed by murder. The good news is that we are much more likely to write a novel about it than commit it. Elliott Leyton is a Canadian criminologist who has been fascinated for years by the "inscrutable curiosity" of England's consistently low homicide rates. We are, it seems, the safest of all industrialised countries. For every 100,000 people, only 1.1 are murdered each year compared with a rate of 20.1 in the USA, around 5.5 in Italy and Scotland, about 4.6 in China and Canada, and 2 in France, Denmark, Germany and Spain.

Nor are these freak figures. In relative terms, England has been remarkably unmurderous since at least the 15th century. Why? Leyton argues that it is a marked preference for inhibition, the early abandonment of the blood feud, and the unique English common law system which have combined to establish a peculiarly English "civilising process".

It is, he says, highly relevant that Robin Hood and James Bond are our cultural heroes, rather than Bonnie and Clyde and Rambo. English killers typically show more remorse than American ones. Half attempt suicide after killing, a third succeed in killing themselves. 85 per cent of women and 58 per cent of men who kill their children commit suicide. In America only four per cent of homicides kill themselves.

Who stoops to murder? The middle and upper classes rarely do more than read about it. Murder is almost invariably only resorted to by the worst educated, the lowest social classes. But even here, at



Penny dreadfuls: the English love crime fiction but commit few murders

the lowest levels of self-control and education in the nation, there are unwritten rules governing fighting. Even football hooligans

generally know when to stop, and those who don't are seen as "nutters" rather than idolised. Most killers are known to the victim.

Men of Blood:
Murder in Modern England
by Elliott Leyton
Constable, £16.95

The Reason Why: An Anthology of the Murderous Mind
by Ruth Rendell
Jonathan Cape, £15.99

Only a tiny fraction – perhaps 30 or 40 a year – involve sexually motivated murders by strangers. Leyton is severe on the current escalation of media panic-mongering. "Television allows every sensational killing anywhere in the world to be brought into our sitting-rooms, live and in colour; and media personnel, obsessed with violence, yet rarely comprehending what is new and what is not, orchestrate our despair".

But statistics form only a tiny part of his text. The bulk of the book is made up of case histories, including transcribed tapes from police interviews as well as written confessions. Artless, incriminating, invariably tragic, they make compulsive reading.

But the book has a sting in its tail. Homicide rates all over the world – except in Switzerland and Japan – have been rising slowly but steadily since the Sixties. If the clue to a low homicide rate is the civilizing process, then the decline of

respect for educational, religious and political institutions is likely to lead to a decline in the effectiveness of the process itself.

If both parents are out at work, or divorced, says Leyton, they may be hard-pressed to find the time or energy to bring up their children effectively. In the face of a growing disadvantaged and disaffected underclass which adopts the code of casual violence and self-seeking individualism now internationally transmitted in books, comics, television and cinema, the effect of the great English tradition of civilized self-control could be steadily reduced.

After the real-life drama of Elliott, Ruth Rendell's short anthology of "the murderous mind", *The Reason Why*, is distinctly disappointing. It smacks too much of the publisher's bright idea: jottings from Rendell's own commonplace book, riding on the prestige of her name. A very brief introduction declares her intention to illuminate our understanding of the inner workings of the mind of the murderer, but what follows does nothing of the kind.

I felt more baffled than enlightened after finishing the loosely sorted jumble of extracts from fiction, poetry and biography. Each is introduced by a sentence intended to pinpoint its purpose, to help us generalise from the particular. The idea of jumping from Socrates to Browning to Maier to Patricia Highsmith sounds splendidly stimulating, but too often the proximities jarred, or the extract was so out of context as to be unintelligible. A useful collection for the would-be writer, perhaps, but for a genuine understanding of what it takes to make us kill, give me Leyton every time.

The things pathologists can do – it's scary

In Patricia Cornwell's novels, 'Casualty' meets 'Blade Runner'. By Lucretia Stewart

Dr Kay Scarpetta, the heroine of this and Cornwell's five previous novels, is a forensic pathologist. Not just any old forensic pathologist but consulting forensic pathologist for the FBI. She is also the Chief Medical Examiner for the state of Virginia, but it is her status as a pathologist that determines the manner in which she investigates the crimes with which she comes in contact. She is forced, by the nature of her work, into an intimate physical relationship with the dead.

All murders, particularly the kind in which Cornwell specialises, are vile, but the surgical precision Scarpetta brings to her work lends a gruesome intensity to the narrative. Because Scarpetta is a pathologist, many scenes take place in the morgue and the sheer volume of forensic detail – and gore – is pretty

From Potter's Field
by Patricia Cornwell
Little, Brown, £9.99

staggering. On one level, it's a bit like watching an extended episode of *Casualty* with the added frisson of there being a psychopath on the loose. On another, you sometimes feel as if you are reading state-of-the-art futuristic science fiction – Cornwell worked for over six years as a computer analyst in the Chief Medical Examiner's office in Virginia and has made Scarpetta's niece Lucy a computer whiz; this book contains paragraph after paragraph of computer programmer language as well as developments in medicine that seem to have come straight out

of *Blade Runner*. The things those pathologists can do, it's scary.

In essence, *Potter's Field* is no different from its predecessors. Scarpetta comes up against an old enemy, Temple Gault, a nasty psychopath who likes to excise the flesh of his victims. Gault first appeared in *Cruel and Usual*, Cornwell's last book but one, and those who are new to her work would probably get maximum pleasure by reading the entire oeuvre in order. It is not strictly necessary, but the developments of Scarpetta's relationships with Lucy (whom I always suspect of being Cornwell's alter-ego or at least how she sees aspects of herself), with Lieutenant Peter Marino and with the FBI profiler, Benton Wesley, reveal a delicacy that is not altogether expected. Cornwell is very good at blood and gore, at forensic

detail and the fine print of violent death, but she is also a sensitive writer and her portrait of forty-ish Scarpetta dealing with her life and its difficulties is often almost painfully moving.

The writer whom Cornwell most resembles is Thomas Harris, though the crimes her villains commit are less baroque. Like Harris, she is an elegant writer; like Harris, she specialises in violent, sadistic crimes; as with Harris, much intelligence has been brought to bear on the writing and the plotting – the reader has to concentrate (I read *Potter's Field* twice and the second reading was more rewarding). The difference is that, with Harris, you sense that his murderers are his heroes (if Hannibal Lecter wasn't the hero of *The Silence of the Lambs*, I can't think who was) or at least anti-

heroes; with Cornwell, you know that the wicked are damned and the good doctor is an avenging angel holding a flaming scalpel in her hand. Nonetheless, Cornwell's vision is a bleak one and Scarpetta is a lone crusader against not simply evil but also chauvinism, prejudice, loneliness, mediocrity and compromise.

Surprisingly, each of Cornwell's books is just as good as its predecessor. She is a prolific writer who produces a book a year but, unlike many of her competitors in the crime field, she maintains a consistently high standard.

If I have a quibble, it is with the tone of political correctness with which the book is infused. Peter Marino is, however, such a defiantly incorrect "old man" (as opposed to a "new man") that I can't complain too much.

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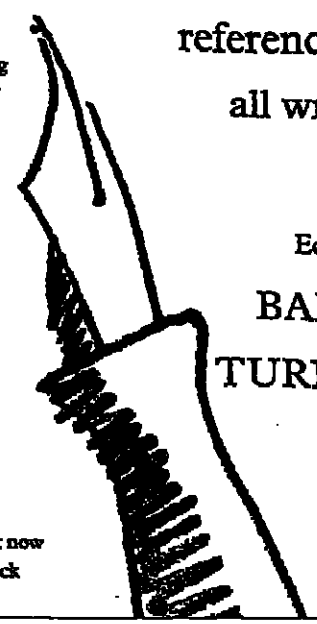
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Designer socks and gothic policemen

Andrew Taylor discovers some curious fixations in four new British whodunits

A policeman's lot is traditionally not a happy one, and on the evidence here, it is rapidly deteriorating. *The Detective is Dead* (Macmillan, £14.99) is the 12th novel in Bill James's series featuring Detective Chief Superintendent Colin Harpur and Assistant Chief Constable Desmond Iles. It is business as usual in their unnamed British city: assorted criminals are slaving over the richest prize to be dangled in front of them in years – the control of a drug-dealing empire, open to all takers after a squallid shooting. Two minor villains, way out of their depth, are murdered. Though a grass fingers the culprits, the British legal system bends over backwards to restore them to liberty. Old-fashioned detection no longer gets results and the courts frown on informers' evidence.

ACC Iles has his own idea of modern policing: use the grass as bait and ensure that he and Harpur are on hand to shoot the murderers when they strike at the grass. The morality of this does not trouble the ACC; his interests lie in other areas, notably teenage girls, the younger the better, and the longer poems of Tennyson. But Harpur, himself equipped with a teenage mistress

and two teenage daughters, is concerned for the safety of the informer and his pregnant girlfriend. The villain jockey for position among themselves, discussing their plans in the authentic tones of aspiring MBAs; and all the while the body count increases.

This is an excellent and alarmingly realistic novel, violent but never indulgent, the plot driven by spare, witty dialogue. The characters are all too plausible and even the crooks appeal to our sympathies. Above all, James provides a bleak analysis of the sad and dangerous choices which face the modern policeman.

The Edinburgh of Ian Rankin's Inspector Rebus novels is not a city for faint-hearted coppers, either. The eighth, *Let It Bleed* (Orion, £15.99) opens with a couple of teenagers leaping from the Forth bridge and hitting the deck of a frigate rather than the water; the result is memorably described as "hairy jam". The daughter of the Lord Provost has vanished. An old fraud case returns to haunt the city's great and good. An ex-con blows his head off with a shotgun. There are whispers of corruption in the police force itself. And just why does the Permanent Secretary of the Scottish



John Harvey: too easy?

Office invite Rebus to his baronial mansion to shoot clay pigeons?

From these rich ingredients, Rankin constructs a vigorously plotted story which offers tantalising glimpses of Scotland's grubby underbelly. In his way, he is a traditionalist: *Let It Bleed* is a David-and-Goliath crime novel with a heroic but vulnerable investigator battling against evil in the corrupt heart of the city; just like Chandler, really, despite Rebus's warrant card, and equally as sentimental at heart, but with more explicit violence and fewer wisecracks.

It is a long leap, in fact and in fiction, from Rebus's Edinburgh to the Second City of London, Gwendoline Butler's Docklands creation. In *Dark Coffin* (Collins Crime, £14.99), John Coffin, the Chief Commander of the Second City's police, lives with his actress wife in the tower of a former church, now a thriving theatre. His latest case involves the long-lost twin of a police officer and the murder of an old couple. As so often, Coffin's investigation leads him into the past, to other murders with long consequences close to home, including a present-day psychopath with strong hands and a hidden knife. Gwendoline Butler is excellent on the bizarre fantasies of other people's lives and on modern paranoia overlaying old secrets; and her plots have a rare ability to shock. Though Coffin himself can seem as wooden as his name, he has the distinction of being perhaps the world's only gothic policeman.

John Harvey's Resnick novels are in danger of doing for Nottingham what Bergerac did for Jersey. *Living Proof* (Heinemann, £14.99), the seventh in the series, opens promisingly with an overweight man with a stab wound in his chest sprinting through the city centre, naked except for one

Ralph Lauren sock. This is the fourth such incident – someone in the red-light area has it in for the punters – and soon there is a fifth, which ends in murder. Detective Inspector Charlie Resnick has another professional problem on his plate: who is sending hate mail to a celebrated American crime novelist in Nottingham for a festival? Resnick's personal life is not going well, either, with the future of his relationship with DC Lynn Kellogg hanging in the balance.

Harvey is a precise and observant writer, good on the different voices and complex relationships of his characters. But the novel as a whole has less impact than other Resnicks. Too many plots scramble for the reader's attention. And Resnick himself is in danger of becoming cosy.

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Testament of truth

She was the public face of the First World War generation, but her story had its secret tragedies, now revealed for the first time. Sue Gaisford on Vera Brittain

Vera Brittain: A Life by Paul Berry & Mark Bostridge, Chatto, £25

When Vera Brittain married George Catlin in 1925, she caused a minor stir by refusing to change her name – not because it was her writing name, but just because it was her name. The climax of their honeymoon was a visit to Italy where she insisted on “introducing” her husband to her brother Edward. Clutching two faded roses from her wedding bouquet, she dragged George up to the heights of the Asago Plateau to her brother’s grave. At sunset, gazing out from the Monte Benico war memorial, she entered an entranced state of emotional detachment: George, on the other hand, “had become, as he always becomes at the richest and most colourful moments, silent and stiff and conventional”.

Poor George. Their unusual “semi-detached” marriage was, for him, prompted by infatuated love. She had undertaken it partly because he and her brother would have been New College contemporaries; partly because she wanted to have a child to replace Edward, partly because George, like her long-dead first love Roland Leighton, was a convert to Roman Catholicism. These ideas were all chimeras. George’s ambitions were later to frustrate her own; the son she bore proved to be a thorn in the flesh, while her Catholic daughter (Shirley Williams) became her lasting comfort and source of pride; worst of all, she was to discover that Edward had not been the hero she had cherished.

Yet the marriage endured and meliorated wonderfully towards her death in 1970, when George was the last person to visit her in her nursing-home. By then, she had long despaired of being considered a great writer and was content to settle for the idea that she might achieve “some kind of permanent minor reputation” among later generations.

That new reputation began on an Australian beach in 1978, when the famously tough Carmen Callil found herself weeping over *Testament of Youth* and decided to republish it for Virago, introducing thousands more readers to this extraordinary masterpiece of autobiography, the book that epitomises the suffering of women in the First World War. We might ask why a further account of her life is needed, when she did the job so well

herself. Paul Berry and Mark Bostridge, two men writing with rare sympathy about an anti-feminist, offer several answers.

First, their book is beautifully written and fastidiously researched. The Brittain archive is vast, and these biographers have been able to reveal facts that their subject either ignored or distorted. The saddest concerns Edward Brittain. Long after the event, his Colonel, feeling “grossly traduced” by Vera’s public suggestion that Edward had died in some act of unrecognised heroic valour, told her that he had, in fact, been under threat of court-martial for homosexual activities with men of lesser rank: he probably killed himself. Appalled, she told her mother, who said that Edward had been in the same kind of trouble at school. So much of her life had by then been devoted to glorifying his memory that she was quite unequal to setting the record straight.

Secondly, this book puts into perspective a life of remarkable consistency. Vera Brittain was a highly intelligent girl from a strait-jacketed, bourgeois background, who fought hard for her university scholarship. After a year at Oxford, she enlisted as a VAD, and it was while nursing wounded German soldiers that her idealistic pacifism was born. “A dying man”, she wrote, memorably, “has no nationality”. Back at Oxford after the war, she met Winifred Holtby and their close friendship lasted alongside her marriage until Winifred’s early death, whereupon she wrote *Testament of Friendship* as a tribute both to Winifred herself and to the previously unused strength of powerful, supportive female friendships – there is, incidentally, no doubt at all that theirs was an entirely asexual relationship. Her zealous feminism derives from these years, too. “My great object is to prove that work and maternity are not mutually exclusive”, she wrote, but despite a staff of nursemaid, housekeeper, charwoman and secretary, she found it very hard.

Brittain’s mature years coincided with the Second World War, during which, true to her principles, she maintained a strong, unpopular pacifism. Speaking at public meetings at home and in America, she fought for the resumption of food-relief to the starving people of German-

occupied countries and she inveighed against saturation bombing, insisting that civilised values must be maintained whatever the circumstances. Although at the time she was denounced for giving comfort to the enemy, to read again about the wholesale destruction of Dresden, Hamburg, Lubek and Cologne is to appreciate the strength of her stand. She was elated to discover that Hitler had realised whose side she was on: her name was on his infamous hit-list.

Later, she bravely spoke out against apartheid in South Africa and supported CND, though her activities were limited so as not to cause embarrassment to George who longed to be elected to Parliament, or to Shirley, who was. One of the incidental pleasures of this book is to catch glimpses of the child Shirley: untidy, unpunctual, naughty, ebullient and endearing. Evacuated to America for part of the war, she was repatriated at 13, coming home via Lisbon where she had to stay for some days: she used this time riotously, climbing up on the roof of her hotel and drinking large quantities of Madeira.

Such behaviour was alien to her chic, serious, self-important mother: the words Brittain and jollity go together like chiffon and chips. Though stuffy Beatrice Webb found her charming, and Virginia Woolf admired her “stringy metallic mind”, St John Irvine was exercising restraint when he wrote “your sense of humour is not, I should say, your strong point”. This is a handicap to any biographer, even to such elegant stylists as Berry and Bostridge. They resist – generally – the temptation to poke fun at their solemn subject, but we sense their incredulous gasp when they quote a honeymoon letter to Winifred. Probably just one sexual encounter “would go as far as you ever needed”, she summarised loftily, “which would make you in this direction an even more unsatisfactory wife than I feel myself to be”.

But who can blame her. By 1918, having lost her first great love, her two other dearest friends and that tragic brother, she felt that her “deepest emotions were paralysed, if not dead”. That she survived to achieve, at the very least, one marvellous book and a magnificent daughter is itself to be commended. This is the biography she deserves.



Vera Brittain in 1917: her ‘deepest emotions were paralysed, if not dead’

The man in the white suit

Martin Booth praises a civilised, compassionate observer of the bestiality of war

From the Crimea onwards, the war correspondent has observed the realities of battle, reporting them in their entirety. For him, blood is not red and spilled but black, sticky and soaking into sun-warmed concrete; bullets do not whine or zip but come silently and kill messily, with jagged flesh and screams of pain.

So it is for Martin Bell, who has been at – and often in front of – the barricades of Vietnam, the Middle East, Central America, the Gulf and now Bosnia. As a BBC television reporter, he has dug fox-holes with the Desert Rats, invaded Iraq with the Irish Hussars, suffered from current BBC jargon (under the rule of “bimediability”, he had to

In *Harm's Way*: Reflections of a War Zone Thing by Martin Bell Hamish Hamilton, £15.99

provide a contribution from war-torn Vitez for Radio 4’s *Farming Today* on agriculture in Bosnia: there was none), and most famously, stopped a bullet on camera in Sarajevo in 1992. It is apt his book is called *In Harm's Way*, for Bell deliberately steps in harm’s direction. It is what he is paid to do, on our behalf. Yet he is far from being “a war zone

thug”: his story is that of a civilised and passionate man cast into situations fraught with danger and vivid with mankind’s bestialities.

Although the book touches on National Service and journalistic stints in earlier wars, it concentrates mainly upon the Bosnian conflict, which Bell has reported almost from the start. More than any of the other 11 wars he has covered, Bosnia has been “a shocking and defining experience” which has fundamentally changed Bell’s outlook on the world. The sheer brutality of ethnic hatreds, the settling of old scores by genocide and the impotence of peacekeepers has deeply dismayed him as well as fellow battle-hardened

observers. He comments upon these realities not with the detachment of one who has seen it all before, but as one who is attached to the anguish of those caught up in the maelstrom. He also criticises the morality of politicians and the motivation of fighters and UN personnel alike. The war in Bosnia is, he plainly states, an indictment of all mankind.

Yet Bell also writes anecdotally and lovingly of people he has encountered in Bosnia: of the man who herded 11 goats and a BBC crew, and who was shot by a sniper while digging his smallholding; of fellow correspondents such as CNN’s Christiane Amanpour who “didn’t want her bones jumped”; of

the mother in a subterranean bunker in Sarajevo who said her little girl asked, on hearing a gun fire, if this shell was the one to kill them.

Bell’s humanity and personality come across with far greater strength here than in his fleeting, charismatic on-camera performances. Despite a life of intense if terrible excitement, he is still one of us, an ordinary man caught up in the annals of politics. In Bosnia, he drives Kevlar-plated Land Rovers called Miss Piggy and Kermit. A superstitious gambler, he carries a lucky silver dollar into battle in the pocket of his lucky white suit. Quite how this suit stays so pristine in the grime of war is one of his best-kept secrets: even when he was

shot, it seemed to be spared a smearing of blood. Despite the danger, he only wears his flak jacket on camera, to satisfy BBC bosses: he otherwise removes it to avoid, as he puts it, the status of indemnity.

In his Prologue, Bell writes that this is his first and probably only book, adding it was hard work because he had to spell and punctuate correctly. Television correspondents, after all, speak their lines. Such is his modesty. One must hope he will take heart and write another. His sanity, clarity of vision and humanity are rare, especially coming from the savage world he inhabits and records for others.

Cherry cake at the Ritz

Fleet Street lives again in Keith Waterhouse’s affectionate memoir. By Jeremy Lewis

Newly arrived in London in the early Fifties from his native Leeds, where he had started his journalistic career on the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, Keith Waterhouse soon found himself, rather to his surprise, working in the features department of the *Daily Mirror*. With its ceaseless bustle and pulsating presses, Fleet Street reminded the young Waterhouse of the Yorkshire mill town of his youth. Heavily-overcoated crime reporters were the monarchs of all they surveyed – with the abolition of the death penalty and the rise of commercial television they would soon be supplanted by showbiz correspondents – and the pubs were awash with red-nosed, rheumy-eyed hacks downing a last one before boarding the last train home to long-suffering wives in Petts Wood. As Waterhouse quickly discovered, not a great deal of work was done in the overmanned features department, so enabling one of his colleagues to run a wholesale confectionery business on the side. Dutifully clocking in on his first day, Waterhouse found one feature writer hard at work reading *The Catcher in the Rye* and another damping down the flames after setting his tweed jacket on fire with an unextinguished pipe, while the paper’s agony aunt, a former cleaning lady, bustled from desk to desk handing out slices of home-made cake. Come 12 o’clock and it was time to adjourn for a three-hour liquid lunch at Winnie’s, the features department’s pub, before moving on to tea and cherry cake

Streets Ahead by Keith Waterhouse Hodder & Stoughton, £16.99

at the Ritz – unhappily regurgitated before staggering back to the office, pale and sweaty-browed. All this made for a fine, vigorous start to Waterhouse’s London career – and, indeed, to the second volume of his autobiography.

Despite the long lurches, Waterhouse quickly made his mark – consorting with “Cassandra” and the London editor of *Beano*, writing provocative readers’ letters, tactfully adjusting the astrologer’s predictions so as not to inflame a susceptible *Mirror* director, and chasing stories to fit headlines concocted in advance by the features editor (“CAN WOMEN BE TRUSTED WITH MONEY?”). Before long he was making trips abroad and, in his spare time, writing his first novel. After its publication, he decided to go freelance, and Hugh Cudlipp offered him a retainer to write a twice weekly column. It’s still running in the *Daily Mail* to which he transferred during the Maxwell years.

Waterhouse’s second novel, *Billy Liar*, was not only a success in its own right, but made its author a rich man after he and Willis Hall – whom he had known in Leeds – had adapted it for stage and screen; and from now

on the two men, who referred to themselves as the Word Factory, were to produce a stream of scripts, from films (*A Kind of Loving*, *Whistle Down the Wind*) to *Worzel Gummidge* and *That Was the Week that Was*. As is so often the case, alas, worldly success, and the rather breathless world of showbiz, prove a good deal less amenable to autobiography than the early years of struggle and obscurity. We’re treated to evocations of New York and San Francisco which add little to what one has read already; long forgotten shows are dusted down, and accompanying quotes exhumed (“It was back to mixed reviews again!”) compared with the colourful Fleet Street pages, the second half of the book seems blander and more perfunctory. Waterhouse comes across as a likeable and congenial cove, all too easily lured into buying another round, but his private life receives as short shrift in print as in real life, and the years between the Sixties and *Jeffrey Bernard* is *Unwell* spin by in a couple of pages. That said, it’s good to report an encounter with Walt Disney in Los Angeles. The meeting got off to a sticky start when Waterhouse slipped in a compliment to Mickey Mouse, provoking a diatribe about that “blankety” mouse; nor were matters improved by there being only one bottle of wine among five. Eventually, Disney took the hint from his thirty visitors, slapped the desk and shouted “Hell, it’s the weekend – why don’t we kill another bottle!” That’s the kind of stuff one wants to hear.

Plot: Flaubert laboured for five years “placing huge blocks one above the other” to create this monument to the art of irony and the petrifying boredom of bourgeois existence.

Emma Rouault, daughter of a poorish farmer is brought up in a convent where she indulges a penchant for trashy romantic fiction. Her spirited mind dances in imagined ballrooms aglow with candlelight and the admiring glances of wealthy Byronic lovers.

She settles for Charles Bovary, however, a kindly, unimaginative, incompetent medic. The birth of a daughter does not alleviate the tedium of her life. She falls in love with the local squire, Rodolphe, who seduces her by rote. Emma is entranced, believing her fantasies are now incarnate. Rodolphe dumps her, fearing that she isn’t playing by his rules.

Emma is distraught. To fill the vacuum of her days she takes another lover, Leon, a young clerk with a restricted personality. Again, she has chosen a man who cannot match her restless sexuality. When Leon fears for his reputation, he also dumps her.

Emma is immersed in debt and makes a half-hearted attempt to return to Rodolphe: finally, consumed by desperate boredom, she swallows arsenic, believing she will experience a gentle demise. She dies in withering agony.

Charles Bovary toddles along, understanding nothing; after Emma’s burial he finds some letters that explain all and dies of a broken heart.

All you need to know about the books you meant to read



By Gavin Griffiths

This week: Madame Bovary by Gustave Flaubert (1851)

Over the novel broods Monsieur Hommaire, the chemist, who encapsulates the stifling corruption of respectability. He judges, bullies and punishes; his mediocrity wins him the Legion of Honour.

Theme: Emma’s tragedy is that she is too bright to settle for what she has, but too commonplace to do much more than reproduce new clichés to replace the old ones. The shoddy material of her dreams keeps her a victim: her limitations of language and expression condemn her to a poisoned death-bed.

The only route to success in bourgeois life is to be entirely at home in a world of triteness, routine and hand-me-down phrases.

Style: This is the most self-consciously

beautiful of novels. Paradoxically, each phrase sings melodiously of middle-class turpitude and emotional poverty.

Flaubert famously absents himself from his creation; he manipulates irony of phrase and situation to control the reader’s response.

Chief Strengths: Flaubert’s famous remark, “*Madame Bovary, c’est moi*”, says it all. As the novel progresses, Emma’s fate becomes unbearably painful because she escapes from the book and becomes a “person”. She is both an individual and a representative victim of a stupid, materialist world; but Flaubert does not conceal Emma’s talent for arbitrary, petty-minded cruelty, either. The book’s poise is its power.

Chief weakness: Saint-Beuve noted that nothing was random in *Madame Bovary*. This is an ambivalent remark to make about a “realist” novel and points to the truth that Emma’s fate seems overdetermined.

What they thought of it then: It was prosecuted for obscenity. The case collapsed; the book became a roaring success.

What we think of it now: One of the greatest European novels, influencing James, Conrad, Mann, Joyce ... the list is endless.

Responsible for: Making modern novelists believe that writing is a harder graft than coal-mining or operating a North Sea oil rig.

books

Blind date

At 80, the great Arthur Miller has written a tiny, peculiar and frustrating novel. By Hugo Barnacle

Janice, the plain girl of the title, wants to tell her boring and sexually incompetent husband Sam, just back from the war, that she's decided to leave him. For months she delays it. "But what set her off was his inferring one evening that he had forced himself on a German farm woman who had given him shelter in a rainstorm one night."

Which is a shame, because mistaking "infer" for "imply" used to be a reliable idiot-indicator. If a writer of Arthur Miller's prestige has started doing it, then it may have become so sanctified by custom and usage that it will now count as correct. Leaving us with fewer ways to spot idiots, and no word at all to use when we really do mean "infer".

Then again, considering how the same sentence features that weak, clumsy half-chime of "one evening" and "one night", perhaps this is not a work the OED will bother quoting as an example of anything.

Plain Girl
by Arthur Miller
Methuen, £10

Having left Sam, Janice moves into the Crosby Hotel on 71st off Broadway and there meets Charles, the blind musician with whom she finds happiness at last. After Charles's death in the late Seventies, she revisits the area to watch as men demolish the hotel for a new development.

"Soon they would be reaching her old room. An empty amazement crept over her. Out of 61 years of life she had had 14 good ones. Not bad." True, good is not bad. But this is still puzzling. We can easily work out from various references that Janice's life with Charles lasted 30 years, not 14, and all of it was "good". Miller must have confused himself in the course

of the story's back-and-forth timeshifts and got his sums wrong. He does the same on a couple of other occasions too. Yet this "novel" is not exactly long and involved. It runs to less than 50 pages, a pretty moderate mass of text to check over and correct unless you're too rich, famous and arrogant to bother.

Anyway, there stands Janice watching the hotel come down, "wondering at her fortune at having lived into beauty". These are the story's last words and thus carry extra weight. The reader may be wondering what was so wrong with Janice's looks in the first place that only a blind man could find her beautiful.

Well, she had "a pulled look to her cheeks", "an elongated upper lip", whatever that is, and "a too-high forehead", all of which apparently made her a bit horse-faced. On the plus side she had "straight silky light brown hair" and a "very good compact body", so good

that "between her ankles and her breasts she was as luscious as Betty Grable, or almost". Then there's her "wonderfully shaped" bottom and "good thighs" to consider, and her "witty", "sexy", hip-rolling walk; but "her best feature was her calves, which must have been extraordinarily fine, to outpoint all those other blessings".

This does not sound like a bad package. In fact Janice seems to be the classic *jolie laide*, the unconventional stunner. For the author to resort to the device of a blind lover, so that the heroine's true worth can be seen with the inner eye, is an absurdly extreme measure in the circumstances. Miller characterises Janice as "plain" according to a norm that would have been a trifle strict even in the drawing-rooms of 200 years ago, and then seeks to claim credit for the wisdom of overruling his own shallow preconceptions. A very peculiar exercise.

What Connie did next

Why is DH Lawrence's excitable heroine the flavour of the month? Cathy Newman investigates

If you want to damage your health this autumn, how about an overdose of DH Lawrence? Lawrence wrote three versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and three more sequels or rewrites of his *success de scandale* have appeared in the last year: Craig Brown's *The Hounding of John Thomas*, not a guide to Mellors's member but the tale of his son; Spike Milligan's parodic squib, *John Thomas and Lady Jane*, with a cast of Spitting Image puppets and a script of Christmas cracker jokes; or Elaine Feinstein's scholarly sequel.

Craig Brown's Mellors became a "high class bloody grocer". In *Lady Chatterley's Confession*, he doesn't even have to work out how to use a till as Constance finds him a job as gamekeeper on Count Bellagrat's estate in Florence. The book traces the decline of the couple's relationship and Connie's eventual replacement of Mellors with Kurt Lehmann, a German Jew at risk

Lady Chatterley's Confession
by Elaine Feinstein
Macmillan, £10.50

from persecution in fascist Italy. At the end of the original, Connie waits to marry Mellors. At the end of Feinstein's sequel, she waits to marry Kurt. The next sequel will presumably find a wizened Connie still waiting, needlework in hand...

A Lawrence scholar, Feinstein seems at first to have created a genuinely Lawrentian artefact. Her Mellors taps Lawrence's apocalyptic tune: "It'll have to be blown up," he tells a captive audience during an earnest post-prandial discussion. "And then maybe we can build a society on the ruins." The cycle of violent arguments and passionate reconciliations also pays

homage to a Lawrentian belief in "strife" between partners. Feinstein recycles themes from the author's whole canon: this is not so much a sequel as a collage of Lawrence's work. Mellors's charged relationship with Emily recalls Will's intensity with his daughter Ursula in *The Rainbow*, and his habit of "throwing ideas about" with local fascists is indebted to Lawrence's tedious *Kangaroo*, where Harriet and Somers emigrate to Australia and become embroiled with a fascist leader.

While Feinstein rehearses her predecessor's plots, her style is more Hemingway than Lawrence: "The face was closed to me. Angry." Or: "I had no lies prepared for such a casual meeting. What to invent?" Readers may be relieved to escape Lawrence's purple prose, but Feinstein's idiom is bland by comparison, and her imagery is uninspired. Hilda, for example, is "as elegant as a pencil". Thin, maybe,

but elegant? Unlike Lawrence, Feinstein is evasive about sex: "I could feel his body pressing against my own". Connie coyly confesses before the curtain comes down at the end of the chapter. The earlier heroine by contrast "felt his penis risen against her with silent amazing force and assertion and she let herself go to him". Feinstein doesn't let herself go to Lawrence.

Instead, she exorcises him. Mellors dies and the cult of the phallus dies with him. Connie's speculation that his emotional problems stem from an upbringing scarred by physical violence suggests Feinstein has rewritten Lawrence for a politically correct age. Should we conclude that Connie's admission, "all I ever wanted was to love and be loved", points to child abuse? Creating a Lawrence for the Nineties is laudable, but it doesn't come off. Feinstein lays her book at Lawrence's shrine, but makes it clear that her idol is tarnished.



... 250 displays of oily musculature and discreet shadows, ... with Thomas Ekins's neo-classical ... and the ... of deformed medical ... right up to Diana ... (and too many ...), but the ... a serious ... and ...

Who's reading whom?

Andy Kershaw, writer and broadcaster, is preparing a new series of reports for 'Travelog' to be shown on Channel 4 in the spring



The most striking things about the BBC's superb collection of radio-journalism, *From Our Own Correspondent* (BBC Books), are the pictures. You obviously didn't have a hope in hell of being a foreign correspondent in the Fifties unless you were prepared to be dressed up to look like matinee idols or dance-band leaders: moustaches, clipped hair, suits and ties. Now it's all baggy fawn trousers and open-necked shirts, a uniform of a different kind. But the quality of the journalism is just the same. These are superb eyewitness accounts to the major world events of the last 40 years: Christopher Serpell on Castro's revolution in Cuba with Guevara in a walk-on part; Tim Llewellyn at Idi Amin's torture centre in Kampala in 1979; Elizabeth Blunt watching the murder of President Doe of Liberia in 1990; Leonard Parkin on the arrival of the Beatles in America in 1964; oh yes, and Bill Clinton's \$200 haircut.

MARGARET FORSTER



HIDDEN LIVES

"This is a wonderful book, perhaps the best Margaret Forster has yet given us, crowning her 30 years' achievement as a novelist and biographer ... a slice of history to be recalled whenever people lament the lovely world we have lost"

CLAIRE TOMALIN, *INDEPENDENT*

"She has, movingly and lovingly, given shape and meaning to the unsung lives of two past generations in a masterpiece of honesty and elegance"

VALERIE GROVE, *THE TIMES*

"Engrossing ... these women's lives represent hundreds and thousands of wives and mothers whose destinies have been constrained by circumstance ... as a memoir of Everywoman, it is impressively poignant"

GILL PYRAM, *DAILY TELEGRAPH*

MARGARET FORSTER'S LATEST NOVEL, *MOTHER'S BOY* IS NOW AVAILABLE IN PENGUIN PAPERBACK

Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst



The Sign of the Cross by Colm Toibin (Vintage, £6.99)

Brought up an Irish Catholic but estranged for years, Toibin visits those parts of Europe where the old religion holds sway. There's not so much on bells and smells here - he spends more time in bars than basilicas. Though often alienated - by the Pope's granite inflexibility, fanaticism in Croatia, hysteria in Spain, peasant gullibility on miracles - Toibin's search for faith is heart-felt and beguiling.



A New Grand Tour by Godfrey Hodgson (Penguin, £7.99)

CS Lewis once said that the biggest division in history was not between the ancient world and the dark ages, but between the modern world and that of Jane Austen. In this spirit, Hodgson proposes a new Grand Tour - one that goes in search not of Europe's classical past, but of her modernist beginnings. His essays on the continent's most thriving cities are written with the zest of a seasoned European.



Under My Skin by Doris Lessing (Flamingo, £7.99)

Written with daring brilliance, this experiment in autobiography covers Lessing's first 30 years. The circumstances, recalled with scalpel-sharp clarity, are extraordinary enough - childhood in Persia, being the first to cross Russia after the Revolution, flirting with communism in Rhodesia - but what really lifts this work is Lessing's commentary on events and emotions. A tremendous book with the universality of great fiction.



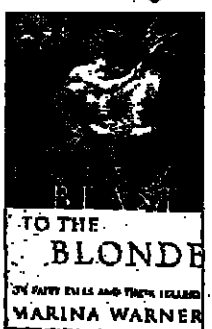
Who Was David Weiser? by Pavel Huell (Bloomsbury, £5.99)

With the sea-front chock-a-block with a freak tide of sticklebacks, the school boys of the little Polish town of Oliwa are compelled to look elsewhere for their holiday entertainment - and find it in the person of David Weiser. Skinny, clever and Jewish, Weiser possesses mysterious powers that will keep his classmates occupied long after the summer is over. An atmospheric account of childhood transgression.



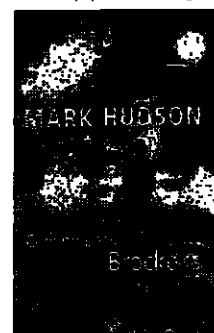
History: The Home Movie by Craig Raine (Penguin, £6.99)

Nobody does similes better than Raine: "flannel vests like salted cod", "sherbet fountains fused like sticks of dynamite". In this ambitious narrative of the curiously inter-married Raine and Pasternak families over the first 50 years of this century, his staccato verse is superbly sustained, but some may feel that his unique vision is more suited to poems of conventional length than a 330-page domestic epic.



From the Beast to the Blonde by Marina Warner (Vintage, £10.99)

Once upon a time, in the far off Kingdom of Kentish Town, a dark-haired maiden named Marina decided to go to the aid of the Fairy Tale - a creation dismissed as "pre-literate trash" by some, and even "girly" by others. Her study is a worthy (and hefty) contribution to a seam first mined by Alison Lurie and Angela Carter - though it lacks the witchiness that made them so absorbing on the subject.



Coming Back Brokens by Mark Hudson (Vintage, £7.99)

"So you're writing a book about Horden. I think a leaflet would do it," a coal official said incredulously of the author's decision to spend a year in the Durham pit village where his forebears lived. Even Hudson sometimes wondered what he was doing. But the result is an fascinating exploration of the gulf between a proud industrial past and deep contemporary malaise. Despite its grim theme, a delightful, often funny book.



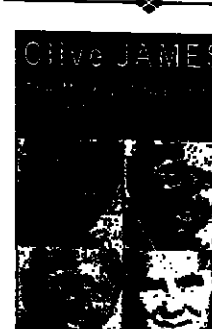
Purcell by Maureen Duffy (Fourth Estate, £7.99)

Duffy and her best friend passed the winter of 1947 as ardent royalists. Perched on top of school radiators they imagined themselves at the court of Charles II, hobnobbing with Pepys, and swooning with passion to the exquisite refrains of Henry Purcell, the supreme "musical exponent of desire". Duffy has tried hard to piece together the fragmentary evidence of her hero's life, but, sadly, he remains as elusive as ever.



Desert, Marsh and Mountain by Wilfred Thesiger (Flamingo, £7.99)

This terse lament for the world's wild places, which first appeared in 1979, is something of a scissor-and-paste job by the veteran explorer. Much of it is an unsatisfactory condensation of his masterpieces, *Arabian Sands* and *The Marsh Arabs*, while the photographs - which include an excessive number of engagingly tattered young Bedouin - are far better reproduced in his recent *Visions of a Nomad*.



The Metropolitan Critic by Clive James (Picador, £6.99)

After two years of trying to write a *Life of Louis MacNeice*, the young James faced the fact that he was happier downing drinks at the Pillars of Hercules, and dashing off the odd book review for the *New Statesman*. This reissue of his first reviews gives him a chance to qualify, and even alter, some of his embarrassing excesses - a luxury not granted to many writers. Not nearly as bright or funny as his television reviews.

Escapes

INDEPENDENT WEEKEND SATURDAY 21 OCTOBER 1995

country



INSIDE STORIES

Cheer up
Seasonal blues can be fought off by a spot of gardening, says Anna Pavord
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Trade up
Will today's first-time buyers ever afford big family houses?
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Wake up
As the clocks go forward, re-set your body clock with these fun alarms
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Pay up
Buy all your Christmas presents by mail order this year: we suggest the best catalogues
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Travel up
On the trail of Nelson: Simon Calder goes to Trafalgar in Spain
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Show up
Our regular guide to things to see and places to go this weekend
pages 16 and 17

Where the wild things are

The British Gas Wildlife Photography of the Year competition is the world's most prestigious. This year the winner was Cherry Alexander from Dorset, with her stunning photo leopards, Antarctica (below). She faced fierce competition from some of the category winners, featured here. See them at London's Natural History Museum



Main picture: 'Florida Manatee' by Brandon D Cole (US), who won the Eric Hosking award. 'In winter, the Florida manatees leave their ocean haunts for warmer, spring-fed waters such as Crystal River on Florida's West Coast. They are very cooperative photographic subjects - slow, trusting and curious. I was concentrating on facial shots of this manatee when I suddenly noticed the view above.'

Right: 'Heron in Savit' by Richard Coomber (UK), winner of the From Dusk to Dawn category. 'This is down by a waterhole in Savit, Botswana, at the end of the dry season - it is always a magic time. Elephants, wary of lions, drink as hundreds of jack doves fly in the surrounding bush, and helmeted guinea fowl scurry about raising dust that hangs in the still air.'

Above: 'Female Leopards Fighting' by Richard de Wit (South Africa), winner of the Mammal Behaviour category. 'It only lasted a few seconds. The dominant female suddenly attacked, raking with her hind legs and ripping out pieces of white fur. Her opponent assumed a submissive pose, lying on her back. The fight was extremely fast moving, with savage snarls and growls. We watched them for another hour, as darkness fell over the Mala Mala game reserve, but they stayed at least 10 metres apart.'

The exhibition is on at the Natural History Museum, London SW7 (0171-838 6714) to 25 February, then tours nationwide



Here among the echoing tree-trunks the noise is tremendous, primeval

Stand here on the lip of the valley and listen, in this huge silence before the dawn. Behind us the horizon is paling, but the wood below remains black as night. A touch of frost has silvered the grass, and only a breath of wind wafts from our left. Up floats the hoot of a tawny owl. A flight of duck passes unseen overhead, pinions whistling. Then suddenly it comes - the sound we are after: the deep, guttural grunt of a fallow buck on the rut. There he goes - one, two, three, four grunts-cum-snorts, like those of a colossal pig. The voice sounds like that of the buck I am trying to call, an animal with a freak right antler.



DUFF HART-DAVIS

Another buck strikes up, much farther away. I wait until our own buck calls again, and then, having verified his position, whisper, 'Let's go!' Make as little noise as

you can. Ease each boot down gently. At the junction we wait and listen again. There he goes, louder now. Turn left, move on. In the gloom I can just discern my marker log, laid there to pinpoint the beginning of a secret path which I keep swept clear of leaves and twigs. Dead slow, now. Feel for every step. Duck under this branch. Twenty yards on, we come to a natural lip, where the hillside drops steeply away. We slide into position and settle on bare earth, with the rifle propped on a fallen tree. Silence below. Has something shifted them? No - a stick cracks.

Then the buck lets fly. Here among the echoing tree-trunks the noise is tremendous - harsh, urgent, primeval, hair-raising. Glimmer by glimmer, light penetrates the forest. What is it that has drawn the buck back to this traditional rutting stand? For generations, come late October, his predecessors have staked out their territory on this one small patch. Are they influenced by ley-lines? Or is it just that the open glade, and the overhead cover, make them feel secure? Now movement is visible in the gloom. Binoculars reveal black shapes flitting through the foliage. Then comes a clatter of bone on

wood as the buck thrashes at some branches. By the changing focus of the grunts, he is heading north now, to our right. In a moment he will turn back, quartering his chosen patch. The light is growing by the minute. Soon we shall see him. The wind, drifting uphill, brings his pungent scent. He has been urinating in a mud wallow and rolling in it, to freshen himself for the fray. More movement below. Through the glasses, I can make out the pointed faces of does and fawns - the harem, hovering in attendance. By his voice, the buck is on his way back. Yes - there he comes,

head-down, snuffling along the ground. Such is the stress of the occasion that he will have stopped eating days ago: his stomach will contain nothing but a sludge of earth. As he stops in a light patch I catch a glimpse of his antlers. Hell! This is not the freak, but a bigger animal in his prime, too good to shoot. What's happened to our target? But another dark shape appears: this is the freak, dislodged from his place in the wings. For a few seconds he and the master-buck walk parallel, three yards apart. Then suddenly they wheel inwards: their antlers meet with a crash. Locked together, the two heavyweights

smash through the bushes as they wrestle. Then, barely 10 yards away, a stick cracks. I glance sideways. A single doe has been drawn by the commotion. Too late to lie flat - she has seen us. Pray God she doesn't bark in alarm. She does. Away she bounces on rigid legs. She barks again. Down below, the whole wood dissolves into movement. Ten, 15, 20 beasts stream away. In seconds the stage is empty. Another blank morning - but never mind. We have had the luck to witness one of the most ancient and mysterious rituals of the autumn woods.

gardening

A natural form of therapy

Don't give in to SADness. Get into the garden. By Anna Pavord

"Glorious summer leaves a SAD legacy". The newspaper headline caught my attention because I thought it was going to be about the beeches and other trees that suffered so appallingly over the long months of drought. As you walked in summer by the big stands of ancient beeches that are such an integral part of chalk landscapes, you could almost hear the trees panting. In a desperate attempt to protect their ripening crop of nuts, they were dropping their leaves even by early August.

But the story wasn't about that at all. It was about the dramatic increase in the number of people suffering from Seasonal Affective Disorder. The long, bright, sunny summer ended rather suddenly with an extremely wet autumn and the effect, according to Jon Simmonds, secretary of the British SAD Association, has been "devastating". Dr Peter Raven of London's Maudsley Hospital, believes that up to two and a half million people in Britain could be suffering from SAD. I do not think any of them can be gardeners.

For anyone with a square foot of earth under their noses, autumn has come as a wonderful balm and comfort. The earth is soft and yielding again, grass that had been burned and desiccated by relentless summer sun has miraculously greened up and shrubs such as choisya, which sometimes toss one the odd blossom in autumn as an afterthought, are blooming now as profusely and sweetly as they ever did in May. The crops of fruit are heavier than in any other year I can remember. Every day one wakes to a burgeoning, magnificent affirmation of nature's ability to repair itself.

One of the huge advantages of gardening in this country is that there are four clearly differentiated seasons. Far from mourning the lost days of summer, the gardener looks forward to the next act of the garden play. The plot is slightly different each year. The star of one autumn season may have been murdered by the time the next one comes

round. A supporting character that you thought was going to have only one line to speak may try to take over the plot, upstaging those who you thought should be in the limelight.

Each season has its own *raison d'être*. The tall, intense blue heads of the monkshoods are far more telling in the slightly diffuse, suspended, milky light of an autumn morning, than they would be in the harsh brilliant light of summer. Submerged somewhere in one's response to the monkshoods is the knowledge that they are poisonous. It increases one's respect for them. They have power.

The monkshood and the colchicums alone would make autumn a season worth waiting for. The colchicums have been in such a hurry to flower that the buds, piercing leafless through the ground, spear fallen leaves of the snakebark maple above on their tips and then open, with the leaf stuck as a ruff round the bare white stem.

Squirrels long ago dug up the labels I carefully buried by each different group. Colchicums are a nightmare to identify, as there are nearly a hundred different species. They are often called autumn crocus, but they are not really like crocus at all. The stalks are extensions of the petals, fused together in a white tube which may be seven or eight inches long. All mine are mauve-purple, and some have petals that are netted more deeply with purple to give a chequered, tessellated effect.

There is a type, *C. agrippinum* which has very strongly chequered flowers. I planted it once, but it seems to have been swallowed up in that great underground cavern of lost plants, which if I ever thought about it, would turn out to be rather better furnished with flowers than the garden on top of it. The ones that are flourishing are *C. speciosum*, one of the best (and easiest) of colchicums, *C. tenor* from Italy, which has faintly tessellated flowers, and 'Lilac Wonder', which is very vigorous. They are schizophrenic plants. In autumn they want you to think they are delicate, palely loitering things. In spring, when the leaves appear, they



Mists and mellow fruitfulness: an antidote to SAD? Photograph: Keith Dobney

As it has practically no leaf, you can use it to great effect in the foreground of plantings. Then you look, as if through a beaded curtain, at what is going on beyond.

Autumn generally is not a good time to prune shrubs. Pruning tends to kick a shrub into action, make it send out new shoots to replace the ones that have gone. You do not want this to happen as winter approaches because there is a danger that the new young growth will be cut back by frost. But this is a good time to assess trees in the garden and decide whether it would be a good idea to lift the canopy of a particular tree by removing one or two of its lowest branches. The job itself is best done after leaf fall.

If you are growing a tree for its bark, it is often an advantage to lift the canopy so that the trunk of the tree stands out more clearly. If you are growing herbaceous plants close underneath a tree, then lifting the canopy will ease their lives considerably. It will allow more light to percolate through to the plants underneath and they will not show such a tendency to lean out from under the umbrella of the tree's leaves.

With a tree such as amelanchier, you have a choice whether to grow it as a single stemmed plant or as a multi-stemmed bush. Both are good, but if you are short of space, the former is better. You can gradually take out branches growing low on the trunk so that the whole of the tree's growth is concentrated in a neat head about eight or nine feet off the ground. This means that you can grow other plants right up to the trunk of the tree.

The amelanchier's leaves are turning now, orange, foxy russet, red and yellow, all mixed up with the brilliant tomato hips of a rugosa rose and the wildly exuberant purple and pink flowers that cover a big fuchsia behind. The primroses are sprouting new leaves. There is even one on the bank in full flower. SAD? The answer may be to forget the psychiatrist and get a garden, get an allotment, get a windowbox. Get gardening.

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shopping

Gear freaks
The roller-blader

By Sally Williams

Also known as: in-line skater (technically the correct term for rollerblading). Rollerblader Inc being a company, but as sure as vacuuming is Hoovering, the brand name looks set to stay; "rec" skater (likes parks); street skater (likes doing stunts off the kerb); hardcore or aggressive skater (likes railings, benches, vertical ramps and spinning in the air); artistic skater (likes spangly outfits and Torvill and Dean); speed skater (likes to skate very, very fast); hockey skater (likes sticks and balls).



Numbers nationally: 400,000 regular in-line skaters.

Magazines: *Skatermag*; *Skater*; *In-Line*; *Hockey International* (about to be relaunched as *In-Line Hockey International*); *1st In-Line* (about to be launched).

Favourite locations: outside: the Broadwalk in Kensington Gardens, particularly at 4.30pm – the golden blading hour; on cycle tracks in Hyde Park, the Serpentine Road and, on Sundays, South Carriage Drive; along promenades in Brighton, Bournemouth, Dover, Folkestone; on city streets in the middle of the night (around 350 skaters take part in an organised skate through San Francisco every Friday night); Bath Skate Park; at all-night skate raves.

Hazards: skidding on the sand and gravel laid on banned walkways in the royal parks; skate patrols – in New York, patrols cruise through parks stopping irresponsible skaters and have direct line with the police; uneven pavements; rubbing shoulders with Kylie Minogue, Adam Faith, the Duchess of Kent, Tiggy Legge-Bourke and other celebrity in-line enthusiasts; twisted, sprained or broken ankles; being fined for speeding (Errol Spence was stopped by police in Liverpool last month for skating at 30mph. The downhill record is 75mph); "whacking the sack" (crushing your testicles on a rail).

The kit: from a skate designed in 1980 as an out-of-season practice boot for ice-hockey players, to a market which in 1994 was worth around \$700m (approx £480m), roller-blading is one of the fastest growing sports in the world. So fast, in fact, has the craze boomed, that there is little in the way of clothes specifically for skating. Three hundred

thousand pairs of skates may have been bought in Britain last year, but what do the new wheel generation wear on their skates? A pick and mix jumble of cycling, jogging, aerobics, skate-boarding and surfing clothes and accessories. However, this is about to change. Rollerblade and other companies have recently announced a line of "in-line apparel" to be launched next year.

The gear: Rollerblade's Aeroblade skates with air pump, ventilation and adjustable activated break, £220; two pairs of Polisox Tube Socks, £10; Everlast USA Sweat, £84; Trek USA Lycra cycling shorts, £24.95; Animal Beanie hat, £18.

Accessories: Bauer wrist guards, £14; Bauer elbow pads, £10; Bauer Knee pads, £12; Bauer In-Line backpack with skate compartment, £35; Arnet Full Metal Jacket shades, £100.

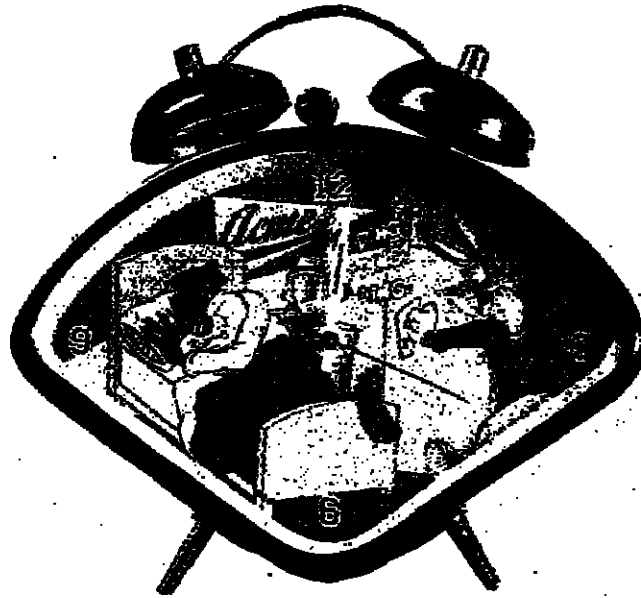
Optional extras: Lowe Alpine bum bag, £10.95; Nautilus Simuskat Machine which recreates the motion of skating, tones the inner and outer thighs and uses interactive computer graphics to mark progress through various courses, approx £2,500.

Ultimate gadget: Speedtool Sonic Folding In-Line Skate Tool, £12. Used to remove bearings and spacers and ensure the easy rotation of worn wheels.

Ultimate experience: Gliding (the nearest sensation to flying without leaving the ground); winning the Mental Circus competition; Big Air (jumping high in the air).

Bare essentials: hired skates and pads, £10 a day.

Six of the best alarm clocks



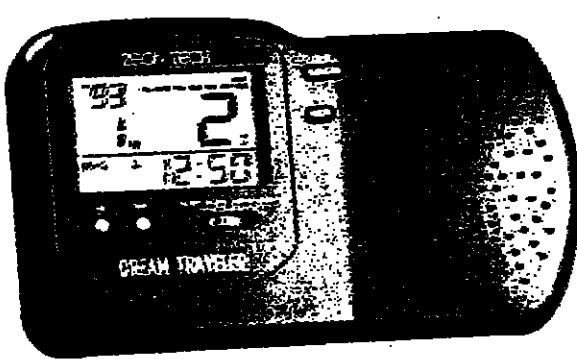
1 **Bugs Bunny, £9** Old-fashioned wind-up alarm with a loud ring. Shows Bugs Bunny creeping up on Taz. From Warner Bros Studio Stores, at Regent Street, London WC1 and nationwide. For information on store locations and mail-order, call 0171-432 7018



2 **Bunnytime, £22.95** You set the rabbit into sleeping position at night (eyes closed, ears down) and he wakes in the morning at a pre-set time. Children mustn't get up till bunny wakes. For weary parents. Natural History Museum catalogue: 01793 431900



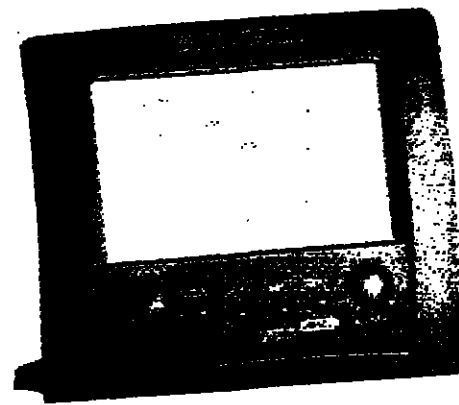
3 **Mr General, £14.99** This portly general wakes you with a bugle-sounding alarm call, rather than the rat-a-tat of his machine gun. But it's probably not one for PC homes anyway. From H Samuel stores nationwide



4 **Dream Traveller, £29.95** This alarm clock wakes you with birdsong; it also has a "go to sleep" facility which features sounds of tumbling streams, surf with wildlife or ocean surf with seagulls. From The Science Museum catalogue: 01793 480200



5 **Weringstange clock, £29.95** Cartoonish-looking clock designed by Julian Brown in chunky plastic. Comes in various wild shades, and grey. From Purves & Purves, 80-81 & 83 Tottenham Court Road, London W1, or mail-order on 0171-436 8860



6 **Temperature-reading clock, £21** Wake up to this, and it will not only tell you the date, in case you've seriously overslept, but what the temperature is. So you'll know if the central heating's working. From The Conran Shop, 81 Fulham Road, SW3



bazaar

Should shops open... earlier?

Expert view: The clocks go forward tonight, giving us an extra hour of daylight in the morning. But can we capitalise on it? Shops seem to be opening later and later, particularly in London. We asked Olive Vaughan, retail consultant with retail analysts Verdict Research, whether they should open earlier.

"In fact most shops open at 8.30am during the week and on Saturdays. They can't open before 10am on Sundays because it's against the law except in certain instances like newsagents. Any town centre first thing in the morning is pretty quiet, people tend not to want to shop first thing in the morning. Shops do tend to open when people want them to, you don't see crowds of people waiting for shops to open, say at 9.15am on a Sunday. John Lewis bowed to public opinion by opening on Saturday afternoons. For people who work, Sunday opening is a big boon, as is late-night shopping. So really they have plenty of opportunity."

Good thing

Smile calendar, £18.95

You know those annoying people who send you photos of their children on Christmas cards? Well now you can go one better, with a personalised calendar. Simply collect 12 snaps of yourself, your own children, or your dog (not transparencies or negatives) and Smile will make the calendar up. Smile Calendars Ltd, PO Box 365, Guildford, Surrey GU4 8YN (01483 898 000). Add £1.50 for p&p



Mad thing

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Do your plants always die? Don't worry, help is at hand in the form of these jolly hand-knitted ones. Choose from an array of poppies, tulips, daffodils or perky cacti to brighten up your home. Not suitable for window boxes though. From Liberty, Regent St, London W1 and Gill Wing, 194-195 Upper Street, N1 or call Woolly Bloomers on 0171-358 9063 for mail order



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Lotus describe their new model as "small, strong, ultra-light, very fast and great fun to drive". The low weight of 675kg benefits braking, handling and steering response. The adjustable driver's seat gives firm yet comfortable support and the minimalist instrumentation displays clear, immediate information.

Visually the car is stunning, the curvaceous lines set off by unique five-spoke alloy wheels. The light weight and aerodynamic shape makes the Elise a "green" machine, cutting down on fuel consumption and thus carbon dioxide emissions.

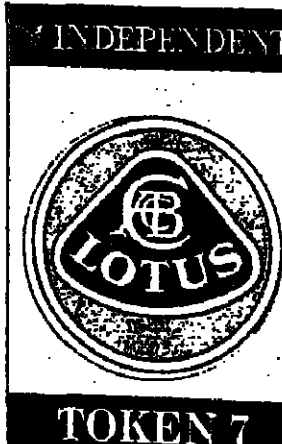
The 1795cc 4-cylinder fuel-injected engine delivers a top speed of around 120mph and the Elise, worth approximately £20,000, comes with catalytic converter, engine immobiliser, cloth trim and black vinyl hood.

Lotus are exhibiting the Elise at this month's Motor Show at London's Earls Court and to make it easier to view our prize car, there is a voucher on this page that gives £2 off the normal entry price of £9.

As well as receiving the keys to a Lotus Elise, our competition winner will also get one year's free insurance provided by Norwich Union Club Insurance. This service offers a 24-hour Clubline which, should you have an accident, connects you to a dedicated Club Incident Manager who will take immediate care of the problem.

To be in with a chance of winning our prize you must collect six differently numbered tokens from the 14 we are printing in the *Independent* and the *Independent on Sunday*. At least one token must come from the *Independent on Sunday*. Today we are printing Token 7 and we will print an entry form at the end of the competition. Rules as previously published.

For further details on Norwich Union's Club Insurance call 0900 636547 for an information pack.



INDEPENDENT

£2 off Adult Entry or £1 off Child/Senior Citizen Entry to the London Motor Show. This voucher entitles one person to the above discount for one day at the London Motor Show (Earls Court Exhibition Centre). Please present this voucher at the ticket office. Valid 20-29

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There's no escaping it: Christmas starts here

This year, why not buy all your presents by mail order. Do it now, then just sit back and enjoy. By Genevieve Fox

Yes, there are still 54 shopping days till Christmas. But today I saw my first display of fairy lights, and even as I write shopping-centre managers are dusting off their Manlow Sings Rudolph tapes. I can't face it. For mail-order junkie there are going to be no trips up the high street this year. Instead, I'm going to spend the next week calling in catalogues, and will choose all my presents from the depths of my orange Conran Shop sofa.

And I won't be leafing through Freemans or Littlewoods' low-budget letterbox-busters. Mail-order has become increasingly specialised, and upmarket: there are catalogues for kitchen equipment, craft objects, gardening tools, fishing tackle, even French children's book characters.

So fetch the phone and dig out your cheque book. Christmas shopping starts – and ends – here.

SIX OF THE BEST CATALOGUES...

Purves & Purves

0171-436 8860
A small but select catalogue with modern home and office accessories. Typical is their Italian army espresso maker, in colours like burnt-sun and fuchsia (£16). It would make a perfect gift for a difficult-to-please but design-conscious brother; b) hardened coffee addicts resilient to bright colours first thing in the morning. Not suitable for conservative grannies wary of foreign appliances. A modern granny might, however, be delighted with an ivory or pistachio green plastic armchair (£115). Less risky gifts from this collection include brightly-coloured lamps, the whole of which lights up (£49), and any of their clocks (from £18.75).

Nauticalia

01932 253333
This is the Christmas secret that will take the pain out of shopping for grand-dads, uncles, and sailors' friends. Nauticalia has thought of everything, from ornamental diving helmets (from £39.95) and brass porthole ashtrays (£14.95) – to a weather vane featuring a gaff-rigged ketch (£39.95). All the practical stuff, such as reefer jackets and sou'westers, is here too. But for the sailor who believed he had everything on board bar Long John Silver himself: a talking parrot. A ship at £19.95, it sits expectantly on a plastic perch and when you press a button will repeat whatever you say. Several times. "Clever Polly," boasts the catalogue, "will irritate all the family."

In Particular

0701 0702 027
In Particular's stable of 13 British craftspeople offers everything from candle lamps to wine racks. Its colourful china octopi (£21) are especially suitable for those who spend all day in the bathroom. If you've got a younger sister who is

dripping with pendants, chokers and earrings, but who still demands more, buy her a piece of Diane Flint's pewter jewellery (from £8), whose simple designs acquire a baroque luxuriousness with the addition of bright-coloured glass. In fact, this entire catalogue is the stop for gifts for the gals, young and old. Look out for funky glass perfume bottles (from £31) and calico cushions (£38.50).

Barclay & Bodie

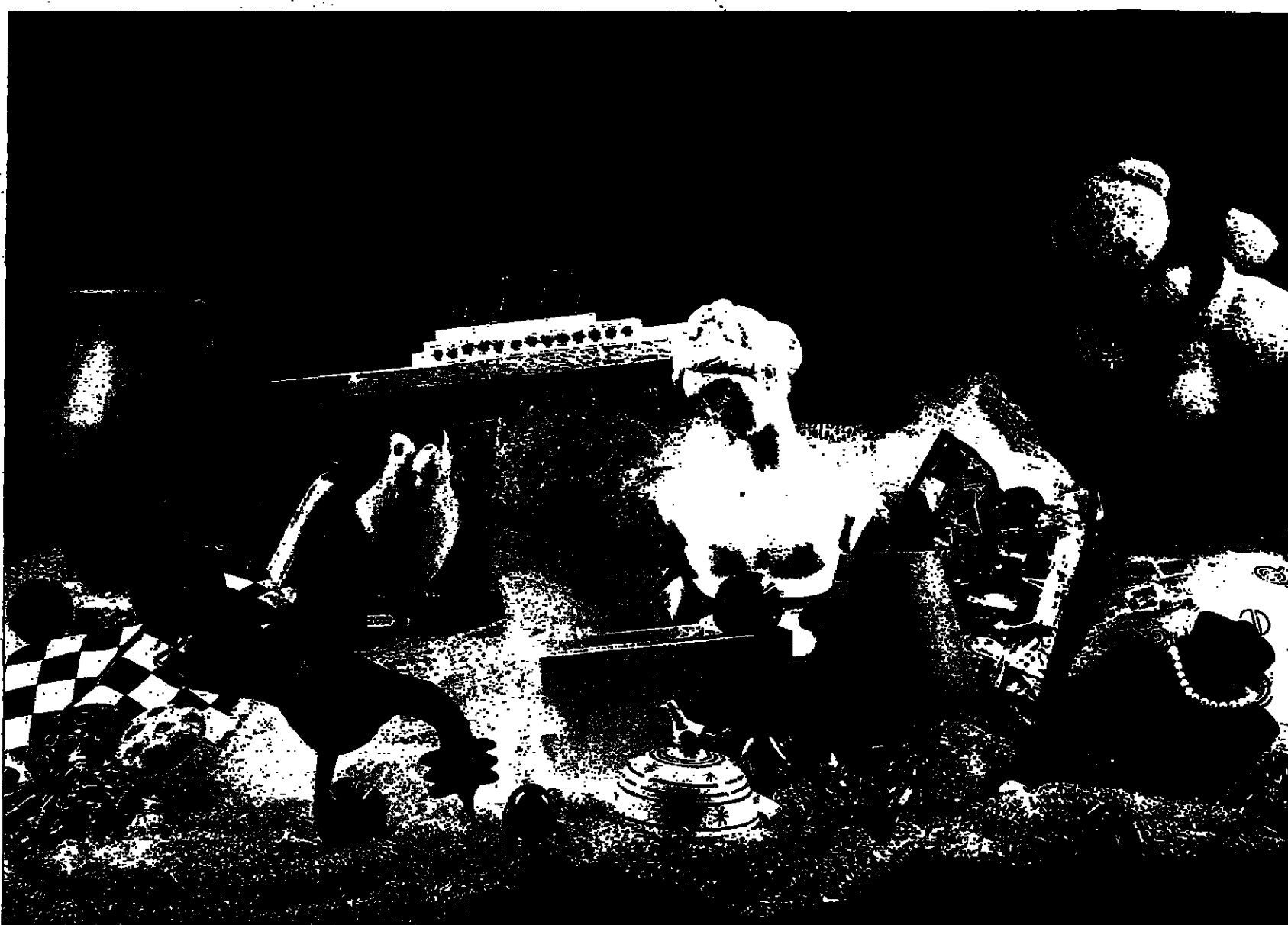
0171-372 5705; catalogue costs £2
This could be a life-saver if you're faced with mustering yet another festive token for a very old friend who already has everything, or for a seasonal guest you barely know. Delight the former and enjoy the reaction of the latter with leopard-print slippers (£15.95). If feeling more daring, doubly delight the former and (possibly) horrify the latter with a hot water bottle with breasts (£24.95) if he's male – and, if female, go for the Adonis who snoozes among crumpled sheets on an ironing-board cover (£16.50). You could also do worse than give the guest some washing-up gloves that could as easily be worn at a Jacobean ball as at a Boxing Day washing-up fest. In silky black rubber, they have cheek gauntlets covered in plastic fruits (£19.95).

Grand Illusions

0181-744 1046
A something-for-everyone catalogue. For would-be gardeners, buy mugs covered in watering cans and urns. For home-makers, an iron hen from India does nothing, but is quite charming (£15.95). For those who panic at the very mention of Christmas shopping there is a page entitled "presents for him", including Tintin silk ties (£29.95) and horoscope cufflinks (£80). The "presents for her" are considerably cheaper. But the thought of a man wanting to give his beloved a cuddly bear wearing a jumper with a heart on it (£16.50) is terrifying. The bear is indisputably adorable; it is just better suited to a child. The best of the collection is a 22in long painted wood ocean liner. It's £49.95 and would look delightful in bathroom or bedroom, whether his or hers.

Art Room

01993 770444
Tasteful yet fun, you could tick off your entire Christmas list right here. They've managed to put well-known art works on everything from cufflinks to the inside of umbrellas. Cheer up a male friend's morning ablutions with a daily vision of Botticelli's Venus on a cotton shower curtain (£39.95). Segments of the Venetian vision also feature on a set of buttons (three, £6.95), while a tamer-haired Venus is available as a weighty Greek-style plaster bust (£39.95). You will also cheer the cockles of the staunchest Christmas-hater with a tray featuring a detail of God reaching out to Adam in Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel fresco. Handmade in wood, it is gilt-edged and well worth £19.95.



Presents by post (from left): terracotta urn (In Particular); Teflon oven gloves and clock with star (Purves & Purves); ceramic octopi (In Particular); iron hen (Grand Illusions); talking parrot (Nauticalia); ocean liner (Grand Illusions); letter holder (Barclay & Bodie); bird butter dish (Grand Illusions); plaster bust (Art Room); porthole ashtray (Nauticalia); Ballo lamp (Purves & Purves); film-star washbag and breasts hot water bottle (Barclay & Bodie); Kilim cushion (Art Room); teddy (Grand Illusions)

Photograph: Dillon Bryden

... AND THE BEST OF THE REST

Arts

British Museum: 01353 668400
All the gifts are replicas of, or based on items in the collection, but they're managed to do it super-tastefully. Best buys: Pompeii kit (excavate and recreate your own replica bowl), £19.95; Lewis chessman mug, £9.95; head of Sophocles in resin (13in high), £99.

Royal Academy: 0151-708 0555

An up-market collection based around RA artists and exhibitions. Particularly good for children's toys. Best buys: Archiblocks (wooden building blocks with architectural shapes), £49.95; Elizabeth Blackadder ironstone dish, £99.95; stuffed spider toy, £16.95.

Crafts

Hitchcocks: 01225 330646
A small, well-chosen collection of craft goods. Best buys: flowerpots in blue or yellow glaze, with contrasting spots (£12.50); furry mole (£5.95); velvet scarf in smoky green and gold (£58.50).

Designer

Maji: 0171-494 1197
Minimalist home and office from Japan. Best buys: zinc box (40 x 20cm), £22.50; recycled paper scrapbook, £5.25; basket ball PVC briefcase, £35.

Tous Mes Amis (01252 733 188)

Books and products associated with cultish French children's books: Tintin, Asterix, Le Petit Prince, Madeline, Babar. Best buys: Arthur (from Babar) watch £20; Babar skiing silk tie £29.95; chilli tree ("ball" of dried chillies, £5.95; Madeline paper dolls with outfits, £22.95; fluffy Obelix toy, £22.95.

Home & Garden

Bay tree: 0114 285 4525
Classy gardening things. Best buys: copper planter, £39.95 (£27.50 in zinc); chilli tree ("ball" of dried chillies on a stick in terracotta pot), £32.95; lead planters with 18th-century designs, £125/£129.

Divertimenti: 0171-386 9911

Kitchen shop catalogue that is foodie heaven. Best buys: brass spice mill, £24.95; four Café Tasse Belgian chocolate bars in box, £5.25; bag of dried wild fungi, £7.95; geared citrus press in stainless steel, £45.95.

McCorr: 01793 433 499

A huge selection of essentials and less essentials for the house, garden and office. Best buys: Chick-a-tea kettle (kettle shaped like a hen), £29.95; Christmas pudding, with sipping, £9.99; classic Dualit two-slice toaster, £115; Harley Davidson pen, £24.95.

National Trust for Scotland: 0131-243 9393

Wholesome gifts with a Scottish theme. Best buys: Scottie doormat, £19.95; Scottie spectacle case tapestry kit, £6.95; 1500-piece golf jigsaw, £16.95; hand-painted marmalade pot with modelled oranges and leaves, £39.50.

Science

Science Museum: 01793 480200
Full of great toys and gadgets. Best buys: Capsula 250 (kit to make a motorised go-kart or digger, from aged 7), £32.50; Star Trek wall clock, £24.95; IQ2: the Mensa board game, £34.95; magic floating pen and clock, £5.95.

Stocking Fillers

Hawkins & Co: 01986 782536
All sorts of small old-fashioned toys and oddities. Best buys: a soap cat that sprouts hair when wet (£2.40); the outer Space UFO ball (K54 £2.35); resurrection plant ("springs to life when placed in water") (£1.95); Jacques' happy families cards, with 1851 illustrations, £2.50.

NSPCC Stocking Fillers: 01793 410016

Cheap and cheerful. Best buys: ice fountain (indoor firework), 99p; inflatable gladiator helmet and duel-stick set, £4.99; Christmas toothbrush, 99p; star-shaped sparklers, £3.50 for five, magic finger chopper, £1.25.



AUCTIONS

Whisper who dares, Bonhams Chelsea is holding a sale filled entirely with dealers' dead stock (next Saturday and Sunday, 10am-5pm). They are proud of it. Hitherto, it was considered *infra dig* for auctioneers to allow dealers to dump their hard-to-sell goods

into auction. But Bonhams, who are fond of wizard wheezes, have taken the skeleton out of the cupboard and called it a "tag" sale.

Price tag, that is. The 400 18th-20th century pictures and sculptures in this "genuine retail stock clearance" will each

be offered at a fixed price: these range from £15 prints to £10,000 paintings. There will not be any bidding.

The sale is the brainchild of Michael Roosen, formerly with the David Messum gallery, now an "independent arts event manager". He is well known to

London dealers, 50 of whom have contributed between two and 40 artworks each. They are enthusiastic, he says, about the prospect of attracting new buyers and combating the recession. They should be.

It is not Bonhams' first fixed-price sale. They have held successful annual selling exhibitions of decorative arts by up-and-coming studios – furniture, metalwork – for the past three years. This is the first dedicated to artworks.

Mr Roosen guarantees that both artworks and price reductions are genuine. As for taste and condition, he has warned dealers: "Don't kill a potential golden goose". One thing is for sure: this stock clearance will confuse dealers who habitually gripe that auctioneers are usurping their role as retailers – after all, it is their stock that they are giving to auctioneers to clear.

The week offers opportunities for buyers with only a modest few hundred pounds to spend, and only a modest knowledge of the art market. Sotheby's has estimates from £100 to £40,000 for 200 works from the collection of Pierre Le-Tan, well-known illustrator for *The New Yorker* and *Vogue*, Wednesday (10.30am).

No difficulties with taste, here: bidders are presented with the pre-digested taste of a single collector. Le-Tan specialised in Surrealists and the figurative but dreamlike neo-

Romantics who exhibited in Paris in 1926 – a movement due for revival. Le-Tan's name confers good provenance: it is an historic collection.

Christian Bérard was Le-Tan's favourite Neo-Romantic; Bérard's design for Cocteau's film *La Belle et la Bête*, is estimated at £1,500-£2,000. You will be lucky to get the rare nude drawing of Coco Chanel by her lover, Paul Iribe, for the estimated £200-£300.

Christie's offers the natural history books of Hugh Patterson, Wednesday (10.30am). The top and bottom of this steadily rising market seldom meet: at the top, millionaires buy the folio-size Gould's *Birds of Europe*; here estimated £35,000-£45,000. Which makes the tiny, rare first edition of Hunt's three-volume *British Ornithology* of 1815-1822 seem cheap at £1,000-£1,500, especially with 180 hand-coloured plates. This is the penurious twitches' end of the market. Do not scorn it. Today's anoraks are tomorrow's waxed jacks.

If you really know nothing about art, visit Bonhams' sale of Russell Flint's languorous, soft-poru nudes in watercolour and print, next Saturday (2pm). Prints have steadied in price but watercolours are still rising.

For auctions nationwide, see pages 16 and 17

John Windsor



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The battle of the Costas

Simon Calder follows the Nelson trail around Cape Trafalgar in southern Spain

From this rocky outcrop, battered by waves and blustered by wind, I see no ships. But 190 years ago today, on the last day of his life, Lord Horatio Nelson saw plenty. The Battle of Trafalgar was fought out that day within sight of this bleak headland. A lighthouse clings to the sand only a little more steadily than do the scraggy grasses and timid thistles. A gale is blowing up out of the east. Trees shrink back from the shore. Tenaciously attached to the southwest coast of Spain, Cape Trafalgar is the wild and windy apex of a triangle to melt the heart of the most battle-weary tourist. The only land approaches are via two fine towns, what is more, the deep south of Spain has been largely neglected by the British for nearly two centuries.

Nelson led a tired British fleet into battle on 21 October, 1805. Had Nautical Miles been as collectable as today's Air Miles, the Admiral and his men would have been in clover. They had pursued the shadow of the combined Spanish and French fleets for most of that year, around the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic. Napoleon's plan was for Nelson's fleet to be lured to the West Indies by the French-Spanish squadrons, which would then hurry back to support an invasion of England. The scheme failed, and Nelson was safely home in August, when he learned the enemy was assembling in Cadiz for an assault on Gibraltar.

The day of the battle was unusually calm; the 12 signalling flags on HMS Victory must barely have fluttered. In 1805, naval heritage hinged not on National Lottery cash but on the assumption "England expects that every man will do his duty". In the last great battle under sail, the 33 vessels of France and Spain outnumbered Nelson's force by six.

Today, no lights appear on the horizon as the October sunset tears through the sky. Onshore, the hillsides are crowned with windmills – the shiny, energy-harvesting variety, pinioned like thorns into the dry soil and spinning fast.

From the water, you can see how the protruding Cape recedes quickly into the hills, which in turn surrender to the brushy mountains of the Sierra del Cabrito. Amid the desolate terrain, one summit is dabbled brilliant white. Vejer de la Frontera is one of the *pueblos blancos*, white villages, that dot the southern fringes of Andalusia. The

province was a zone of conflict between the Moorish "infidels" and the Catholic monarchy.

A stiff, uphill climb deposits you sweatily in a town square occupied by a disproportionately ornate fountain: water splashes from a grandly tiled tower on to giant porcelain frogs, while pastel blue and sun-braided yellows compete for attention. This spectacle is about as energetic as the town gets. While the populace siestas, you can admire the shocking white buildings. The builders of the low, bleached cottages and tall, blank church paid no heed to contours. So the more you explore the tangle of alleys linked by narrow stairways, the more gloriously lost you get and the more dead-ends you discover – most concealing a lovely Andalusian courtyard. From a dusty doorway someone emerges, unusually dark-skinned and sharp-featured for a Spanish person. The face speaks of an endless beating by the wind and glazing by the sun, the voice is coarse Spanish, stripped of Castilian pretensions and consonants. North African genes are still disseminated widely in Andalusia; the Reconquest of Spain did not mean the immediate expulsion of the Moors.

By the 19th century a united Spain, even with its New World interests, was easily the weaker partner in an alliance with France. One reason was population: Spain, like England, was home to 10 million people compared with France's 25 million. Following the Revolution, Napoleon had built his reputation and power-base on a series of military successes. When France was proclaimed an Empire in 1804, he became Emperor. And he intended the Empire's first strike to be directly across the Channel. Nelson adopted the best form of defence.

Nelson never lived to learn the extent of his triumphant attack. Naval warfare was conducted at viciously close quarters and the Admiral, standing on his quarterdeck, perished not in a broadside of cannon but from a single shot from a sniper; the tiny musket ball is now Crown property, and on display from today at the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich. He was one of 449 English fatalities that day; the opposing fleet suffered 10 times as many, including that of the Spanish admiral Gravina and Churruar. More than half the enemy ships were sunk, and none of the surviving vessels saw active service again. In contrast, all 27 ships on the English side survived.



Vejer de la Frontera, 10 miles from Cape Trafalgar, one of Andalusia's many 'pueblos blancos' (white villages) Photo: Simon Calder

In 1995, Spain is winning the battle of the Costas. After despatching the BBC's *El Dorado* from its location in the Andalusian hills, the Spanish have succeeded in keeping the Costa de la Luz from colonisation by the British.

The third point of the Trafalgar triangle is that unspoiled beach and fishing port you have always wanted to discover in Spain. The locals have known about Barbate for years. At this resort, equidistant from the wild winds at Trafalgar and the indolence of Vejer, you cannot move for seaside restaurants serving pale, chilled sherry as an appetiser. Real working fishermen set sail from a real working port. The

golden sands stretch as far as the eye can be bothered to see, an arc of emptiness sweeping away towards Gibraltar – Britain's shred of Spain.

The colony was captured a century before the Battle of Trafalgar. Gibraltar is still a geopolitical anomaly, but its military significance has diminished since the end of the Cold War, and with it the Navy's presence. These days Gibraltar's scruffy streets are full of Spanish shoppers in search of cheap cigarettes and a cut-price version of England. Evidence of Britain's tenure survives, such as at the Trafalgar Tavern where you can pay for your Full English Breakfast (even down to the

sliced white bread) with Bank of England notes. Across the road, the Trafalgar Cemetery bears witness to those who died after the battle. Squeezed between the Rock and the dock, the graveyard shows Captain Thomas Norman who died in Gibraltar's Naval Hospital in December 1805 after a "severe wound receiv'd in the great and memorable sea fight off Trafalgar".

Nelson's corpse paused at Gibraltar; his second in command, Capt Collingwood, wrote the day after the battle that "The cause of Universal Lamentation is the death of the Noble Commander-in-Chief." It took 40 years before Nelson was honoured properly, when the

How to get there

Simon Calder paid £140 including tax for a London-Málaga return on Viva Air (0171-830 0011). Cheaper tickets are often available on charter airlines. The airports at Jerez, Gibraltar and Seville are closer to Trafalgar, but fares tend to be higher. From Málaga airport, the easiest way to continue is to rent a car. Alternatively, take the train to Fuengirola and connect there for a bus to Marbella. From Marbella there are direct buses to Cadiz which stop at La Barca de Vejer. This is a 10-minute uphill hike from Vejer de la Frontera, and a 10-minute bus ride from Barbate. To reach Cape Trafalgar, take a taxi or hitch-hike. If you wish to include Gibraltar, buses run between La Barca de Vejer and the town of La Línea – from where you walk across the border.

Where to stay

At Cape Trafalgar itself, there are a couple of cheap hostels a short way inshore. In Barbate, try the Pension Napoleon on the main street.

Who to ask

Spanish National Tourist Office, 57 St James's St, London SW1A 1LD (0171-499 0901).

What to read

In a thin field, the best book is the *Cadogan Guide to Southern Spain* by Dana Facaros and Michael Pauls. A new third edition is due to be published early next year, price £12.99.

What to go and see

The Nelson exhibition at the National Maritime Museum begins today and runs throughout "the Nelson Decade" until the year 2005. See page 16 for details.

WHAT DOES TRAFALGAR MEAN TO PEOPLE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE?



DONALD MACDONALD

"I haven't a clue where Trafalgar is, but I'd imagine it's on the Continent – France perhaps?"



SALLY NUTMAN

"It was named after the Battle of Trafalgar, but I don't know when or where it took place"



JANE O'NEILL

"Nelson and so on. That's all I know"



BRIAN WARDLE

"The Battle of Trafalgar took place off the coast of southern Spain, early 1800s sometime"



NADIA MILLER

"It got the name from the Battle of Trafalgar on 21 October 1805. Nelson's forces fought off the Cape of Trafalgar near Cadiz and won, and hence his glorification with the column here on Trafalgar Square"

One of the side effects of the British fondness for pre-packaged ski holidays is that there are whole areas of the Alps that in winter are practically devoid of British visitors. Austria has several such areas, and last winter I spent a couple of days exploring one of the most interesting – the Montafon valley.

The Montafon is in Vorarlberg, west of the Arlberg pass

Snow's up By Chris Gill

and the leading Austrian resorts of St Anton, Lech and Zürs, so the area is easy to reach from Zurich in Switzerland, but not so easy from the standard Austrian arrival airport of Salzburg. More impor-

tantly, the valley lacks the beds to accommodate mainstream UK tour operators.

If the area lacks anything else, it is altitude: the bottom stations mostly range from 650m to 1,000m. The top heights, too, are modest, going from 2,000m to 2,400m; but there is plenty of skiing above the mid-mountain lift stations: at around 1,500m. There are four main ski areas,

totaling 73 lifts and around 200km of piste; practically all of it is accurately graded blue or red, but there are plentiful off-piste opportunities for better skiers. The shared valley lift-pass also covers the respectable post-bus service, so exploration of the area is practicable without a car.

The resort that's best-known in Britain, curiously, is

one of the smallest (but also the highest) – tiny Gargellen, at 1,420m. This is a real backwater, tucked up a side valley with a small ski area above the trees that is blissfully free of crowds, and blessed with a couple of excellent away-from-the-lifts runs at the extremities of the area.

The major area, Silvretta Nova, is much more brash, with music broadcast loudly outside its mountain restaurants. The area attracts lots of Germans, which is why there are such huge but still inadequate car parks at the valley lift stations of St Gallenkirch and Gaschurn.

The most rounded resort, lower down the valley, is Schruns – a towny little place, with more shops for locals and summer tourists than for skiers. As you are reminded at every opportunity, Ernest Hemingway espoused himself in Schruns in 1925/26, and his favourite drinking table in the Hotel Taube is still there to be admired. A cable-car and gondola go up into a smallish but interestingly varied ski area.

Across the valley is smaller Tschuggen, with a one-slope area immediately above the village, and a more extensive area on the next-door mountain of Gohn. This season sees the opening of an eight-seater gondola going from bottom to top of the ski area.

Starting January 2nd we shall be inaugurating a new flight series direct from London Gatwick to Agre for the Taj Mahal and in the process avoiding the tedium of travelling to and from Delhi and permitting the traveller to see that which he has come to see and able to relax and explore other parts of Rajasthan at an easy pace and when the weather is at its most pleasant. Our arrangement includes the international flight to and from Agre, visits to the Taj Mahal and Red Fort, 7 nights accommodation at either the 4-star Agre Clark Shiraz hotel or alternatively at the 5-star Mughal Sheraton at a small supplement. A variety of optional visits to Jaipur, Fatehpur Sikri, Sikandra, Bharatpur and Delhi are available. Alternatively you may elect to just relax and enjoy the facilities of your chosen hotel.

See the Taj Mahal set in formal gardens on the River Jumna, which was begun in 1630 by the Emperor Shah Jahan for his

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favourite wife, Mumtaz Mahal. The building is of white marble and has pietra-dura inlay work of extraordinary delicacy. Later continues to the Red Fort, a complete Moghul city in itself, built by Akbar and enclosed by turreted, red sandstone walls. See the many courtyards and marble halls, including the suite of rooms where Shah Jahan was imprisoned for the last seven years of his life by his son Aurangzeb, and where he died looking at the Taj Mahal.

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Pollution, crime, earthquakes: so what?

Don't let the three worst things about Mexico City put you off. They didn't bother Jonathan Hollins

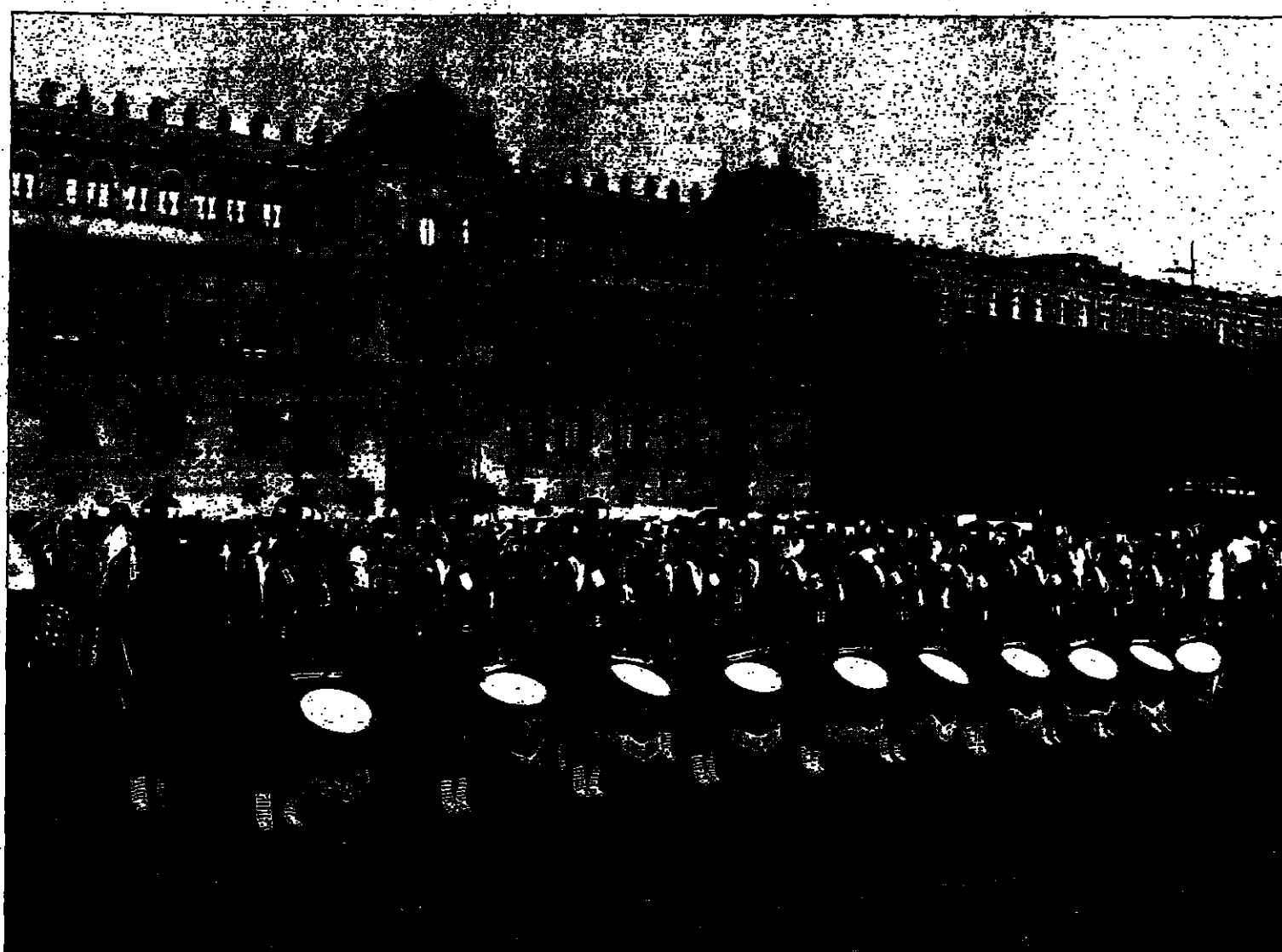
Mexico City is a city of squiffy buildings. But if you plant a metropolis of some 20 million people on a huge bowl of jelly, the bed of Lake Texcoco, and throw in the San Andreas fault for good measure, you can hardly expect perfect lines. I arrived burdened with misconceptions: that the city was largely levelled by the 1985 earthquake, and that the air was like rarefied minestrone soup. True, the government has counselled its citizens not to take outdoor exercise, but the air seems no worse than in London and the city has a remarkably intact historic centre.

Its heart is the main plaza, the Zocalo. This is flanked by the colonial Baroque facade of the Palacio Nacional and dominated by the sky-thrusting bulk of domes and towers that comprise the magnificent 300-year-old cathedral. It is a focus of activity: amber sellers and mounted police mingle with Mayan dancers and tradesmen.

In the centre, beneath the Mexican tricolour, Zapatistas (young supporters of the contemporary Mexican revolution in Chiapas) share their politics and sell T-shirts depicting their leader, the Balavaca-headed, pipe-smoking Marcos. As I stopped to buy one, a small army of drumming soldiers poured out of the Palacio Nacional to lower the flag. The Zapatistas made way reluctantly with powerful sidelong glances, and the atmosphere became tense. The previous day the two groups had collided with inevitable consequences.

Since the earthquake a fever of restoration has gripped the city. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the cathedral itself. A portly Mexican with a tobacco-stained moustache took me around its glorious but grossly deformed interior: earthquakes and ground shrinkage have exacted heavy tolls. The downhill gradient of the undulating floors shares much in common with a beginner's ski slope, and the structure looks as if it is supported with enough green scaffolding to dispel Mexico's national debt.

On a taut cable from the apex of the main cupola hangs a 50kg bronze plumb bob. It hovers before one of the many altars like a latter-day pagan idol, its bul-



Ritual and revolution. Drumming soldiers lower the Mexican flag outside the Palacio Nacional. Right: Marcos, the enigmatic leader of the rebel Zapatistas. Photographs: Jonathan Hollins

let-shaped nose millimetres from the floor, recording shifts on a graph as the cathedral totters on its unsteady feet. Above the crypt stairwell a screen relays live pictures of bearded men in vests scooping up buckets of chocolate sludge; they are 20 metres below, excavating and shoring up the foundations. As a result, the great dome has lurched back a break-

neck 10cm in the last 18 months. In another time the Zocalo was the hub of that almost legendary city Tenochtitlan, seat of the Aztec warlord Moctezuma. It was in the early 16th century that Hernan Cortez, on seeing Tenochtitlan with its temples, pyramids and causeways strung out across the lake, reported to Spain that it was "surely the most won-

derful capital the world has ever seen", but with typical lack of religious tolerance he slaughtered the Aztecs and razed the city to the ground. The conquest was ruthless. In two years the 300-year-old theocratic culture of the Aztecs was expunged. History, though, has a habit of doing the occasional heartwarming backflip.

One of Mexico City's pleasing aspects is a large archaeological site adjacent to the cathedral. The central ceremonial complex was chanced upon only in 1978, and with the current revival of pro-Indian anti-Hispanic sentiment the government took the heroic step of demolishing a complete block of colonial buildings to expose the seedbed of their heritage.



Beneath the city the highly efficient Metro recalls Paris, except that the commuters are swarther, the canned music Latin American, and the carriages like meat presses. I uncharitably mistook a sultry Indian girl, who constantly eyed my groin while manipulating a lollipop with her tongue, for a prostitute, whereas in fact she was a proficient thief.

Later, in the offices of Protector, where it is possible to see one of the most dejected queues of tourists in the world, I bemoaned my stupidity to Alejandro, the amiable police interpreter. "But it is as well you did not stop her, my friend," he commiserated. "They always travel in pairs; her accomplice would have knifed you to create a diversion."

I spent my evenings at the timeless Bar La Opera, consuming such delights as sweet white onions and fierce green chilies soaked in lime, enchiladas mole poblano (a sauce of more than 60 ingredients, including chocolate), and very acceptable Mexican Cabernet Sauvignon from Baja California, while a dapper string quartet sidled from table to table scrapping out serenades.

A brief leg-stretch from here is the opera house itself, the deliciously white Art Deco Palacio de Bellas Artes. I watched in awe as the massive Tiffany glass stage curtain was winched ponderously into the dome, thinking it a brave concept for an earthquake zone. Two entrancing hours followed in which the Ballet Folklórico de Mexico performed regional dances, including a gem of tragedy-comedy in which a whirling dancer snatched a violin, sending the unfortunate piece arcing through the air to impale noisily on the front of the stage. It was a discordant experience, but not without charm - rather like Mexico City itself, indeed.

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A rainy-day heaven in Oxford

Beverly Pagram visits the Pitt Rivers museum

In 1608 the Virginia Company, desperate to consolidate their stakes in the Chesapeake Bay area of America, flattered the Algonquin chieftain Powhatan with a mock coronation. They presented the father of the legendary Princess Pocahontas with a copper crown and a four-poster bed. In return he gave his tribal mantle and too many concessions. His magnificent robe, eight foot by five foot, of deer hide decorated with shells is today a prize exhibit in Oxford's Ashmolean Museum.

How did it get there? Captain John Smith (famed for having been saved from death by Pocahontas) donated the cloak to his London friends the Tradescants, father and son, famed as royal gardeners and collectors of exotica. A German visitor of the day was not amused by the Tradescants' relaxed attitude to their "Cabinett of Curiosities". "Even the women are allowed up here for sixpence," he complained. The Cabinett was much coveted by canny antiquary Elias Ashmole, who, after litigation with Tradescant the Younger's widow, acquired the rarities. In 1683 he grandly donated them to Oxford University for "useful and curious learning".

The Ashmolean, the Pitt Rivers, Oxford University Museum and the Museum of the History of Science comprise rainy-day heaven for those of us fed up with the concept of the museum as educative theme park. These museums of yesteryear's curatorial habits on the whole spurn spotlight display minimalism and hands-on gadgetry. "I love a little bit of secret history," said Samuel Johnson. In Oxford you'll find secrets and "useful and curious" learning aplenty in the gloomy labyrinths of glass cases.

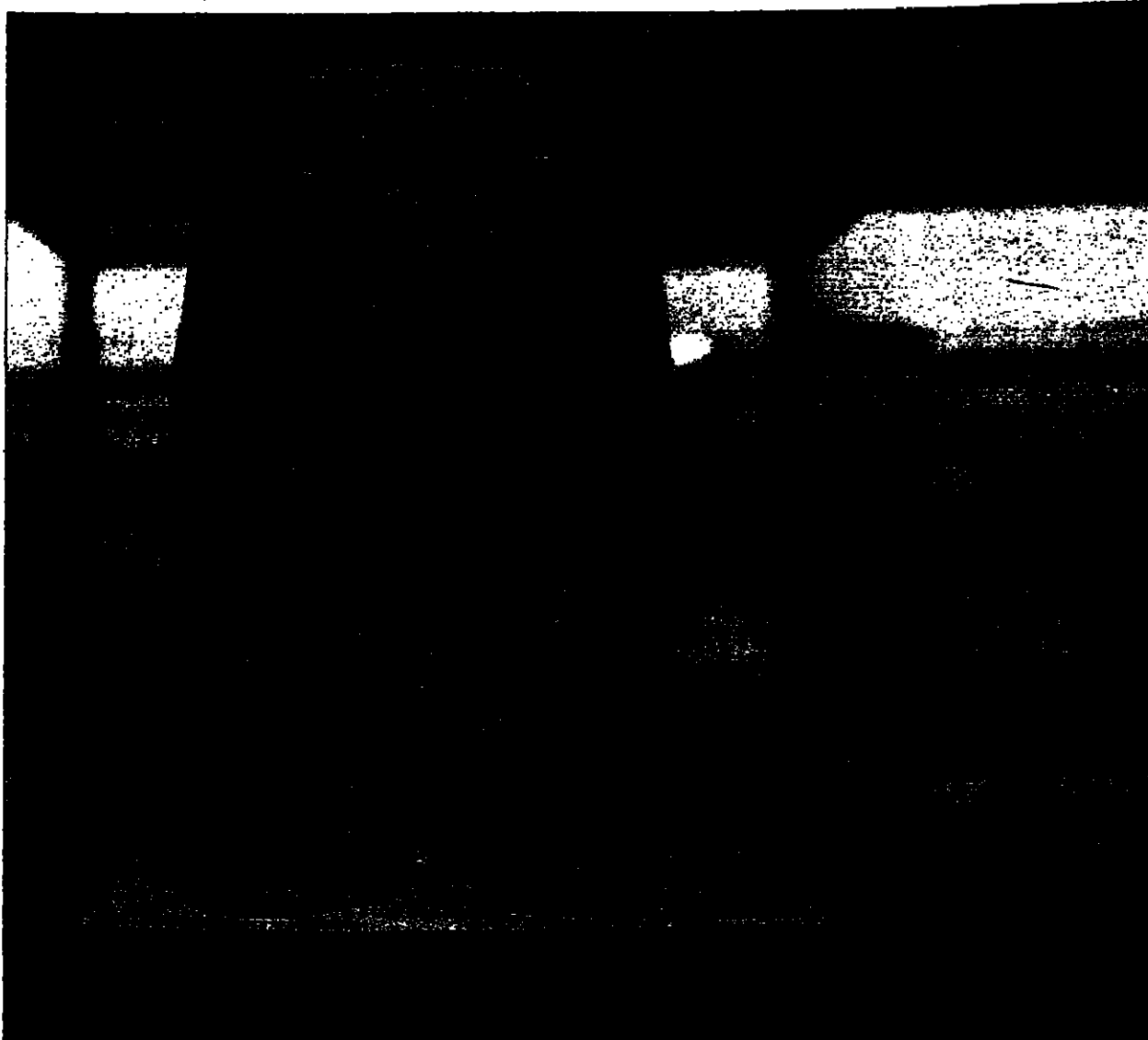
Begin a ramble through Oxford's jumble of rarities at the neo-Grecian palace of the Ashmolean, which houses the surviving nucleus of the Tradescant's Cabinett. Admire Chief Powhatan's cloak in all its immense glory. Near by is a collection of eccentric 17th-century footwear that would make Vivienne Westwood's eyes pop - some of these ladies' "chop-

pines" elevated the wearer 10 teetering inches above the street mire. The lantern Guy Fawkes was carrying when he attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament was given to Oxford University by the son of Robert Heywood, a Justice of the Peace present when the hapless Fawkes was arrested.

The Old Ashmolean building, next to the Sheldonian in Broad Street, is where the Ashmolean collection was housed until 1895. Now this unspoilt 17th-century building, the oldest purpose-built public museum in the country, is the atmospheric setting for the under-publicised Museum of the History of Science. It houses an unrivalled collection of early astronomical and mathematical instruments (armillary spheres, orreries, globes, astrolabes, quadrants, instruments of navigation and surveying). This is also the microscopist's spiritual home - solar microscopes, lucernal microscopes and compound microscopes abound. On one wall sits an early copy of the telescope (about as sophisticated-looking as a table leg) through which Galileo first spied Jupiter's moons. One dusty display case is devoted to the sad tale of the stingray, whose skin was routinely used in the 18th and 19th centuries in the manufacture of spectacle cases, mathematical instrument cases and the like.

Move on, past the exquisite laboratoryware made by Josiah Wedgwood and Einstein's boffiny blackboard, to the medical section. Silver ear-trumpets and "Nelson's Articulated India-Rubber Court Plaister and Symplic Paper" are most entertaining. More alarming is the 18th-century trepanning set, Mr C.R. Harass's "Electric Corset for Health, Comfort and Energy", and the 1830 steel vaginal speculum like a cheese-grater.

The Oxford University Museum is a breathtaking Victorian Gothic structure with a glass roof. Each of its stone columns is hewn from a different British rock, embellished with carvings of botanical specimens, birds and animals. Oxford University's collection of zoology, entomology, geology and mineralogy lives



Mummy coffin from Western Thebes, c720BC, in the Pitt Rivers museum

here, along with bits of the last British dinosaur and the dodo relic that inspired Lewis Carroll.

Sitting adjacent to this absorbing collection of Victorian learning is Oxford's gem of eccentricity, the Pitt Rivers Museum. "Here there are more 'real' objects per square foot than any other museum I know," says Sir David Attenborough in his foreword to the museum's guide. This is an understatement. Every Victorian

glass case in this amazing place is crammed to bursting point with weird ethnographic objects from the known and disappeared world. Here a mummified child from Chile; there Inuit rainwear made from walrus intestines and Mohave Apache "ghost mucus" on a stick. There are some corners so dark you almost need a torch to see tantalising Victorian labels on drawers such as "Witches' Ladder, Somerset".

Photograph: John Lawrence

Ashmolean Museum, Beaumont Street, Oxford (01865 278000). Tue-Sat 10am-4pm, Sun 2-4pm. Museum of the History of Science, Broad Street, Oxford (01865 277280). Mon-Fri 10.30am-1pm, 2.30-4pm. The University Museum, Parks Road, Oxford (01865 272950). Mon-Sat 12 noon-5pm. Pitt Rivers Museum, Parks Road (01865 270927). Mon-Sat 1-4.30pm. Admission free.

Museums with a touch of eccentricity

England seems to breed travellers who regard the world as a public collection of objects to be brought home and put in private collections. Never mind the state-approved thievings of the British Museum: several other compendiums of kleptomania are dotted around the country.

Boyd Dawkins room, Buxton Museum An acquaintance of Darwin, Sir William Boyd Dawkins ransacked the world for exotic objects and brought samples back to his native Derbyshire. The souvenirs include a Bronze Age skull, tin cans, patent medicines and a Japanese tea-caddy. Museum and Art Gallery, Terrace Road, Buxton, Derbyshire (01298 24658). Open Tue-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 9.30am-5pm. Admission £1.

Powell-Cotton Museum, Quex House, Isle of Thanet The explorer Major Powell-Cotton killed a massive menagerie of African animals, stuffed them and created a museum for them on the Isle of Thanet in east Kent. The beasts are exhibited in "action" poses, and the museum explores the logistical problems of getting them to the Major's home. Powell-Cotton Museum, Quex House, Birchington, Kent (01843 8421680). Call for opening times and prices.

The Horniman Museum, Forest Hill, London On a windblown section of the South Circular Road, tea-trader Frederick Horniman created an Art Nouveau stash for his orchestrated collection of musical instruments and picked parts of animals. You may feel the integrity of his original concept has been eroded by more modern additions, such as the aquatic eco-system; the only sort of wildlife Mr Horniman seemed to favour was the dead sort. The Horniman Museum, 100 London Road, London SE23 (0181-699 1872). Open Mon-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Free.



something to declare

Bargain of the week

A three-day insurance policy for the United States and Canada: £9.95. For 17 days: £25. Travellers should note, however, that this does not cover insurance for your documents, cameras or money. From Columbus, 17 Devonshire Square, London EC2M 4SQ (0171-375 0011).

For more frequent travellers, an annual insurance policy is an even better bargain. The Independent offers an annual holiday policy (covering as many trips as you like) for £45 in Europe and £78.50 worldwide per person. Special family policies are also available. Call 0800 551 881 for details.

True or false?

"At £17 this medical kit represents very good value" - *Trailfinders' promotional blurb*

True. When I went to Trailfinders to pick up my ticket and get my jabs, I was sceptical that the small package of medicines was as good value as the company claimed. "They would say that, wouldn't they?" was my reaction. So I noted the contents of the £17 kit and crossed over Kensington High Street in London to the Pestle & Mortar chemist shop.

The pharmacist there was unable to match the quantities precisely: he could supply 96, not 75, water sterilisation tablets; paracetamol was in a pack of 50 rather than the 24 supplied in the Trailfinders' kit. The

total cost of Imodium diarrhoea tablets, Dioralyte rehydration sachets, Savlon antiseptic, Eurax HC (the "HC" in this sting treatment cream stands for hydrocortisone, I learnt), plasters, Melolin dressing, a reel of non-allergenic surgical tape and some antiseptic wipes - not to mention a natty plastic container to carry the kit - was just over £20.

So Trailfinders was right - and if you get ill abroad, the value of your medical kit can rapidly become priceless.

Simon Calder

Visitors' book

Cardiff Bay Visitors' Centre

Europe's most exciting waterfront development - the Centre's own publicity

Slick PR presentation - what about the wildlife? - Martin Ashby, Machynlleth

Why does it say the barrage is going to be completed in 220 weeks - not four and a bit years? - Anon

Impressive, but saddened and surprised at the lack of commemoration to great seafarers in the past - B Tregise, Cardiff

UK DEPARTURES

The chance to stitch up your mates takes place in Warwickshire from 7 to 12 November. Dr Jon Dallimore will be teaching lifesaving skills to "all those venturing to wild and remote places" away from professional medical help. The course on Advanced Medicine for Remote Foreign Travel includes training in administering saline drips and applying sutures (you practise on pork bellies). The course costs £330 including your accommodation, all meals and materials. Call 01926 882763 to register.

The world's biggest map and travel bookshop, Stanfords, is organising a series of travel lectures at the Royal Geographical Society in London. Next Tuesday, 24 October, John McCarthy and Sandi Toksvig will be talking about their book *Island Race: an Improbable*

Voyage round the Coast of Britain, while on 23 November the writer Michael Jacobs looks at how artists depicted European travel before the invention of photography. Tickets for both events cost £5; call 0171-836 1915 to book by credit card.

Few holiday brochures have the breadth of coverage to include the islands of Madagascar, Sicily and Anglesey. But the 1996 collection from The British Museum Traveller, published this week, includes all three. The company (0171-323 8895) is an offshoot of The British Museum, whose curators lead tours to places all over the world. The emphasis is on the Middle East, but Wales gets a mention, too, with a four-day bus trip next July around Edward I's castles in the Principality.

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Teesside with a bit of kick



LAST RESORT

The Brazilian footballer Juninho has transferred to Middlesbrough. What will he find there? By Anne Spackman

The cooling towers and chemical works of Middlesbrough shouldn't come as too much of a shock for the newly arrived Brazilian footballer, Juninho. He has effectively transferred from ICI's South American headquarters in Sao Paulo to their British base on Teesside.

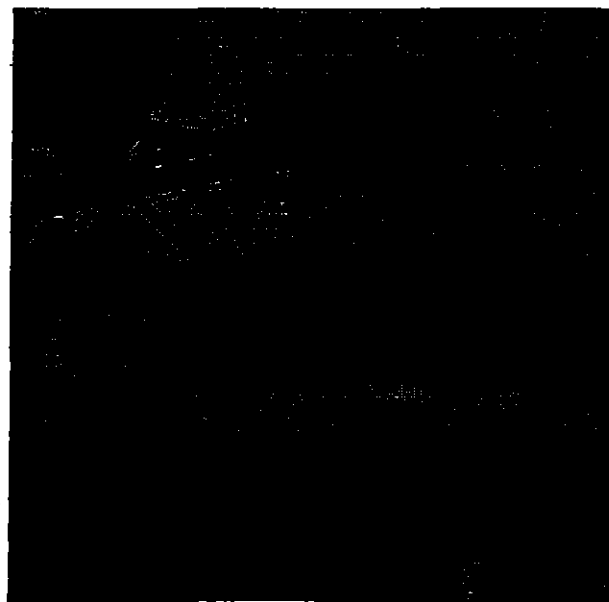
Middlesbrough is not one of England's prettiest places, but it is on the up. Where once it had the highest level of unemployment in mainland Britain, now it has attracted industrial giants such as Samsung. Where Next once struggled to maintain a branch, a shop called Psyche has just won the title of best menswear shop in the country.

Then there is the football club. There is nothing like success in football to lift a town. Middlesbrough's new Riverside Stadium is one of a number of projects trans-

forming the once-derelect industrial landscape along the Tees. Even before the arrival of Juninho, Brian Robson's team were riding high in the Premier League. Now, thousands more will pour into Middlesbrough to see the Brazilian player of the year.

What else will they find? The town centre is, like many others, dominated by the shopping centre, council offices and modern law courts. But the few Victorian landmarks which remain are being improved. What was once a run-down bingo hall is now a smart night club, its ornate interior restored. Over the road, by the railway bridge, the Corner House is the trendiest bar for music.

Traditionally, those who made their money on ICI's Ammonia Avenue have spent it in the dozens of pretty villages which dot the countryside further south. Places such



as Osmotherley, Great Broughton, Great Ayton and Stokesley, lying in the foothills of the North York Moors, are rich in good country pubs.

Further up is the Lion on Blakey Ridge, where winter visitors may hope to get snowed in - with a vast pipe and a roaring fire. Another



SIMON CALDER

French air traffic controllers have left their bid late this year. Last year they demonstrated their powers of disruption in the height of summer, this year they merely joined the general strike in France 10 days ago, and reduced Heathrow Terminal Two to a shambles as passengers faced endless delays.

Those of us heading for Malaga were particularly cross. I was flying there, en route to Trafalgar, with Viva Air - part of the Spanish airline Iberia. You buy the ticket from Iberia, check in at the Iberia desk, and it is an Iberia official who reveals your flight is delayed by four hours.

Suppose you suggest a solution: switching to the Seville flight, equidistant from your destination, would save you arriving in Spain in the early hours. Suddenly your Viva Air ticket becomes an embarrassment. Yes, Iberia would be happy to help me out, but for an extra charge of £40. This seemed a bit rich when the delay was hardly my fault. But since the alternative was an arrival in Spain at 1am, I offered the cash. Then someone spotted I was travelling on a promotional ticket, and recalculated the surcharge: £294 - much more than the ticket had cost in the first place. With my credit card unable to withstand that sort of expense, I did what everyone else was obliged to do: hang around at Heathrow, and hope the airline had made some sort of provision for our arrival in Malaga after all local transport had closed down. It had not. And the benches at Malaga airport are even less comfortable than those at Heathrow.

The new international rail schedules that begin tomorrow will increase the number of Eurostar trains between London and Paris, but Stella Carter of Abingdon warns families to check that they are seated together. "We booked our tickets together seven weeks earlier, but when we turned up for the return journey we found I was in Coach 1 while my daughter was in Coach 16. My daughter is 10 years old."

The initial solution proposed by Eurostar staff was to place them both in Coach 1, but at opposite ends of the carriage. Eventually the train controller found them seated together, but perhaps inevitably the *loi de Murphy* came into play. "The seats were in coach 18, so we had to drag our luggage for 300 metres through the train."

Ms Carter points out that her daughter is a potential business traveller of the future, and wonders if this is the way Eurostar hope to persuade her to use the trains in the future.

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motoring family

It happens to us all eventually: the moment when the big family car looks attractive

David Bowen traded in his Audi coupé for an MPV. Regrets, he has a few, but then again...

It was the dog that did it. Yes, we had a baby on the way and my sleeky Audi coupé would have been a bit awkward, but it was big and bouncy Grumble who made us realise we needed a load carrier. My wife said: "What about an Astra estate?" She had a friend who had one with several hundred thousand miles on the clock. I winced. It's nothing to do with image (I will insist to my dying day), but I really could not cope with the leap from near-Porsche performance to a 1300cc chugger. Unless, that is, there was something interesting about the new car that would make up for the lack of oomph.

I wondered about a Land Rover Discovery, but it was too expensive (we wanted to spend about £8,000), and even I found it difficult to justify four-wheel drive in south London. The obvious alternative was a "multipurpose vehicle" which in those days - 1993 - meant a Renault Espace. I have always had a soft spot for slightly weird French cars and this was... a slightly weird French car. It was also big: maybe this was the way out of my Astra-angst.

So we went to look at an Espace. It was frighteningly expensive: £7,000 for a seven-year-old car with 80,000 miles on the clock. That was because there were so few around, and it at least meant it should continue to hold its value well. But my wife liked it, because it reminded her of a van and was therefore friendly and unflashy. I liked it for more or less the opposite reasons: it was an amusing car that had plenty of things to play with ("Open the sunroof, will you?" "Which one?"), and I liked its ostentatiously silly looks. It also had a spectacular sound system - very important if you are no longer allowed to be a boy racer.

Eventually we paid just over £9,000 for a five-year-old 2000-1 with 55,000 miles and a nice rural history. The previous owner was a bit of a driver's seat swiveller.

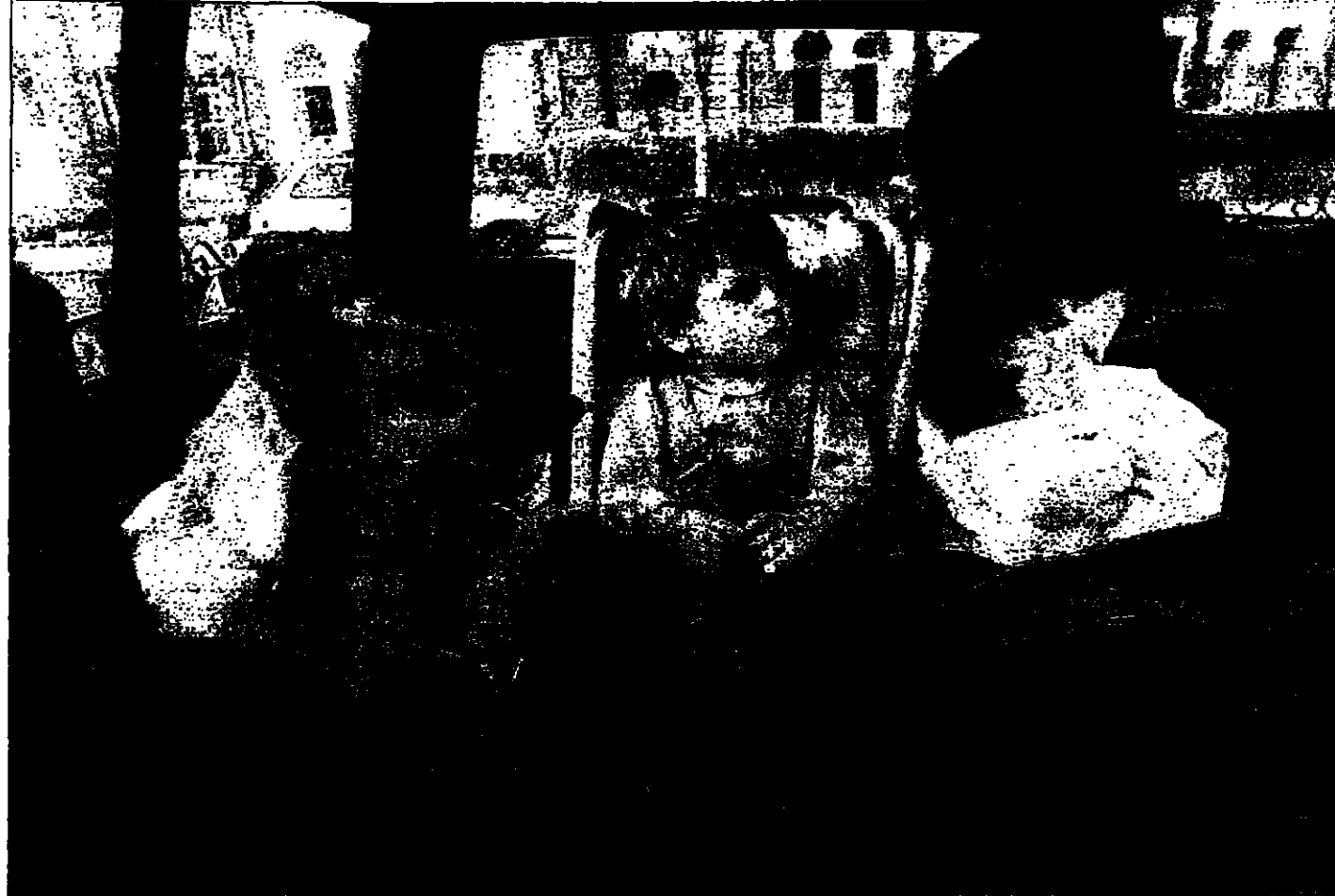
That was two years ago. We now have two children and the dog is even bigger; we also carry grannies and other relatives regularly. But we are not one of those families that needs an MPV because it has so many seats: we do not even own the extra two seats that would convert it from a five to a seven seater. We could, I suppose, all fit into an Astra Estate.

I am glad we do not have to try: our luggage - or rather the children's - manages to expand to fit the space available with no effort. We bought a full-size pram partly because it can fit straight in the back without folding up. It is also useful to be able to move the seats around in strange ways, even if we have never turned the front seats right round and had a picnic, as advertisements assure us we can.

But these are just excuses. The real reason I like the Espace is the driving position. You sit right up in the air (though not as high as in a Discovery), and feel just a little bit superior to those beings crawling along the ground beside you. It is this that has made the car an adequate replacement for the Audi coupé: I have given up speed as a drug, and replaced it with height. I find it gives me at least as much of a buzz.

The bad news is that my wife is not quite as convinced. She finds the Espace awkward in towns compared with her beloved Peugeot 305; she also complains, justifiably, about the heavy clutch.

She (and I, if you insist) are also a little upset



that we had to spend £2,000 a year ago because the heater had leaked into the computer, and blown it up. There is a sophisticated "engine management system" - a computer - that sits on the floor just ahead of the gear lever. Above this is the heater system through which hot water flows. When the water started to flow out through a broken hose, it went straight into the silicon chips beneath it and *poof!*, she blows up. This is an example of the terrible design detail that the French specialise in. It would never have happened in a Japanese car.

Last week I went to the Motor Show to look at the raft of "multi purpose vehicles" that is threatening to destroy the oh-so-strong second-hand value of my Espace. I sat in a Toyota Previa, a Ford Galaxy and a Peugeot 806, and found myself getting cross when I discovered something better than the Espace, and pleased when it was worse. This was sad - I had clearly developed unhealthy strong feelings towards my strange French friend, even though she is nothing but a bundle of polluting metal and plastic.

The point, I suppose, is that if you happen to like motor cars, life need not stop when you start breeding. I am in my late 30s, I have a proper family, I am saving up to join the National Trust. I am slightly in love with my Espace - but I have a worry. What happens when everyone has an MPV, as seems increasingly likely, and I can no longer tower above them? "You'll have to buy a furniture lorry," a friend said. He was joking, I think. But I have found myself wondering how much they cost...



Plenty of room, and plenty of things to play with (including two sun roofs), but one of the biggest attractions of an MPV is its high driving position
Photograph: Philip Meach

MPVs are big and have a price tag to match. So it pays to check out the second-hand market. By James Ruppert

Most car customers have been slow to grasp the concept of the MPV (multi purpose vehicle). To many British buyers, an MPV was little more than a van with windows - and a very expensive van at that. Not everyone needs that much space all the time. So, sales have been slow, mainly to an affluent sector who want to do the private school run in a style which has kept big

car prices high and the choices low - until now.

Manufacturers are mounting another attempt to convince us that people carriers make sense. The roll call of new MPVs is staggering. Volkswagen's Sharan is soon to be joined by the joint-project Fiat Ulysse/Peugeot 806/Citroën Synchro, and from the US the Chrysler Voyager in 1996. But what of those old

models that everyone ignored? Used MPV prices are falling.

It's hard to overlook the first people carrier, the Renault Espace. Chic and spacious, it still sets the standard. But it has never been that cheap. It was introduced in 1985 with stylish plastic body panels and optional seven seats with two pivoting and five removable. Of the original models, the 2000-1 was

the best equipped, the Quadra - an unnecessarily complex four-wheel drive version and the TXE the nicest compromise with a 2.0 litre 120 bhp engine. Best of all, an Espace is easy to drive and fairly durable, although hard use will break up the interior, and the plastic paintwork scratches and fades. A restyled Espace from 1991 was better still, with a comprehensive range of engines with new diesel and V6 options. The next generation arrives in 1996. Currently 1986 examples start at around £4,000, while better equipped TXEs from 1988 will be £7,000 and the 1991 models rarely dip below £10-£11,000.

Espace competition has always come from the Far East. Boxy and dated, the Mitsubishi Space Wagon embodies the old, tall estate car school of design, but it has a great reputation for durability. There are lots around at the moment, forcing prices to reasonable levels. A similar style of vehicle is the Nissan P10. With more of a bonnet than the better packaged Espace, it hardly looks the part. A smoother facelift in 1989 improved matters.

Toyota has come closest to the Espace ideal, although its original Space Cruiser model is really a van with windows - and drives like one, too. Its successor, the bubble-shaped Previa, seats up to eight, has a huge sliding door and is almost fun to drive. Prices, though, are high: starting at more than £10,000 for a medium mileage example to almost £20,000 for a year-old model.

When it comes to checking out a used MPV the problem is that previous owners are inclined to treat them just like vans. Look out for tatty interiors; damage, rather than dirt, is going to be expensive to put right. Around the doors there are often lots of scratches as people and sundry payloads have been squeezed in. Parking dents and scrapes are also common battle scars. Mechanically, items such as the gear-

box and clutch take a real beating in the school run and urban traffic. Overload an MPV and the suspension will go soggy and the brakes could become less than effective. Buying from a main agent removes most of these headaches although the retail price is likely to be steep. If you are paying top money, make sure that the MPV has a full history and perfect presentation.

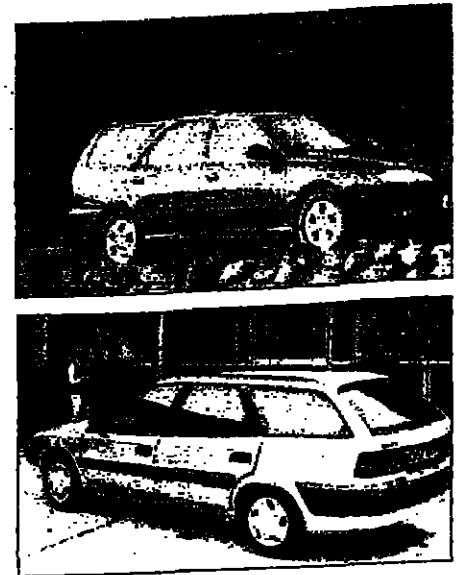
Out in the MPV marketplace there are a lot of Mitsubishi Space Wagons around. Apparently demobbed servicemen from Europe are bringing them home. I found several in the classified ads that seemed to fit this description, and what you need to be careful of is a lower Euro, rather than premium priced British, specification: electric windows and central locking could be missing.

The privately advertised 1992 1.8 GLX1 for £8,000 seemed good value. But the best central location for MPVs turned out to be the Trade Centre in west London. Just the one Space Wagon, a 1993 seven-seater 2.0 GLX at £9,999. A solitary Toyota Previa - an automatic 1992 2.4GL - was £10,000 more. Better news on the Espace front, with five to choose from. Starting at £8,999 for a basic 1993 RN and rising to £12,499 for the frugal turbo-diesel model. Better still, I would have plumped for a well equipped, petrol powered R with air conditioning, at the same price.

Previas seem to be thin on the ground. At a large Toyota dealer, Hassop in Willesden, London, they could only come up with two N-plated automatic models at a whopping £21,995. Much more interesting, though, was an almost prehistoric 1984 Spacecruiser. A one-owner, 75,000 mile example seemed priced at £3,995, but, allowing for the condition and history, was not unreasonable.

Trade Centre 0181-969 5511
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road test/estates

Renault Laguna
Citroën Xantia

When industry statisticians reported a drop in sales of middling estate cars, pundits had a ready explanation: off-roaders and MPVs were marginalising the traditional estate. Not so, said Renault, who advanced another theory: lack of talent in a market sector dominated by the fleet-orientated Ford Mondeo and the moribund Peugeot 405 - both honest holdalls, but neither of them likely to quicken the pulse. Renault's new Laguna estate was the car to stimulate sales.

Renault is on a roll in Britain: its market share increased to 6.4 per cent in the first half of 1995, so confidence is not misplaced in its striking newcomer. It is not alone, however. Citroën, also enjoying a sales spree in Britain, has countered with a long-awaited estate version of the Xantia. Far from being starved of options, buyers are suddenly spoilt for choice if they want Gallic flair.

The French have a strong estate car tradition which both these cars admirably uphold. But which is best? If style is a high priority, the elegant Xantia wins hands down. Its extended tail blends in seamlessly, as though shaped from scratch as an estate. The Laguna looks like a saloon with a grafted-on cubicle above the boot. Roof rails (invisibly recessed on the Xantia) visually tie the blocks together.

Citroën makes much of the Xantia estate's load volume, which is greater than that of the Mondeo, 405 and VW Passat. By a small margin, however, the square-tailed Laguna is even more capacious. Renault has ruthlessly put function before form, whereas Citroën has successfully merged the two with little sacrifice to either.

The Laguna will carry slightly bigger and heavier loads than the Xantia - up to 750kg (1,653lbs or 14.8cwt). But then the Xantia's wonderful suspension, centred on gas/oil springs, won't sag under the weight of a dozen growbags. Regardless of load, the ride height remains constant and flat. What's more, at the pull of a lever between the seats, the Xantia will squat down on its springs, like a kneeling camel, to facilitate loading (it will also rise on tiptoe to increase ground clearance over bumps). A cruder form of self-levelling rear suspension, which ideally all estates should have, costs extra on the Renault.

Getting down to details, the advantage swings towards the Laguna. It has a split rear tailgate - you can open just the glass or the whole door - that lifts well out of the way, the one-piece tailgate of the Xantia is a head-cracker for six footers. Roof-level stop lights are rifled to both cars. The option of a neat rear-facing child's seat (useless for adults) makes the seven-up Renault the better choice as a personnel carrier. Rear window demisters maintain a clear view with a steaming rugby squad on board, and body reinforcements add protection against a rear-end shunt.

Although the Renault has (for me) the better seats and driving position, I prefer the dynamic qualities of the Citroën, as always the individualist, if no longer the maverick. Supple springing gives a magic-carpet ride, and the steering and brakes are unusually sensitive - delicate inputs are required to drive smoothly. The less highly strung Laguna, which also rides and handles well on its conventional metal springs, is more forgiving of clumsiness, but less eager to please.

Subjectively, there is little to choose between the 1.8- and 2.0-litre petrol engines on offer in both cars, but the 1.9-litre turbo-diesel of the Xantia feels livelier than the 2.2-litre non-turbo of the Laguna. Prices span the £13,000-20,000 range, according to engine, trim and equipment.

Pick of the bunch? The £14,795 Xantia 1.9 TDLX on my scoresheet. But if you want class-leading space, practicality and versatility, at the expense of style, the Laguna has the edge - for the time being. Next year's arrival of Audi A4, Peugeot 406 and Vauxhall Vectra estates will further stimulate sales in a market sector that looks anything but stagnant from where I sit.

Roger Bell

Specifications

Renault Laguna 1.8RN estate, £12,390
Engine: 1783cc, four cylinders, 95bhp at 5000rpm Transmission: five-speed manual gearbox, front-wheel drive. Top speed 109mph, 0-60mph in 13.5 seconds, average consumption 32.9mpg.

Citroën Xantia 1.8LX estate £13,850
Engine: 1761cc, four cylinders, 8 valves, 103bhp at 6000rpm. Transmission: five-speed manual gearbox, front-wheel drive. Top speed 110mph, 0-60mph in 13.3 seconds, average consumption 33.2mpg.

motoring

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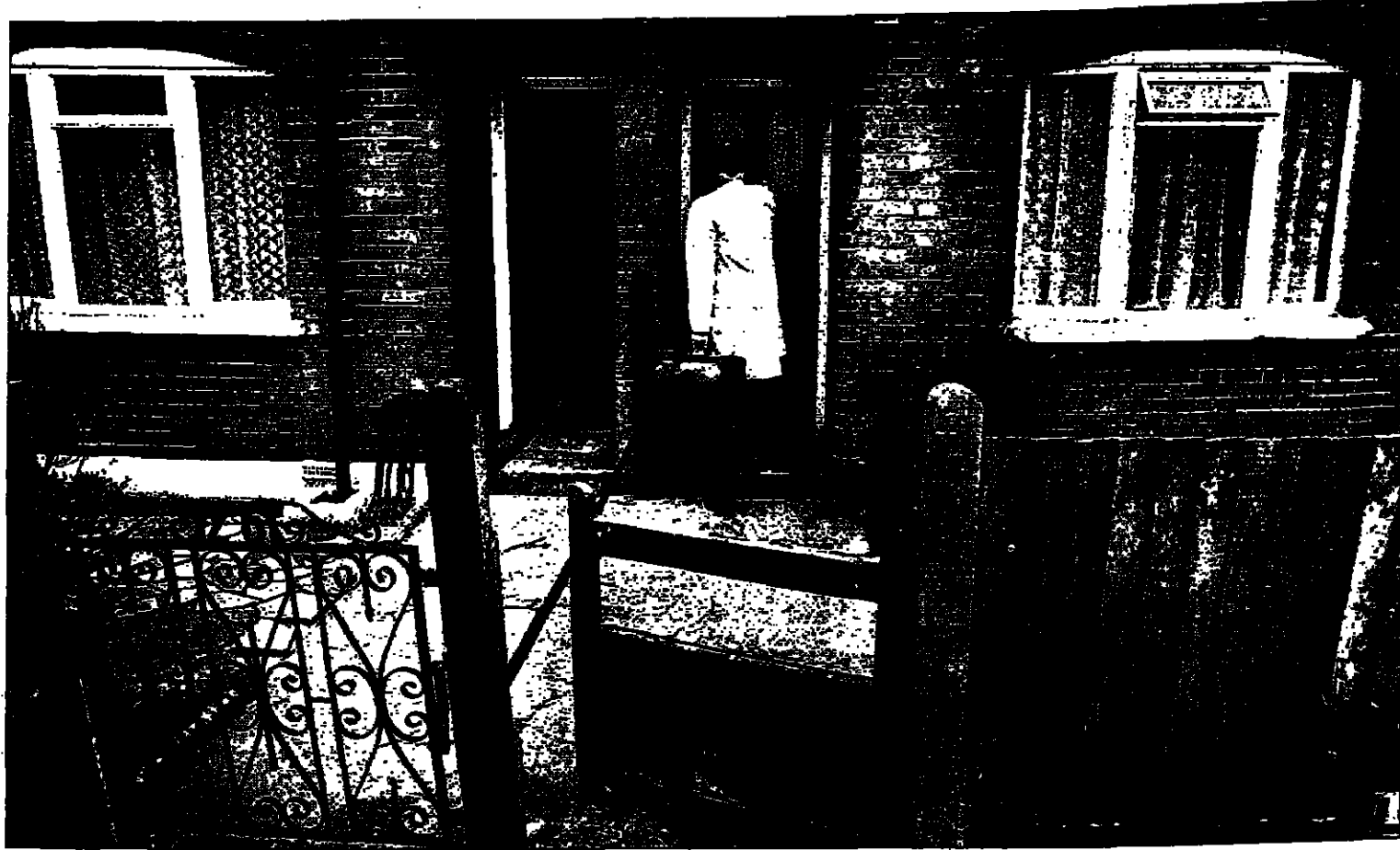
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money

That crock of gold waiting for you at retirement could turn to dust if you don't plan properly

By Dennis Young



Beware: that salesman may not provide a scheme that gives you what you expect

The Government last year decided to allow personal pension policyholders to wait until age 75 before requiring them to use the accumulated funds to purchase an annuity, fixing income for the rest of their lives.

This initiative was intended to give more flexibility. The objective was to allow pension holders to pick the optimum point to buy an annuity. In the meantime they could invest the capital and draw an income.

But according to Bob Woods, a partner in the Leicester-based independent pension consultants Mattioli Woods, this freedom could be misused, causing a pensions disaster on an even greater scale than the mis-selling of personal pensions in the late Eighties.

Thousands of people on the point of retiring with a

"crock of gold" in their personal pensions plan could now be persuaded to transfer their funds, with competing insurance companies promising them an attractive income.

Taking too much income from the pension fund capital – instead of buying an annuity – could eat up the capital if it failed to earn the return needed to provide an adequate income in the meantime.

Until the 1995 Finance Act, personal pension policyholders had to secure their pensions at retirement through the purchase of an annuity, an annual income fixed for the rest of their lives.

Annuities pay out more than a similar sum invested would do because the annuity includes an element of compensation for the capital that was used to buy it. But

timing the purchase of an annuity has always been a tricky business, because the annual payment that a given amount of capital will buy is heavily influenced by current interest rates as well as by the age, sex and therefore life expectancy of the purchaser.

Once purchased, however, the annual payment is usually fixed for the rest of the pensioner's life.

He or she will not automatically be protected against inflation and no longer has any claim to the capital sum used to buy the annuity.

It is possible to buy annuities that do keep pace with inflation, and annuities that guarantee to repay some of the capital if the pensioner dies within, say, five years of retirement.

It is also possible to buy annuities that pay out a pen-

sion for surviving spouses. But all these improvements are expensive and result in a sharp reduction in the basic pay-out.

Five years ago a male aged 65 with a £50,000 pension fund on retirement could expect to buy a level annuity of around £7,500 a year for life.

Since then a combination of factors, including falling long-term interest rates, increasing longevity, operating expenses and shareholders' profits have helped to undermine the value of the annuity contract, and the same £50,000 might now only buy £5,500 a year.

To meet this problem the new Act's provisions now allow anyone on retirement to defer buying an annuity, and in the meantime draw a pension from the underlying pension policy proceeds, at a rate that is itself based on

the yields available from 15-year gilts.

This more flexible method of pension payment allows the pensioner to fix a higher level of annuity by waiting until he or she is older, and interest rates hopefully higher – or so the argument goes.

In the unfortunate event of the pensioner dying before age 75, all of the funds will still be intact to provide either a widow's pension or be distributed to beneficiaries, albeit less a tax charge – choices not available once an annuity has been purchased.

On paper, then, the deferment of annuities looks extremely attractive, with the possibility of a higher annuity, or greater inflation protection from a given amount of pension capital, allied to the substantially improved position in the

event of death. Mr Woods points out however, that the theory is flawed in a number of ways.

First, there is an implicit assumption that when interest rates are low, annuity rates are also low, and therefore better investment returns can be obtained elsewhere.

But, he argues that "this assumption does not stand up under close scrutiny. When interest rates and, therefore, long-term gilt yields are relatively low, the only fundamental alternatives are asset-backed investments, mainly equities and property".

However, the scenario of low interest rates is no guarantee that either equities or property would out-perform them.

"The last five years have seen a steady fall in interest rates and a stock market

performance which, up until the beginning of the bull market this year, would have failed to achieve the investment return necessary to maintain the pensions," he says.

The message from all this is crystal clear: Drawing a predetermined amount from a pension fund for an investment that does not earn the necessary return makes it unlikely the capital will ever catch up.

The inevitable outcome will be that the policyholder's pension will have to be reduced at some stage – indeed, the sooner the better – to avoid eating up all the capital.

Mr Woods argues that if investment risk is to be avoided, it is unlikely that insurance companies will be able to offer investment funds suitable for underpinning pension payments,

which can not even match annuity returns, let alone surpass them.

He believes the insurance industry is almost certainly aware of the problems associated with managed pensions.

"It is perhaps the challenge of the '90s for companies to develop the investment products that the market so desperately needs," he says. "Or will they let the public down yet again?"

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مكتبة الأمل

Testing times for Tessa holders

Savers should look to see what lenders are offering before the leap for Tessa 2. By Alison Eadie

The Tessa 2 season is fast approaching and building societies and banks are feverishly finalising plans to hold onto the money they already have and attract a fresh wave.

The popularity of Tessa (tax exempt special savings accounts) when launched nearly five years ago means £16bn will mature in the first quarter of next year, according to an estimate from the Building Societies Association.

The challenge for Tessa providers is how to keep hold of this money and prevent it being scooped by more tempting Tessa from other providers or by competing investments.

In January 1991, the most competitive Tessa paid interest at 15.3 per cent. Now the best rate from Britannia Building Society is a fixed 7.65 per cent.

Most variable-rate Tessa pay less than 7 per cent. By contrast the new kid on the block, corporate bond personal equity plans, provide a tax-free yield in many cases of 8 per cent and more.

Nationwide Building Society recently asked MORI to find out what Tessa-holders planned to do. The research showed that 74 per cent of people intended to reinvest all or part of their capital, but only 61 per cent were planning to reinvest it in a Tessa.

That still means up to £10bn could find its way back into Tessa. Most building societies and banks accept that they are going to have to provide a choice of Tessa, including variable and fixed rates.

A spokesman for Abbey National said: "The bog-

standard Tessa of five years ago is not enough. Customers are more sophisticated and want to know what a Tessa can do for them."

Nationwide has said it will offer a variable-rate Tessa 2 and a range of fixed-rate products if market conditions allow.

Portman Building Society is offering its Tessa holders a follow-up Tessa paying guaranteed interest at 7 per cent in the first year, rising by 0.5 per cent a year to 10 per cent in year five. The full £9,000 capital has to be reinvested and is guaranteed to grow to £13,300.

Take-up of this competitive offer is running at more than 60 per cent, the Portman says, but no decision has been taken on whether to extend it to the public at large.

Robert Fleming is openly touting for Tessa 2 business. Its fixed rate of 7.5 per cent a year guarantees a maturity value of £12,920 on an investment of £9,000.

HSBC Asset Management has also put down its marker, saying it intends to launch the first Tessa with returns determined by the FTSE 100-share index.

It will guarantee a minimum return of 25 per cent over five years, even if the stock market bombs. The maximum return is 50 per cent, however much the market moves up.

An investment of £9,000 could therefore grow to between £11,250 and £13,500, but staying the five-year term is essential in order to reach such returns.

Alan Gadd, managing director of HSBC Asset Management, says the figures may prove conserva-

tive and the actual deal when introduced in late January could offer more.

These are the few who have shown their hand, however. Most other Tessa providers are still debating how to pitch their terms.

Whether or not to invest in a Tessa 2 depends on the Tessa-holder's circumstances five years on and the merits of competing investments.

Maturity values of fully topped-up Tessa's will be close to £12,000.

If holders re-invest elsewhere, similar tax-free products include corporate bond plans, National Savings guaranteed income bonds (GIBs) and zero-dividend preference shares.

Corporate bond plans offer higher yields than Tessa - Commercial Union Monthly Income is currently paying 8.9 per cent - but most also levy initial and annual charges. They are more flexible as they need not be held for five years, but are not guaranteed and capital erosion is a danger.

Corporate bond plans can also only accept investment of £6,000 a year per person, so they can shelter half of the full Tessa maturity value.

National Savings GIBs are akin to Tessa in that they are five-year deposit accounts.

The forty-second issue pays a fixed 5.85 per cent a year and the index-linked eighth issue pays 3 per cent above inflation. GIBs also lock the money away for five years and presently pay around 7 per cent fixed per annum.

Zeros, one of the classes of share in a split-capital investment trust and available through stockbrokers,

can be bought and sold at any time and are free of income tax though liable to capital gains tax.

The trusts have 10-year lives and their redemption values on winding up are not guaranteed, but are usually well covered. Gartmore Scotland, redeemable in July 2001, is presently yielding 8.1 per cent with a generous 125 per cent cover.

Alternatively, Tessa-holders may want to raise their risk profile and try equities. Reinvested in a Pep, the tax-free attractions of a Tessa would be retained while potential returns over time would increase.

Likely investments would be a high-income Pep like Perpetual Income, Schroder Income or M&G Equity Income.

Such a course would, however, catapult Tessa-holders into the world of stock market volatility and unpredictable returns.

After considering the alternatives, they may prefer to stick with a high street deposit account and lap up the loyalty bonuses.

Portman is adding a 2 per cent bonus on the entire balance of Tessa 1 on maturity, worth up to £232.

Nationwide has now promised Tessa 1 customers who reinvest in its Tessa 2 for the full five years an interest-rate bonus for Tessa 2 on maturity and a special incentive.

Over the coming weeks all Tessa providers will have to set out their stalls. Savers should wait and see the full offering before jumping.

They have six months, after maturity of their first Tessa to make up their minds.

What you need to know about Tessa

Tessa (tax exempt special savings accounts) were launched in January 1991 as a five year tax free deposit account.

Savers can put in up to £9,000, with a maximum first year deposit of £3,000, up to £1,800 in each of the next three years and £600 in the final year. Interest can be withdrawn net, but the tax free status is lost if the capital is touched.

Tessa 2 will be available from January. Holders of existing Tessa can reinvest their capital up to a maximum of £9,000 in a Tessa 2 in the first year provided they do so within six months of the old Tessa maturing.

If they miss the rollover opportunity, the first year investment limit reverts to £3,000 for Tessa 2s. The old investment limits apply to new savers.

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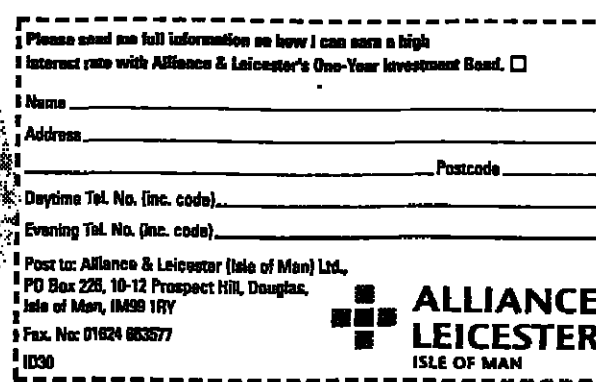
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money

What price customer loyalty? Supermarket shoppers will get discounts under glitzy new schemes. But Big Brother may come to rule the till

Frances Howell looks at the latest weapon being wielded in the trolley wars

Last week, Sainsbury joined Tesco in launching a nation-wide customer loyalty card. For anyone who has ever used a petrol service station, the system is all too familiar. Customers are allocated "smart cards" to nestle next to their Amex. At the check-out, the card is swiped, and points are credited in line with the amount spent.

However, unlike their petrol station predecessors, supermarket card points can be redeemed against not only china, but also against the weekly shopping bill.

On the surface, these cards seem too good to be true. Instead of simply taking huge chunks out of many families' weekly income, supermarkets now profess to be giving money back.

Supermarket chains are, however, big business, not charitable organisations. If they were not getting more out of customer loyalty cards than they put in, they would not be dangling these carrots in front of you. As Roger Ramsden, director of brand marketing at Safeway, admits: "These cards generate a sufficient increase in sales to cover their cost."

Sales are not the only bonus for supermarkets. Each time that your card is swiped, it registers not only the total amount spent, but exactly what you have spent it on. The supermarkets can therefore build up a customer profile of each card holder.

Tesco claims that this will enable it to provide a personalised service, at least at mailshot level. The flipside is a Big Brother-like databank that could result in letters such as: "We note that you almost exclusively purchase pick'n'mix chocolates, croissants and chicken tikka

massala. This is an extremely unhealthy diet. May we suggest that you boost your vitamin C levels by taking advantage of our current satsuma offer?"

The real plus for the supermarkets from the cards is cheap market research. But how does it add up for shopper?

The bottom line is individual customers win. The losers are likely to be specialist stores, like chemists and fruiterers, who provide some or all of the products offered by the supermarkets.

What you get depends on where you shop. Safeway's scheme differs from those of both Tesco and Sainsbury, which are only promoted in selected stores. Safeway awards points for every £1 spent, whereas Tesco and Sainsbury have a minimum spend of £10 to get points, which are then awarded per £5 spent (in Tesco), or per £10 (in Sainsbury). In Tesco and Safeway, to cash in points requires a minimum spend of £250 or £100 respectively, whereas Sainsbury has no lower limit.

The value of these points varies from chain to chain. Over six months, the average family of four, spending about £75 per week, should get £20 off their bills at Tesco and Safeway, and a princely £30 off from Sainsbury.

At the other end of the scale, the £10 per week shopper will earn £2.50 worth of points from both Tesco and Safeway, and a marginally higher £3.30 from Sainsbury.

This works out at an approximate 1 per cent discount at both Tesco and Safeway, whereas the average family of four can save 2.5 per cent on a Sainsbury Saver Card.

So, how do the supermarket

kets rank? In terms of discounts, Sainsbury offers the best value for the big weekly shopper. Although any money spent that falls between £10 units counts for nothing, the greater return makes up for it.

If you are only spending £19.99 per week, however, you might get better discounts at Safeway, which will credit you with points for £9 of that £19.99.

Unless you spend at least £10 at each shop, and you buy in £5 units, Tesco will give you points for less of your shopping than Safeway, at the same rate of return.

Tesco defends its points system on two counts. "We decided not to award a point per £1, as customers then end up needing a ridiculous 800 points to get Mr Blobby cake," says Andrew Coker, Tesco's press officer.

"Also, independent research has shown that Sainsbury is 3 per cent more expensive than Tesco, and Safeway is 5 per cent more expensive."

If this is the case, then the extra discounts at Tesco's competitors are written off by the higher costs of shopping. Another catch with the Sainsbury Saver Card is that it is only used in a couple of hundred stores at a time, and for six-month stretches only. At the end of this period, unused points expire.

Cash discounts for points earned are only part of the picture for Tesco and Safeway. Safeway's ABC Card offers free products and services or family days out instead of, and to a greater value than, its cash discount equivalents.

The marketing is carefully directed: bright photographs of free chocolates and alcohol prevail in the offer cata-

logue. Once you have spent £400, you can get both together, with a free 200g box of "famous names liqueur chocolates". Is this the sort of treat that might persuade the exhausted family shopper, with two screaming children in tow, to buy an extra can of baked beans?

Tesco is developing its Clubcard name to the full. Members are invited to celebrity wine and cheese tasting evenings, with hair product demonstrations by Nicky Clarke. Free haircuts by the man himself are not, however, on the agenda. At a return of 1 per cent, you would probably have to spend the national average annual wage, gross, before you had enough points to pay for it.

WHEN YOU'VE JOINED UP

do

Take advantage of all three cards. Think about any difference in price before you think about the discounts. Remember that Safeway money-off points can be redeemed only in the store in which you register, so choose the most convenient one.

don't

Be tempted to spend more simply to get another point on your loyalty card. Remember that the rate of return may only be 1 per cent, so you are better off saving your money. Take a list and stick to it.



Loyalty cards can be worth having but it's not worth spending more to gain extra points

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QUESTION TIME

How to feather your own pensions nest

A revolution in financial services is in the making. By Brian Tora



If you work for yourself make sure your pension works for you

A revolution is taking place in the financial services industry. The growing number of contract workers, either working from home or "hot desking" in technology centres, are having to buy the protection normally provided by big companies.

Permanent health insurance, death-in-service benefits (or their equivalent) and pensions will all need to be bought, offering opportunities for financial advisers. Uppermost in the minds of the self-employed will be pensions.

It is too early to say how far the shift from corporate to self-employment will go, but job security has been declining and there is an increasing tendency for people to have more than one employer during their working lives. This complicates pension provision. Anyone who has changed jobs knows that transferring pension rights from one company to a new employer is not always the right course of action. Increasingly, workers are making their own arrangements for pension provision, or arranging for a former employer's pension contributions to be transferred into a personal plan.

But these personal pensions carry two potential disadvantages. First, they are by definition money purchase schemes. That is to say the pension provided will depend upon how much money is available, which in turn depends on the performance of the underlying fund. Performance varies considerably. Over the past 25 years a personal pension invested in the best managed fund would deliver around five times the income of the worst performing fund – an alarming discrepancy.

Moreover, the cost of managing these pension plans can be quite high. The charges involved in personal pension provision can often take the edge off performance and will accumulate over a period of time to represent quite a tidy sum.

For those keen to avoid these pitfalls, a new option is growing in popularity. The self-invested personal pension (Sipp) has been around for a few years, but it has only recently begun to attract widespread support. The concept is simple. An insurance company provides the package into which the Sipp contributions are placed, and the person whose pension it is makes arrangements for the management of the money.

For those interested and capable of making their own investment decisions, this can mean taking the decisions on the portfolio yourself. But for the most part Sips are looked after by professional investment managers, able to tailor investment strategy to suit the needs and aspirations of the individual.

This can be important. If you are in a final salary scheme, the investment strategy adopted by the

managers will reflect the objectives set by the trustees. Actuaries guide the managers on how to balance the portfolio so that existing and future pensioners' positions are adequately protected.

For personal pensions, though, no such overview exists. Determining the strategy can be complex. Yet most people buying a straightforward managed fund will have the same underlying investments whether they invest their money into a scheme 30 years before taking benefits or just three.

One advantage of a Sipp is that you can start to build a more risk-averse portfolio as you approach retirement and avoid the consequences of having to cash in when market conditions are unfavourable. The investment strategy can also take into account the possibility of phased retirement – whereby you take your pension benefits gradually, rather than all at once – and the new facility of taking income from the capital, instead of buying an annuity.

But Sips are not suitable for everyone. Few managers would recommend setting up a Sipp with less than £100,000, unless you had many years of contributions ahead of you. Even then, £50,000 is likely to prove an absolute minimum. Also, appointing an individual investment manager is not necessarily a guarantee of riches. All it does is give you much greater understanding of what actually goes on and direct access to the fund manager.

The market leader in the provision of Sips is Winterthur, part of the Swiss insurance giant. It dominates the market and has a competitive charging structure. On to that you must add the costs of independent pension advice and the investment manager.

In these competitive days it is usually possible to negotiate for investment management at a rate of as little as 0.5 per cent on sums of £100,000 to £250,000 – perhaps lower for larger amounts. On top of that there would be transaction commission, of course. Some stockbrokers will even manage a Sipp for commission alone.

Six-figure sums are not unusual in the personal pensions market. Often the transfer value for someone in well-paid employment, with 15 or 20 years' service, can amount to a six or seven figure sum.

A 50-year-old who is not in an employer's scheme and is anxious to bolster a pension ahead of retirement, can contribute 25 per cent of relevant earnings each year. For those just into the 40 per cent tax bracket, this can be a cost-effective way of accumulating capital for the future. Once it was said that the biggest asset you were likely to own is your house. Now it could well be your pension fund. And how it performs will govern how well you live in retirement.

Your questions answered by a panel from Coopers and Lybrand

I have £40,000 invested in the Halifax Building Society, the proceeds of selling a property. I expect to qualify for a windfall payout as and when the Halifax converts into a bank. But could I use the money now as a deposit to buy a new home with the aid of a mortgage from the Halifax, and still qualify for a payout as a borrower rather than an investor?

To qualify for the merger payout you need to have had an account open on the 25 November, 1994 and still have the same account open, with a minimum of £100 in it on the date of a special general

meeting next year. The date is yet to be announced. For further information on the merger or special meeting, contact the members' Helpline on 0800 888844.

I understand the ACT paid on distributions and dividends has been cut to 20 per cent in the current financial year. How does that affect me when I receive a dividend? I am a higher rate taxpayer

ACT paid on distributions and dividends was reduced to 20 per cent from 1 April, 1995. Since 6 April 1993, a tax credit of 20 per cent has been attached to dividend pay-

ments. As a higher rate taxpayer, an additional 20 per cent tax liability arises, which is due to the Inland Revenue by either 1 December following the tax year or 30 days after the issue of an assessment, whichever is later. If your marginal rate of tax was at the basic rate, no additional tax would be due.

I have just taken early retirement and received a lump sum pay-off of £30,000, which I am using as a deposit to buy a small house with my partner (I am female, he is male). Does it matter if I put the property in joint names, or should I insist on putting it in

my name only? Would he have a claim if we later split up, even if he put no capital into the property?

When buying a property it is possible to have it in only your name or jointly with your partner. If it is in joint names your partner will be entitled to a share of the property. The exact share depends on the legal way in which the property is owned. If you buy in your name solely and your partner does not put in capital he may be entitled to a part share on the property, depending on whether he contributes to bills and upkeep of the property.

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FEAR OF FINANCE
Clifford German

The concrete around next month's Budget is still wet, although it will be setting fast following yesterday's meeting of the Treasury ministers at Dorneywood. But the pressure groups will press their cases to the bitter end.

The rumours about a possible commitment to pay nursing fees (but not the cost of accommodation) for old people in homes suggest the Chancellor is still being pressed to ease the fears of middle class Tory voters that they will lose their inheritances if their parents' homes have to be sold to pay for care.

Mindful of its political clout the housing lobby too is still fighting gamely for measures to revive the housing market and prevent a further increase in negative equity. And the drinks lobby still lives in hopes of cuts in duty to stem the flow of cross-channel booze.

There is always the possibility the Chancellor will look for a few increases in indirect taxes to help make room for headline cuts in direct taxes. Over-indexing tax on petrol is more or less guaranteed, and the insurance industry is currently working itself into a lather about the possibility the tax on insurance premiums will double from 2.5 per cent to 5 per cent and lose them business.

But it now seems certain that the best we can hope for is a choice between some cuts in direct taxation, largely paid for by reductions in public sector spending, or a cut in interest rates. It is also the sector where elections are won and lost. Put your money on direct tax cuts.

ities with inflation and the public sector deficit.

So which should we be looking for? Tax cuts would renew the Government's rather tarnished commitment to lower taxes, an important consideration in an election where slogans could play a crucial part. Tax cuts will benefit everyone in work, rich and poor, borrowers and savers, and could encourage the missing feel-good factor, without which the Government's chances of winning the election appear slim.

But tax cuts are an inflexible instrument. Cuts announced next month would not take effect until April, and phased tax cuts covering the next two years would not be fully effective until after the last possible date for an election in 1997.

A cut in interest rates could at least be faster and more flexible. It would take effect more quickly and could be increased or reversed at short notice. It would benefit borrowers in general and home-owners in particular, and would benefit business. But it would not suit savers, whose goodwill is equally important to the Government.

And because they benefit debtors (who simply want to reduce their debts) more than creditors (who might actually spend the money) interest rate cuts pound for pound are probably less effective than tax cuts in stimulating consumer spending, which, as the latest retail sales figures show only too clearly, is the sector that has so far failed to benefit from the recovery. It is also the sector where elections are won and lost. Put your money on direct tax cuts.

Best borrowing rates

MORTGAGES	Telephone	% Rate and period	Max adv %	Fee	Incentive
Fixed rates					
Bristol & West BS	0800 100117	0.95 to 30/11/96	90	£275	—
Chelsea BS	0117 929 2444	3.24 to 1/1/97	80	£195	Free ASU insurance
Coventry BS	0800 126125	4.75 to 1/1/98	85	£250	—
1st Mtgage Securities	0500 050055	5.75 to 1/1/98	75	£275	—
Britannia BS	01249 655971	7.24 for 5 years	95	£295	—
TSB	Local branch	8.54 to 30/9/05	95	£250	Free valuation
Variable rates					
Scarborough BS	0800 590547	1.79 for 1 year	95	—	£150 cashback
Halifax BS	Local branch	4.99 to 30/11/97	90	—	Free val. £250 cashback
Coventry BS	0800 126125	6.24 to 1/10/99	95	—	£300 cashback
National Counties BS	01372 739702	6.49 for 5 years	70	—	—

PERSONAL LOANS	Telephone	APR	Fixed monthly payments	Max adv %	Incentive
			£3,000 for 3 years		
Unsecured			With insurance	Without insurance	
Midland Bank	Local branch	15.40	£116.54	£103.14	—
N&P BS	0800 808080	15.50	£118.22	£103.29	—
Yorkshire Bank	0113 231 5324	15.50	£119.34	£103.34	—
Secured			Max adv %	Max term	
Clydesdale Bank	0800 240024	8.80	95	2 to 25 years	—
Royal B of Scotland	0800 121121	10.10	70	3 years - retirement	—
First Direct	0800 242424	10.30	80	Up to 40 years	—

TYPICAL OVERDRAFTS	Telephone	Authorised EAR %	Unauthorised EAR %
Barclays Bank	Local Branch	19.20	29.80
Lloyds Bank	Local Branch	19.40	26.80
Nat West Bank	Local Branch	18.90	33.25

BEST OVERDRAFTS	Telephone	Authorised EAR %	Unauthorised EAR %
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	9.50	29.50
Alliance & Leicester	0500 959595	9.50	29.80
Abbey National	0500 200500	9.90	29.50

CREDIT CARDS	Telephone	Card	Min income	Rate pm %	APR %	Annual fee
Standard						
R Fleming (S&P)	0800 282101	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.98	12.40	—
Royal B of Scotland	0800 181616	MasterCard	—	1.14	14.50	—
TSB	Local branch	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.38	17.90	—
Gold cards						
Lloyds Bank	Local branch	MasterCard	£20,000	1.15	16.50	£40
Midland Bank	Local branch	Visa	£20,000	1.30	18.10	£35
MBNA International	0800 062620	MasterCard/Visa	£20,000	1.45	18.90	—

STORE CARDS				
	Telephone	Payment by direct debit		Other methods
		% pm	APR	% pm APR
John Lewis	Local store	—	—	1.39 18.00
Marks and Spencer	01244 681681	1.90	25.30	2.00 26.80
Burtons Option	Local store	1.97	26.30	2.21 29.90

APR Annualised percentage rate. EAR effective annual rate.
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19 October 1995

Best savings rates

INSTANT ACCESS	Telephone Number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
City & Metropol.	0181 464 0814	City Gold	Instant	£10	4.75	Year
Portman BS	01202 292444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	5.00	Year
Skipton BS	01756 700500	High Street	Instant	£2,000	5.80	Year
				£15,000	5.75	Year

POSTAL ACCOUNTS	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Manchester BS	0161 839 5545	Money by Mail	Postal	£1,000	5.50	Year
Leeds & Holbeck	0113 243 8292	Albion Investment	Postal	£10,000	6.00	Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Go Direct	Postal	£20,000	6.10	Year
Leeds & Holbeck	0113 243 8292	Albion Investment	Postal	£25,000	6.20	Year

NOTICE ACCOUNTS	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Gainsborough BS	01427 611011	Capital Share	30 day	£500	5.05	Year
Scarborough BS	01723 368155	Scarborough 50	50 day P	£1,000	6.80	Year
Catholic BS	0171 222 6736	Jubilee Bond II	90 day	£2,000	6.67	Year
National Counties	01372 742211	90 Second Issue	90 day	£20,000	6.70	Year

MONTHLY INTEREST	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Manchester BS	0161 839 5545	Money by Mail	Postal	£5,000	5.37	Month
Britannia BS	01538 392808	Capital Trust	Postal	£2,000	5.46	Month
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£10,000	6.08	Month
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£25,000	6.31	Month

TESSAS (tax-exempt special savings accounts)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Britannia BS	01538 392808	Current	5 year	£8,315	7.65 F	Year
Sun Banking	01438 744500	Asset Reserve	5 year	£8,575	7.50 F	Year
Barclays Bank	0800 400100	Classic Postal	5 year	£1,000	7.40 F	Year
Tipton & Cosely	0121 557 2551	Current Acc Gold	5 year	£1	7.35	Year

HIGH-INTEREST CHEQUE ACCOUNTS	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	Current	Instant	£500	3.20	Year
Halifax BS	01422 333333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£5,000	4.50	3 Mths
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£2,500	5.00	Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£50,000	6.50	Monthly

OFFSHORE (gross)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Portman CI	01481 822747	Instant Gold	Instant	£5,000	6.20	Year
Alliance & L. IOM	01624 663566	Maridrum	Instant	£25,000	6.65	Year
Newcastle GIB	00 350 76168	Nova 90 O'shore	90 day	£50,000	7.25	Year
Portman CI	01481 822747	Gold Bond Acc	3 year	£5,000	7.75 F	Year

NATIONAL SAVINGS Accounts & bonds (gross)	Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Investment Accounts			1 month	£20	5.25	Year
				£500	5.75	Year
				£25,000	6.00	Year
Income Bonds			3 month	£2,000	6.50	Month
				£25,000	6.75	Month
Capital Bonds		Series 1	5 year	£100	7.75 F	Maturity
First Option Bonds			12 month	£1,000	6.40 F	Year
				£20,000	6.80 F	Year
Pensioners' G'teed Income Bond		Series 2	5 year	£500	7.50 F	Month
NS Certificates (tax-free)						
42nd Issue			5 year	£100	5.85 F	Maturity
8th Index linked			5 year	£100	3.00+RPI	Maturity
Children's Bond		Issue G	5 year	£25	7.85 F	Maturity

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But you'll probably say you've been too busy to attend to this yourself... or perhaps managing money today just seems too complicated...

Then there's the myth that somewhere out there - if only you could find him - is a friendly, honest person who is going to give you sound and impartial advice on what best to do with your hard-earned money.

THE REALITY is somewhat different. The person you are looking for may not exist. Unless you are already a millionaire - or close to it - there is virtually no such thing as top quality independent financial advice today.

The shocking fact is that most professional advisers are, on the whole, just simply not much good at what they do.

Take investing in the Stockmarket. Common research clearly shows that most professional investors and advisers - such as stockbrokers and unit trust managers - actually do more poorly than the Stockmarket as a whole.

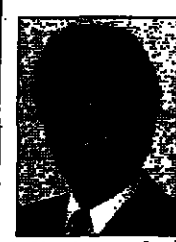
IN FACT the widely-accepted Random Walk theory says that you will beat the pros at picking shares by simply blindfolding yourself and sticking a pin in the share table in your newspaper. Incredible, but true. The vast majority of them underperform the Stockmarket in general over time. They would have actually lost you money compared to buying shares at random!

So the question is: Why pay fat commissions and 'management fees' to have a so-called professional manage your money?

The answer is - don't. But... let's face it - most people find today's world of personal finance too complicated - and too baffling, in short, they're stuck. They are successful in many other respects. But when it comes to investing and money management they have no real plan. All because there's been no simple way to get started. That is, until now...

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Or how you can use your pension plan to turn £750 into £1000 overnight - or more if you're a higher rate taxpayer. Of course there's a good deal more. But as you can see Successful Personal Investing is definitely not just some collection of 'hot tips' or boring technical mumbo-jumbo.

Always everything is spelled out step-by-step, like a simple recipe. So you take just those steps that are right for your own circumstances.

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Let's face it - most people spend more time planning a fortnight's holiday than learning how to manipulate their money. Surprisingly, SPI takes only a couple of hours of your time a month. There is no burning of the midnight oil.

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Perplexity

Perplexity

Losswords:
More entries from our perplexed dictionary, which deletes the letters of each word, in the right order, from its definition. And then to make matters worse, it closes the gaps between words. So "perplexity", defined as "possession of complex difficulty", would appear as "osotomcdmcdmcd". The length of each missing word is indicated in brackets after the truncated definition.

thr^halcr^hycr^hnt^h (9)
pp^hng^hrr^hg^hh^hdr^hic^h (6)
ont^hally^hall^hss^h (6)

A copy of *Chambers Encyclopaedic Dictionary* awaits the first correct answer opened on 2 November. Entries for Saturday, *Pastimes*, *The Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

7 October answer:
854 x 854 = 729316
Winner: S Slack (Malvern)

he needed for his ninth trick. Instead he won on the table, but it was now or never for the five diamond winners. The trouble arose when declarer had to find five discards. He parted with three spades and two clubs, but when dummy led a spade, east went in with his ace and returned a club to leave South a trick short.

What should declarer have done? As one spade trick is required, the right time to establish it is immediately. Try the king of spades at trick two. Say East wins and plays a heart; South wins in hand, cashes just one spade winner, then switches to diamonds to ensure his contract.

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to be told**

Tamil rebels blow up key oil depots

TIM MCGIRK
New Delhi

Rebel commandos fought their way inside Sri Lanka's two main oil depots yesterday, blowing up storage tanks and killing at least 20 guards before they escaped. The explosions apparently were carried out by the Tamil Tigers in retaliation against the army's three-day assault on the ethnic rebel stronghold in Jaffna, on the northern tip of the island.

In two simultaneous attacks before dawn, rebels stormed the country's two largest oil storage facilities on different sides of Colombo. "Four attackers arrived in a lorry, overpowered the guards and planted explosives on the tanks. One of the attackers blew himself up," said H M G B Kotadeniya, deputy inspector-general of police.

The Kolonnawa and Orugodawatte facilities hold virtually all of the country's imported petroleum.

The blazing tanks of fuel shrouded the city in black smoke, causing thousands of residents to flee their homes, fearing that the fire could spread and engulf the city. Some camped in temples, others huddled on the streets as the sound of gunfire echoed from the nearby depots.

The blazing oil tanks served to highlight the dilemma of Sri Lanka's President, Chandrika Kumaratunga: though her troops are scoring wins on the battlefields of Jaffna, that has not stopped the Tamil Tigers from dragging the war on to the streets of Colombo.

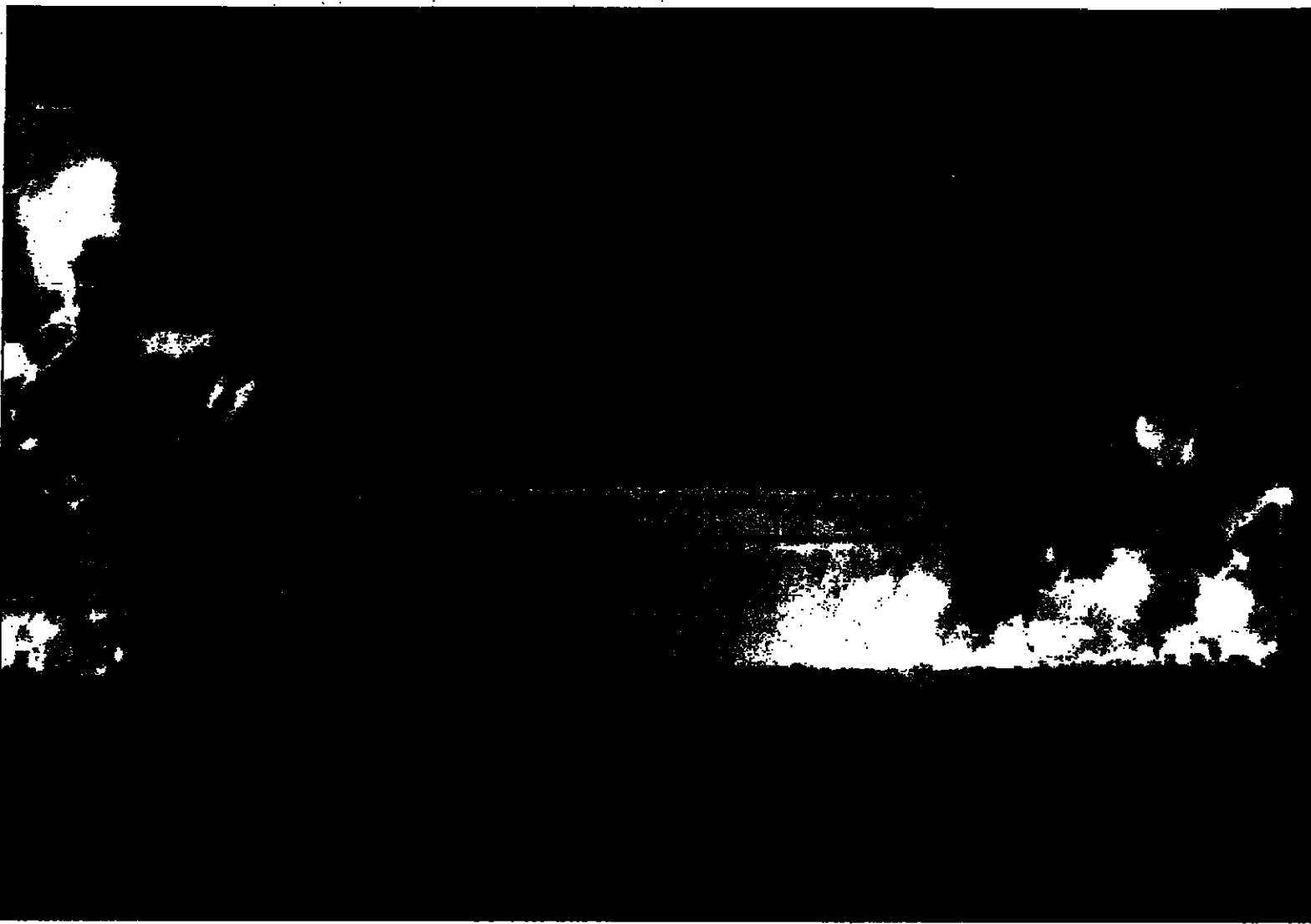
Many times during this 13-year ethnic war, Tamil suicide squads have slipped into the seaside capital, assassinating cabinet ministers, army generals and a president. They have threatened also to kill Ms Kumaratunga unless she calls off the military offensive against Jaffna.

As troops and fire-fighters rushed to the burning depots, the rebels opened fire, cutting down 23 soldiers and wounding 36 others. A BBC correspondent, George Arney, was reportedly injured in a gun battle.

Witnesses said police and army had mounted checkpoints across Colombo yesterday in hopes of capturing the bombers. So far, police have seized a rocket launcher and a truck laden with explosives.

The heat from the oil storage tanks was so fierce that fire-fighters had no choice but to watch helplessly as they burned out of control. Sri Lanka has appealed to India for help in putting out the fires. The government also imposed a 24-hour curfew, and state radio and television stations urged people not to flee. By late afternoon, many who had run away were starting to return.

Anuruddha Ratwatte, deputy defence minister, said that the explosions in the oil storage tanks would not hamper the army's offensive against the Tamil Tigers fighting for an independent state on the northern tip of the island. More than 35,000 troops are being hurled into battle against the Tamils, who have reportedly suffered heavy losses.



Burning bright: A series of blasts lights up the sky over a Colombo depot yesterday after the Tamil Tiger bombing

Photograph: Reuter

Western nuclear powers to sign pact

MICHAEL SHERIDAN
Diplomatic Editor

Britain, France and the United States yesterday announced they would sign the South Pacific nuclear free treaty, bowing to strong regional opposition to French nuclear tests and hostility towards the presence of foreign nuclear weapons.

The decision, first reported by the Independent, came after secret consultations between the three nuclear powers. It was timed to avoid a row at the UN's 50th anniversary meeting and the Commonwealth summit in Auckland next month.

The Treaty of Rarotonga came into force in 1986 and has been signed by Australia, New Zealand and nine other South Pacific states. It prohibits the acquisition, stationing or testing of nuclear weapons in a huge zone extending from the equator to the fringes of Antarctica.

"The decision... reflects our wish to respond in a practical way to the concerns of those in the region and elsewhere about nuclear testing," the Foreign Office said. It confirmed Britain's belief that an end to all nuclear testing was in sight. But Australia's Environment Minister, John Faulkner, said the move would not defuse opposition to the tests at Mururoa Atoll.

Diplomats said yesterday's announcement merely committed the three powers to sign the treaty at an undecided date in the first half of 1996.

Tokyo fears wave of Okinawan anger

RICHARD LLOYD PARRY
Okinawa

In the southernmost reaches of Japan this week, a fable was enacted which may offer consolation to the struggling coalition government of Tomiichi Murayama, the Prime Minister.

Deep below the sea close to Kikajima, a tiny sub-tropical island 800 miles from Tokyo, there was a big earthquake. It was 6.7 on the open-ended Richter scale, powerful enough to split concrete and upset fishing boats. The island is sparsely populated. None of its inhabitants was hurt, and concerns for their welfare were soon supplanted by a greater fear - that a devastating tsunami, a seismic tidal wave caused by the submarine tremor, would spread outwards and strike mainland Japan. Urgent warnings were issued, beaches and ports evacuated and the forces mobilised. As the skies around the coast buzzed with television helicopters, the terrible wave arrived. It was four-and-a-half inches high.

South of Kikajima lies the larger island of Okinawa, which suffered a metaphorical earthquake of its own six weeks ago.

On 4 September, a 12-year-old schoolgirl was raped by three American servicemen. The island is dominated by 16 American bases. The rape provoked national uproar - at the crime itself, but above all at the very presence of the bases, which take up one fifth of the island, and impact its infrastructure and development.

A series of almost daily protests will climax today at a mass rally near a Marine camp. 50,000 Okinawans are expected to turn out. Mr Murayama and his ministers have offered sympathy, condemnation of the crime, but no concrete proposals to reduce the number of bases maintained by their government under the US-Japan Security Treaty. They appear to be hoping that, like this week's tsunami, the tidal wave will be no more than a ripple.

On Thursday, however, it claimed its first casualty when Noboru Hoshuyama, a senior Defence Ministry official, resigned. Mr Hoshuyama was head of the Defence Facilities Administration Agency, responsible for the maintenance of the US bases, and the leases on the land which they occupy. A small part of that land is rented forcibly from

unwilling landlords; last month the Governor of Okinawa, Masahide Ota, announced that he would not sign documents commandeering it.

This was where Mr Hoshuyama's difficulties began. He flew down to Okinawa to reason with the Governor. But Mr Ota refused to see him. Back in Tokyo, Mr Hoshuyama recommended that court action be taken against the Governor, but Mr Murayama resisted. Last week, Mr Hoshuyama let his frustration get the better of him. "The business has been caused because the Prime Minister is stupid," he told a Cabinet official. "Tell him to act firmly with the law. If he does not, other countries will doubt whether Japan is democratic and law-abiding." Within 24 hours, he was clearing his desk.

Never a resolute prime minister, Mr Murayama is in a bind over the Okinawa affair. Temperamentally he must sympathise with Governor Ota: as leader of the Social Democratic Party (SDP), until recently he opposed the US-Japan Security Treaty on principle. But last June he formed a coalition with two conservative parties, and the SDP's pacifist principles were abandoned.

Pay your dues, Clinton to be told at UN summit

DAVID USBORNE
New York

President Bill Clinton will face an unusually frosty reception from traditional allies, including Britain, when he joins world leaders in New York tomorrow to mark the 50th anniversary of the United Nations.

What was meant to have been three days of celebration, with 145 heads of state and government in attendance, is likely to become a sombre forum on how the UN can be rescued from dire financial straits, precipitated principally by Washington's failure to pay its dues.

The European Union, in particular, has stepped up its criticism of the US, which, according to the UN, currently owes the organisation about \$1.4bn - more than the total UN budget for a year.

The UN is being forced to draw funds from a separate budget for peace-keeping, simply to keep the lights burning in its headquarters. "Travel by UN officials has been curtailed severely, recruiting has stopped and there is doubt whether staff salaries will be paid after 1 December." In a tactic that has strained relations in New York, British diplomats have been instructed by London to make reference, whenever the question of the funding of UN operations arises, to the obligation on member states to make timely contributions.

Sir John Weston, the British ambassador, noted that what the US is expected to pay is hardly gigantic in relative terms. "The entire UN regular budget last year was a little over \$1bn, or the equivalent of no more than two-thirds of the annual costs of running the British Diplomatic Service, or the New York Police Department," he said in a speech.

Newt Gingrich: Sees UN as 'totally incompetent'

London was incensed by a recent incident in which seven British members of Unikom, the UN mission that monitors the Iraq-Kuwait border, arrived at Heathrow airport to leave for the region only to be told by the UN that there was no money for their flights. They went home.

For Mr Clinton, the affair is acutely embarrassing. Although his administration consistently insists that it supports the continuation of the UN, his hands are tied by Congress, which appears more, rather than less,

determined to withhold payments from the organisation. Bills have been passed in both houses of Congress that would reduce still further the size of the cheques that might finally be delivered to the UN.

The mood of antipathy has been reflected in the comments of such figures as Jesse Helms, the Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who recently described the UN as the "long-time nemesis of millions of Americans".

Meanwhile, the Speaker of the House, Newt Gingrich, recently went further, suggesting that the UN was a "totally incompetent instrument any place that matters, which kills people by its behaviour". The UN's reputation was especially damaged by failed peace-keeping in Somalia, during which 18 US Marines were killed on one day in October 1993.

Mr Clinton is expected to reiterate tomorrow his commitment to the UN, but also to demand firm and accelerated progress towards some internal reforms. Diplomats hope that a bargain might be struck eventually, whereby proof from the UN that it is going on a slimming regime will allow the President to make a stronger case to Congress to reinstate some of the lost funding and reduce the outstanding debt. There is, however, no guarantee that Congress would be much impressed even then.

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Democracy comes to the isle of cloves

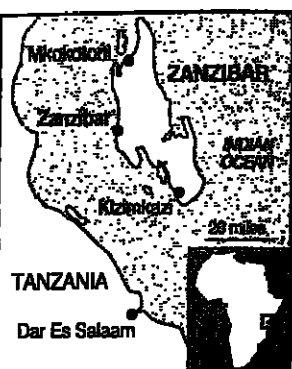
Zanzibar — It is given to few people to make history, to even fewer to rewrite it. But there are those in Zanzibar who believe that this weekend they will have a chance to do both. Tomorrow Zanzibar's vote in stage one of Tanzania's first multi-party elections.

Claims to a date with history might seem an absurdity for an island of fewer than 750,000 people that is not even sovereign. But in the words of a High Court judge, Wafango Dourado, "Zanzibar, like all island people, have an exaggerated sense of their own importance." Its glory days are over and it is budget travellers, not seafarers from the exotic past, who now wander the alleys of the old Stone Town. The only reminders of its mid-19th century pre-eminence as the world's largest producer of cloves and the largest slave entrepot on Africa's east coast are the crumbling Arab buildings and the tours for which the backpackers sign up: the Spice Tour and the visit to the site of the old slave market.

However, it is not the distant past which Mr Justice Dourado talked of rewriting. Not the

Tomorrow's vote could be a chance to rewrite history, reports David Orr

Middle Ages, when the Shirazi Persians settled, nor even the decades after 1890 when Zanzibar was ruled as a British protectorate under the Omani sultan. The crucial years for Mr Dourado are 1963-64. In December 1963, a year after Julius



Nyerere became president of a newly independent Tanganyika, Zanzibar attained its own freedom. Mr Dourado became foreign secretary in a coalition government regarded by Zanzibari nationalists as pro-Arab.

He held the post for five weeks: in January 1964 the government and monarchy were overthrown in an uprising instigated by the island's Afro-Shirazi Party. Some 17,000 Arabs and Indians were massacred and thousands driven abroad. Mr Dourado survived an assassination attempt and became attorney-general in 1964.

In April that year Zanzibar's fate was sealed. After talks between Mr Nyerere and President Abeid Karume of Zanzibar, Zanzibar and the neighbouring island of Pemba merged with mainland Tanganyika to form the United Republic of Tanzania.

"It was an unequal marriage from the start," said Mr Dourado in his office, the turquoise waters of the Indian Ocean framed in the window behind him. "The union has always favoured Tanganyika. When foreign aid has been given it has gone to the mainland; it has not been shared with Zanzibar. It's been like that with everything. Nyerere did no good for this is-



Beach of dreams: Islanders hope the poll will put their ties with the mainland on a more even footing

Photograph: Harry Gruyaert/Magnum

land. Now is our chance to rectify the mistake made more than three decades ago."

The main challenge to the governing Chama Cha Mapinduzi (CCM) — Party of the Revolution — comes from the Civic United Front (CUF). Both are holding large rallies today. In contrast to the CCM incumbent, Zanzibari President Salim Amour, who shuns

the press and public gatherings, the CUF candidate, Seif Sharif Hamad, has been leading a vigorous campaign. His main support comes from Zanzibar town and from his native Pemba. A former prime minister of Zanzibar, Mr Hamad is an ardent advocate of market forces and of Zanzibari autonomy. "There's no question of us breaking away," Mr Hamad

said. "We simply want to negotiate the terms of the union and resolve the issues not dealt with in 1964. We need more control of fiscal and monetary matters. The CCM is moving towards one government for everyone. What we want is three governments: one for the mainland, one for Zanzibar and a third, federal government which would decide union is-

sues. If we win in Zanzibar we will hold a referendum on the question of a third government." Mr Hamad's critics say he is funded by Oman and is encouraging the return of Arabs forced out in 1964. If the CUF wins, Zanzibar will be headed for almost certain confrontation with the mainland, where the CCM is being tipped for victory when

elections are held there next weekend. But as long as Mr Nyerere remains the power behind the CCM government, there is little chance of a loosening of ties: the "father of the nation" considers the union one of his greatest achievements. Zanzibari agitation has been fiercely resisted in the past. As yet, there is no sign of a change of heart from the mainland.

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the saturday story

It was one of those quiet, civilised, friendly lunches that end with blood being spilt. There was, of course, no mess on the carpet at Wilton's when Max Hastings and Dominic Lawson left the club-like atmosphere of the Jermyn Street restaurant, but the die had been cast. Hastings's 10-year tenure as editor of the *Daily Telegraph* was soon to end.

There was more to it than mere newsroom politicking. For the struggle that has taken place for the soul of the *Telegraph* over the four weeks since then has spoken of something which goes to the heart of the crisis in the party that has ruled Britain for the past 17 years.

It was the third time Hastings had been put in the position of interviewing for the post of his deputy a young man who was far to the right of him in political complexion. First there had been Charles Moore (at that point editor of the *Spectator*), then Simon Heffer (deputy editor at the same magazine) and now he was talking to the *Spectator's* current editor and son of the former Conservative Chancellor, Nigel Lawson. It looked, too, as though Dominic Lawson would follow in the steps of Moore and Heffer and join the country's largest-selling broadsheet paper as Hastings's deputy.

Their provenance was significant. The *Spectator* is owned by Conrad Black, the proprietor of the *Telegraph*, and was popularly seen as the training ground for a new generation of young Tories, all a decade younger than Hastings, whom Black seemed intent on planting inside the *Telegraph* to tread upon the heels of the editor, urging him on to a more unashamedly right-wing view of the world.

Max Hastings was of the old school of fair-minded, decent pragmatism that had once been the distinguishing feature of intelligent middle-England Conservatism. The Canadian Conrad Black, like the young acolytes who were nurtured at the *Spectator*, was altogether more robust and ideologically rigorous. For a decade their interests had coincided as Hastings showed how it was possible to transform a highly conservative newspaper - technologically, commercially and journalistically - so that it won new readers without ever sacrificing the continuous character that keeps existing readers on board.

But now, Hastings felt, the centre was falling apart. Black's political gaffe had been steadily rising as his disillusionment with John Major grew. It was a process accelerated by his marriage three years ago to Barbara Amiel, a vitally right-wing Canadian journalist. It was clear that after the next general election, when most Tories anticipate a victory for Tony Blair, the Conservative Party would reassess and, almost certainly, lurch dramatically to the right. The unsteady Hastings-Black axis would not then hold.

Lawson - who was vigorously insisting, apparently with the backing of Black, that he should be brought in over the



Max Hastings's surprise resignation pitched Conrad Black into three weeks of soul-searching. Paul Valley recounts who did what to whom

Turmoil at the Telegraph

heads of the other three deputy editors - was clearly being groomed to replace him. Hastings had seen off the threat from Moore and Heffer because he was producing a newspaper that was commercially successful. But after an election the balance would shift. He began, he told friends, to anticipate "bumpy passages". It was time to jump before he was pushed.

Soon after this, Hastings bumped into Sir David English, the former editor of the *Daily Mail* and now chairman of Associated Newspapers, who hinted that Hastings could take over as editor of the *London Evening Standard*, another Associated title, at the end of the year. Why wait till the end of the year, Hastings asked. Three days later he met English and the paper's owner, Lord Rothmans, to sign a five-year deal which, with a house and share options thrown in, was worth around £400,000 a year - considerably more than the

£184,000 he got at the *Telegraph* and with a considerably more secure future.

The next day, Friday 29 September, he rang the *Telegraph's* deputy chairman, Daniel Coulson, at his hotel in Sydney and resigned. Coulson was humiliated. He thought, on the basis of conversations between

Hastings was of the old school of fair-minded, decent pragmatism

the two men the previous Friday, that Hastings was in the bag for another two years - until the election.

Within the day Conrad Black, who was in Toronto, had received phone calls or faxes from eight credible candidates.

Coulson and Black flew to New York, where they spent two disconcerting days considering the situation. Hastings had caught them completely off-guard. Black was in a dilemma. He wanted an editor who would swing instinctively behind a new Tory leader of the Redwood/Portillo strain. But he also needed an editor capable of boosting the circulation of the *Telegraph*, which had once been a substantial provider of cash to bolster the finances of his international media empire, but which was now suffering in the price war instigated by his arch-rival Rupert Murdoch with his *20p Times*.

Politically, the succession seemed to fall to Charles Moore, editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*. But although he had increased circulation by almost 100,000, his paper's internal market research showed that many of them were - contrary to the youthful figures in its advertising campaign - former *Sunday Express* readers, whose

age profile was just as dodgy as dying *Telegraph* readers.

The *Telegraph* men began to talk about "a commercial editor" who would raise the promotional and marketing profile of the paper. Even before Hastings resigned, Black and Coulson had been in talks with Andrew Neil, former editor of the *Sunday Times*. Black was known to admire his commercial "brilliance" and was hoping to bring him into his parent company, Hollinger, as a consultant to advise on how to combat the price strategy of Neil's old boss, Murdoch. Observers outside the *Telegraph* claim that Neil was offered the editorship and, when he declined, was asked to become editor-in-chief of both the *Sunday* and *daily*. Those inside say no offer was made because Neil's colourful and combative republican and son-of-the-mass image would have frightened off existing *Telegraph* readers - and executives - in droves.

Whatever happened, the

process tied up Black for almost two weeks. It was only a week ago that serious discussions began with Paul Dacre, editor of the *Daily Mail*. Dacre himself has played his cards closely, refusing to comment on rumours that he applied because of reports inside Associated that Max Hastings was being brought into the group

Moore may turn out to be more 'aggressive' than his detractors suggested

to take over from English in 10 years' time.

Dacre's great virtue was that he was of the same aggressive school as Neil - the School of the New Brutalism, as the old-style *Telegraph* staff regarded it. His disadvantage to a potential

employer was that when he was editor of the *Evening Standard* he had been asked to edit the *Times* and had flirted with the idea, only to turn it down at the last minute when Associated made the counter-offer of the *Mail*. In the two years since he had edited what is regarded as Britain's leading tabloid with vigour and enthusiasm, if some said, without the stylish sophistication of David English.

Clearly fascinated by the challenge of editing a great broadsheet like the *Telegraph*, Dacre entered serious talks with Black. The two men met last weekend and came close to reaching agreement. Dacre actually had a contract on his desk at the *Mail* on Tuesday evening when English, alerted by Hastings, called to see him. The Hollywood version that circulated at the *Telegraph's* Canary Wharf offices was that Dacre was due to sign on Wednesday at 9am but that while he was on the way there he received a counter-offer

from English over the car phone and told his chauffeur to turn the car round. Rumours abounded of a £100,000 rise to his £350,000 salary, an increase in editorial budget, a seat on the Associated board. Dacre kept mum but senior journalists at the *Mail* hint that, as negotiations progressed, English played on Dacre's growing doubts about the independence that *Telegraph* editors had from proprietorial interference. Suffice it to say that, and say Dacre leaked the offer to use as a bargaining chip to get a better deal from his existing paper.

Either way, on Wednesday morning Coulson summoned Lawson to meet him in secret at his home and offered him the job of editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*. At 11 am Coulson and Black called Moore up to the 16th floor to talk about the *daily* paper. They gave him a grilling. It lasted so long that they had to break off before they had finished because Moore was having lunch with Douglas Hurd at the Savoy. As Moore left the Savoy he bumped into English and reportedly said it would do him no good if anyone from the *Telegraph* saw them together just then. He returned to the meeting with Black and Coulson and at 4pm was offered the job, though the announcement was delayed until the stock market closed.

Black had seen other internal candidates, including Heffer, who - for all his military metaphors about having "his tanks on Max's lawn before Christmas" - was judged to have failed dismally in his task of gingering up Hastings's act. He also saw Veronica Wadley, who had been responsible for enlivening much of the paper's features coverage over the past decade, but she proved insufficiently right-wing. By the end of the week both Heffer and Wadley had left - he in a huff at not getting a consolation prize as editor of the *Spectator* and she summarily dismissed by Charles Moore, who may turn out to be more "aggressive" than his detractors suggested.

It may be, of course, that not inheriting the mantle as of right will sharpen up Moore's act, though those who caricatured him as an abstracted, high-minded intellectual interested only in the Catholic church and the Tory party were probably in for a surprise anyway. It may well be that Lawson, with his track record of mischief-making stories at the *Spectator* - remember the exposé of the *Guardian's* Richard Gott as a KGB contact, the cabinet minister Nicholas Ridley's goof about the Germans still wanting to take over the world or the Queen's secretary saying that Fergie was "vulgar, vulgar, vulgar" - will prove as good an editor as the *Sunday* could have hoped for.

In that case, in six months everyone will have forgotten there was ever a hiatus in the *Telegraph* succession. But if the two papers become as right-wing as must be expected, by then the Government will have far more important things to worry about.

Jo Brand's week

The British designer John Galiano has stunned Paris with his latest collection. So high were feelings running this week that crash barriers had to be erected outside his show. Why? Are women likely to trample him in a desperate bid to find out whether a green tank top can be safely sported with a pair of red leggings? Apparently, Galiano mixed the "typical pretentious of an 18th-century pastoral idyll with the stern sobriety of his Spanish background". Good-oh. Most look out for some of that down my local Marks & Sparks at the Elephant and Castle.



18th-century with stern sobriety

Boris Yeltsin has finally been revealed as a new lad. Not only has he apparently been too sozzled, on at least one occasion, to meet a fellow world leader. I now spot him on the news pinching a couple of women as he passed them. Dear me. Maybe it's about time that a few of his advisers look him aside and instructed him in the rudiments of how to behave in public.

I always used to admire the fact that in Russia women didn't seem to be discriminated against in jobs such as medicine. It now appears that the civilising influence of capitalism has, depressingly, sent Boris back into the Dark Ages as far as respect for women is concerned. Get him a job at

the *Sun* immediately. Boris is also threatening to play Jacques Chirac at tennis to scotch rumours of his poor health. Ball girls beware.

The Social Fund, set up to help poor people get hold of essentials such as cookers and beds, apparently turned down 116,000 applications last year, because these people were assessed as being too poor to play the means back. What a great idea set up a service to help the poverty-stricken worst-off members of our society and then tell them they can't have anything. A superb way of saving money if you ask me.

What about having a universal health service that refuses to treat the people who need it most? It doesn't look like it will be very long before we have achieved this.

There is a concept known as iatrogenesis, which means disease caused by treatment. Anyone who thinks it must be rare only needs to look at what a spitting time some women are having with the Pill to realise that iatrogenesis is very common. Since the Pill came on the market in the Sixties, women have been offered a very wide range of accompanying illnesses, including heart problems and blood clots. Thirty years later, things don't seem to be improving, as women are still at risk from the Pill.

I always thought it was ironic that the Pill offered women great sexual freedom but made some of them so fat that nobody wanted to sleep with them any more. I stopped taking it



when I was in my early twenties, having whacked on three stone in the first six months. Optimistically I assumed it would drop off. Wrong: it stuck there solidly.

The idea of a male pill has been bandied around for years but you can bet your bottom dollar that any bloke vaguely thinking of taking it is going to take one look at the problems women have had and continue to spread his seed unchecked. Perhaps the answer is to allow only female researchers to work on making the Pill safe. At least they'll have more of an investment in the project.

Nice to see democracy so effectively applied in Iraq, as Saddam Hussein got back in to power without too much trouble. A number of hiccups were hastily rectified when some voters, panicking as they saw their friends give him the thumbs down, anxiously whipped away their



Democracy in action

mates' ballot papers and corrected the "no" votes. Some people even voted in their own blood. You'd think they'd manage to supply everyone with pens.

I'm about to go off on tour again this week and have therefore had to spend a day doing promotional interviews on the phone. What a joy to participate in 16 interviews on the trot and be asked the same questions over and over again. "How did you get started in comedy?" is a very popular one and, having given a truthful account to seven or eight papers, it does get very tempting to say things like, "A hippopotamus told me to," just to relieve the tedium.

Lots of journalists secretly think they've got you well and truly cussed, like one woman who triumphantly offered the theory that I wear black because I think it makes me look thinner. Perhaps she thought she'd found a chink in the armour and I was going to break down into girly weeping and confess that, yes, I did want to get married to a graphic designer called Roger, live in a bungalow in Cheam and be able to sit next to someone on the bus. Unfortunately I don't want to, so I didn't say it.

I was sad to miss the results of the nation's favourite poem, although it wasn't a great surprise to discover it was one that lots of us did in English at school. I have to say I prefer the Mr Kipling who makes the cakes. "If" hasn't got much to offer to the female gender, I'm afraid. Besides, I always thought that "if you can keep your head while all around are losing theirs", you were a bit thick and didn't realise the scale of the problem. At least Rudyard gives hope to all those men spending the housekeeping money on lottery tickets, safe in the knowledge that risking all their winnings had made them a man.

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PROFILE: Louis Farrakhan

Media demon and great black hope. Mike Phillips sees a man to do business with

If you happen to be black, there's a curious sense of seeing this week's coverage of America's Million Man March through a looking glass. White commentators vied with each other in describing the march organiser, Louis Farrakhan and his Nation of Islam (NOI) movement as "grim" and "forbidding". Headlines screamed "race hate" and "demon". Farrakhan's adherents are characterised as young, angry, deprived or deluded. The picture is of a vicious cult leader who has built a following by cultivating communal hatreds.

From the other side of the mirror the picture looks very different. Anyone who uses any of the subways or bus stations in the black areas of a major city in the US will be familiar with the sound of Minister Farrakhan's voice blaring out from a portable machine next to a stand where a group of boys in bowties and neat jackets are selling the NOI journal, the *Final Call*. In public venues like this, where the average black commuter is accustomed to being accosted by junkies or menaced by muggers, the sight of the NOI is a source of reassurance and pride.

Indeed, for most African Americans Louis Farrakhan's NOI is the only stable national black organisation operating at the grassroots. It rehabilitates junkies and gangsters. It runs its own businesses, a huge private security network, restaurants, bakeries, markets, bookstore and schools. White commentators tend to note that NOI membership is small, maybe less than a hundred thousand. But within the African American communities their impact far outweighs the actual size of the membership. What counts is the fact that NOI members are committed to a fierce self-discipline that imposes a reliable standard of behaviour. Ask any African American and the reply you get emphasises the Nation's central role in the community's image of itself.

As leader of the NOI Louis Farrakhan has

He has become one of the most popular speakers on black university campuses

become the touchstone of these values. Born in 1934, he grew up in New York and was working the clubs in 1956 as a calypso singer when he met Malcolm X, then under the influence of the NOI sect leader Elijah Muhammad.

Farrakhan became part of the bodyguard around Malcolm, the Fruit of Islam. At the time the Nation was a relatively small sect, best known for Malcolm's oratory and later for recruiting the boxer Muhammad Ali. Farrakhan was a natural and emotional orator, and by the beginning of the Sixties he was Minister of the New York Temple. Relations with Malcolm soured as the latter began to question Elijah Muhammad's integrity. Farrakhan



For most African Americans Farrakhan's Nation of Islam is the only stable, national and grassroots black organisation Rex

Kingmaker in waiting

and Malcolm became passionate rivals and when Malcolm rejected Muhammad's leadership and started his own movement, Farrakhan became an implacable enemy.

A few weeks before Malcolm's murder in 1965 Farrakhan wrote in the NOI newspaper, "Malcolm is worthy of death." The words were typical of what many see as his intemperate style at the time. For years he was dogged by the accusation that if he hadn't ordered the assassination of Malcolm, he had created the atmosphere in which it had to happen.

Farrakhan denied it all. But for a time he

even held a public reconciliation with Oubiah's mother, Betty Shabazz. That event removed the last question mark that the bulk of black opinion was prepared to put against his name.

On the other hand, Farrakhan's tradition of statements about the Jews continues to cause deep offence. "Blood-suckers" is the latest and fairly mild quote. Such statements echo the tensions and territorial struggles in poor US inner cities: in the streets blacks blame Jews for making profits out of housing, local shops and state subsidies without putting anything back.

Other black leaders have traditionally distanced themselves from Farrakhan's anti-Jewish diatribes - although Jesse Jackson notably defied Jewish and liberal opinion recently to avoid condemning Farrakhan. He himself denies any anti-Semitic feeling, recently dismissing one of his lieutenants for insulting language about Jewish physical characteristics. None of this lets him off the hook and it will be a long time before Jewish minorities forgive and forget.

Despite this, it is too easy for white commentators to dismiss the appeal of Farrakhan and the Nation as an oasis of separatism within which poor and ignorant blacks can nurse their hatreds. Over the past two decades, he has become the most popular and the sought-after speakers on black university campuses that house the most able, and most mobile young African Americans.

As if to contradict white assumptions about Farrakhan's status as an embittered ghetto spokesman, the majority of black men

on the Million Man march weren't disaffected ghetto youths or bitter ex-cons. Surveys of its membership showed that less than 20 per cent of the marchers were aged 18-25, while the largest proportion was aged between 30 and 50. There was a large number of professional men, doctors, lawyers, teachers. More than 20 per cent were earning more than \$40,000 a year, and as many as 11 per cent earned above \$100,000.

What's clear is that Farrakhan's appeal embraces a wide cross-section of the community, a fact to which most media commentators have reacted with bewilderment. For African Americans, who are continually reminded that the price of acceptance and equality is a model of identity defined and policed by whites, Farrakhan's outspoken speeches are cathartic.

This week Farrakhan has taken on a new importance in the spectrum of black leadership. No one else could have had the confidence or charisma to make it happen and he knows it. He has pitched directly into the arena of electoral politics, urging his audience to register for the vote, and to join any organisation "that is working for the uplift of the people".

In the circumstances it's hard to see any politician who wants to capture even a modest slice of the black vote opposing Farrakhan or failing to come to an accommodation with him. The word is that he's more interested in being a kingmaker than in running for office. If that's so, the next two years should see a wide variety of American politicians beating a path to his door, eager to rehabilitate the man they've so far ignored.

The horse who could win by a landslide

Red Rum was much more than a thoroughbred - he was a great public figure, says Alastair Down

Alec Douglas-Home and Red Rum died eight days apart. One was prime minister but never ran in the Grand National, the other won the National three times and would almost certainly have been elected had he stood for the premiership.

What is certain is that Red Rum was backed by more people in his five faultless forays round those fearsome fences than was Sir Alec in the 1964 general election. But then the British, who love a punt, have always been more exercised by the inequality of horses than the equality of man.

This was reflected in Thursday's newspaper front pages which devoted reams of space to Red Rum's demise. One would be tempted to say that the breadth, depth and acreage of space was of the sort usually reserved for great public figures, but the truth is that Red Rum - a horse aged 30 - commanded vastly greater coverage than did Lord Home the week before.

And why not? The Grand National takes nine minutes to run, and his three wins and two seconds meant that Red Rum had spent more than 45 minutes galloping through the front rooms of most of the nation's households. Like it or despite it, the race is a national institution and the horse's unique achievements in it wove Red Rum into the warp and weft of the nation's sporting consciousness.

And, of course, this is a nation that often suspends its notions of the sensible where animals are concerned: a country in which the privileged classes pack their children off to boarding school soon after they've reached a reliable level of continence, while letting their dogs stay at home and sleep on their beds.

Perhaps the most surprising thing was that Red Rum never figured in the New Year Honours List. He could have had an honorary knighthood, like Bob Geldof, though it is probably fair to say that public recognition of horses by the state has never recovered the lustre it lost a few years back when Caligula made his horse Consul.

But what made Red Rum so special, so famous? After all he

was just a horse - four legs, teeth and the customary functions that are good for the roses. The answer is that Red Rum was seen for what he was - himself.

Most horses with a place in history owe their eminence to a human connection. Where would Black Bess be without Dick Turpin? Or Bucephalus without his regular jockey Alexander The Great? And think of poor old Copenhagen, hanging around all day waiting for Napoleon to get back on, just because the Emperor kept trying to go round corners with one hand still tucked inside his jacket.

The glory all those equines enjoyed was reflected glory because of the close connection



National hero: Red Rum

they had with humans - although history is reticent as to the identity of those animals linked with Catherine the Great, who is said to have taken the notion of "the love of horses" rather more literally than is recommended by the Pony Club.

But Red Rum is rightly seen as having done it all himself, the allure of his rise from obscurity to genuine greatness much enriched by the everyday nature of his surroundings - he was stabled behind a second-hand car showroom and trained on a beach. As the *Sporting Life* editorialised about him this week, with only a touch of hyperbole: "He was the people's horse, as ordinary as a cup of tea yet as rare as Halley's Comet."

We shouldn't worry that Sir Alec Douglas-Home was upstaged by a horse. We have had loads of prime ministers, but only one Red Rum.

The writer is associate editor at the *Sporting Life*

The makings of a tartan blueprint

Yesterday's proposals set a credible basis for a future Scottish parliament, argues John Curtice

Just imagine it. Paddy Ashdown and Tony Blair sit down and agree on a system of proportional representation for elections to the House of Commons. They decide to tear up the existing benches in the Commons and redesign them in the shape of a horseshoe. And they agree that the Prime Minister should be elected by the House of Commons rather than nominated by the Queen.

What's more, their plans are endorsed by the TUC and the major local authority associations. Even the Archbishop of Canterbury has a kindly word to say for them.

Fantasy? South of the border, undoubtedly yes. But this would be the English equivalent of what has just happened in Scotland. The proposals for a new devolved Scottish parliament, which were formally endorsed yesterday by the Scottish Constitutional Convention, are indeed a remarkable development.

Even viewed with Scottish eyes, yesterday's agreement was significant. The political parties, the key players, started poles apart. The Liberal Democrats favoured a federal structure for the whole of the UK, with England and Wales, as well as Scotland, having their own parliaments. Labour, in contrast, was committed to a Scottish parliament that would have significantly more powers than anything that might be created south of the border. The Liberal Democrats still retained their faith in the Single Transferable Vote system of proportional representation. Labour preferred first-past-the-post.

Yet despite these differences both parties are jointly committed to a detailed agreement to change radically the way Scotland is governed.

While it may be remarkable, does it matter? Why has Labour, which dominates Scottish politics, felt it worthwhile to talk to the Liberal Democrats, who have the support of little more than one in ten Scots?



Poles apart: but the key players at the Convention resolved many of their differences

A look at the history of constitutional change in post-war Britain provides the answer. It is littered with failure. Harold Wilson attempted to reform the House of Lords in the Sixties, and was defeated by an unholy alliance between Michael Foot and Enoch Powell. And in the Seventies devolution to Scotland itself was lost thanks to the Labour MP George Cunningham's backbench amendment requiring that the proposals be endorsed by the support of 40 per cent of all Scots in a referendum.

Thus on both occasions governments were defeated by their own backbenchers. As John Major discovered with the Maastricht Bill, proposals for constitutional change are particularly vulnerable to backbench rebellions because all MPs take part in the detailed committee stage of the bill rather than just a

small group hand-picked by the whips. Labour cannot be sure that its proposals for a Scottish parliament would not cause divisions in its ranks once again. Labour MPs from the north of England may well have some worries that creating a Scottish parliament in the absence of any clear commitment to regional assemblies for England could be to the disadvantage of their constituents. They might be particularly concerned, for instance, about the parliament's ability to direct industrial policy and regeneration programmes.

But north of the border, Labour needs to demonstrate that, unlike in the Seventies, this time it can deliver. Whereas in England, Labour's electoral task may be to overturn the Tories, in Scotland its job is to keep at bay a nationalist party which in the past three years has clearly established itself as the principal opposition.

This is where yesterday's agreement is vital. By agreeing with the Liberal Democrats much of the detail about how a Scottish parliament should be formed, Labour's claim that this time it will succeed where previously it failed looks far stronger.

But the critics of devolution will still find plenty of ammunition to fire at this document. The most difficult job in establishing any devolved parliament is getting its relationship with Westminster right. And on at least three counts these proposals may not achieve that task. First, the Convention admits that what Westminster gives, ultimately it can take away. It has not found a way of entrenching a Scottish parliament so that it cannot be abolished by a future House of Commons.

Instead, it claims that no Westminster government would dare abolish a parliament that clearly had the support

of the people. Yet no provision is made to demonstrate the existence of that support by holding a referendum before the parliament is established.

Second, the parliament will still be primarily reliant on Whitehall for its funds. The Convention has drawn back from the idea of assigning to Scotland the taxes raised in Scotland, presumably because it has found that they are insufficient to fund what is spent in Scotland now.

Instead the parliament will receive the funds that now go to the Scottish Office. True, these are currently fixed by formula, but it still means that if expenditure is cut in England, Scotland's budget is reduced, too. A Labour parliament in Edinburgh could still find itself at the mercy of Conservative cuts at Westminster.

Of course, the new parliament is to have its own tax-raising power, by raising (or cutting) income tax by up to three pence in the pound. But income tax is the most politically sensitive of all taxes, a fact that the Scottish Secretary, Michael Forsyth, has already exploited effectively by dubbing the proposal a "tartan tax". In short, the only weapon the parliament will have in its battle with Westminster is a nuclear one that could well blow up in its backyard, rather than in London.

Third, the proposals are decidedly vague about the division of legislative powers and responsibilities between Westminster and Edinburgh. In particular there are no firm proposals about how disputes between the two bodies might be resolved.

The Convention's proposals, then, are an important step on the road to making a devolved Scottish parliament a reality. But equally, yesterday's blueprint is very unlikely ever to come to fruition simply in its current form.

The writer is senior lecturer in politics at Strathclyde University and deputy director of the ESRC Centre for Research into Elections and Social Trends.

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obituaries / gazette

Iri Maruki

Long before I ever dreamt I should one day be invited to teach English literature in Japan, I encountered the extraordinary paintings of Iri Maruki. It was in London in 1956, where an exhibition of his Hiroshima murals and panels was held at the ICA Gallery. I did not then know the artist's name, but as a pacifist I was attracted by the themes of the exhibition. Nothing had prepared me for the overwhelming impact of his images of the Hiroshima holocaust. They presented realistically but as in a Blakean vision of hell the intense human sufferings of that disaster.

I was so overcome by the sight of those helpless men, women, children and animals crawling and writhing with tortured skin in that furnace of agony, I had to leave the building. In a calmer mood, I returned to the exhibition, trying to control my feelings by scribbling in a notebook a few words and sketches. Eventually these became a poem whose title, "Ghosts, Fire Water", is taken from the first three sets of panels, painted in 1950 by Iri Maruki and his wife Toshi. It was a poem of 34 lines, but when I submitted it to magazines and weeklies for publication it was rejected as too frightening or too melodramatic. Such was the general indifference and ignorance of those times about these great works, the finest artistic protests ever made against the folly of war. In desperation, I put a typed copy of my poem in the visitors' book in the gallery. One of the organisers of the exhibition then wrote asking why I had not sent it to the *New Statesman* and was shocked when I told her it had been refused. Fortunately, the poem was eventually printed in my collection *The Descent into the Cave* (1957). I quote some lines that give something of the colours as well as the shapes of these paintings: Grey, out of pale nothingness their agony appears, Like ash they are blown and blasted on the wind's Vermilion breathlessness, like shapeless smoke. Their shapes are torn across the paper sky...

In the shock of flame, their tears brand our flesh; We twist in their furnace, and our scorching throats Parch for the waters where the cool dead float. We press our lips upon the river where they drink and drown...

Iri Maruki knew violence and death in many forms, yet appeared to lead a charmed life, for he always escaped disaster. Such close calls with death made him a totally unselfish observer of tragedy and terror.

He began with his birth, in 1901, when his mother fell down a flight of stairs in their small village home. He was born with a broad port-wine stain over the right half of his face. This saved him from having to perform military service in the war against China. In 1923, he emerged unharmed from the Great Kanto Earthquake. At the end of the Second World War, too, he survived unscathed the American saturation fire raids on Tokyo. Then he attempted to rejoin his family in Hiroshima, before the imminent Allied invasion of Okinawa, but could not obtain a permit to travel there on the packed trains.

He was still in Tokyo when the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. But the next day he was able to make the slow, painful journey to the devastated city. Several of his friends and relatives had died, among them his father, though his mother lived on. "We carried the injured, cremated the dead, searched for food and water, made roofs of scorched tin sheets, wandered about just like those who had experienced the bomb, in the midst of flies and maggots and the stench of death" - this was how Iri and Toshi Maruki later recalled their experiences; these experiences formed the kernel of their vast works.

Iri Maruki was the oldest son of a poor peasant family who left home to apprentice himself to artists working in the traditional *suboku* ink-and-water techniques of Nihonga painting. Already in 1930 he was attracting attention because of his innovative techniques and a preference for large-scale paint-



In the shock of flame, their tears brand our flesh: Iri Maruki's wife, Toshi, at the Maruki Museum in Higashimatsuyama, near Tokyo, in August this year, with *Fire* (1950), one of the 15 Hiroshima panels they painted together. Photograph: Kimimasa Mayama / Reuters

ings. His wife Toshi had more formal training in Western-style painting and was influenced by Goya, Käthe Kollwitz and Marc Chagall. After their marriage in 1941, they were attracted by the Surrealists. After the Japanese surrender, they joined the Communist Party.

It was in 1948, in an abandoned house in the hills of Kamakura, that the couple who had such divergent painting aims ("oil and water" was how Iri described their artistic relationship) decided to pool their forces and devote their lives to the depiction of Hiroshima, painting the agonies of the people rather than the city itself. The atomic bomb was still a forbidden theme in art, so they worked together in solitude.

Their first production was "a procession of ghosts" clad only in their own rags of flesh. Toshi remembered that some of these ghosts were red, having been

daubed all over with mercurochrome. When this ran out, they were covered with boric acid, becoming white as the white shadows left in the city by people who had simply evaporated in the atomic flash. So began a lifelong project, that continued with *Fire* and *Water*. In the latter a mother cradles a dead child in her arms - even this sacred image had become an icon of human despair. In the eighth panel, *Relief*, Iri Maruki himself makes his one appearance in the vast sequences with Toshi pulling a cart.

When I visited Hiroshima for the first time in 1959, no one knew of the panels. Today, they are exhibited in the Atom Bomb Museum in the Hiroshima Peace Park, and in the Maruki Museum and Gallery near Tokyo, where they are seen by millions of visitors every year. The marriage of Oriental traditional brushwork and European styles has produced a work unique in the history of modern art. In order to accomplish such huge works, the artists had to go down on the floor, and possibly this view of their collaboration gives the panels, when viewed upright, a distinctive expression of informal form. During the 1950s they began to be displayed world-wide.

Those first 10 panels I saw in London were on a long journey from Japan to the Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, North Korea, West Germany, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. It was fitting that, during one of the demonstrations in Australia against France's renewed atomic tests on Mururoa this year, a television documentary showed protesters carrying reproductions of Iri and Toshi Maruki's monumental figures of the ash-covered and spectres staggering

with shrivelled arms outstretched towards the spectator. The last lines of my 1956 poem echo those scenes from contemporary atomic history: Their voices call to us, in pain and indignation: "This is what you have done to us!" - Their accusation is our final hope. Be comforted. Yes, we have heard you, ghosts of our indifference. We hear your cry, we understand your warnings. We too shall refuse to accept our fate. Hail us with the truth of our betrayal. Until the earth's united voices shout refusal, sing your peace! Forgive us, that we had to see your passion to remember. What we must never again deny: Love one another.

James Kirkup

Iri Maruki, painter; born Hiroshima 1901; married; died 19 October 1995.

Don Cherry

"Let's play the music," Ornette Coleman said. "Not the background!" It might sound like an innocuous remark, but with it Coleman summarised the hectic and lawless jazz revolution which he and the trumpeter Don Cherry led in the Fifties.

What Coleman and Cherry did was to remove the background from the music, and to dispense with improvisation on chord progressions, the root of jazz until that time. This was what became known as Free Jazz, a music without rules. Cherry, the drummer Ed Blackwell and the bassist Charlie Haden made up the Ornette Coleman Quintet and, as most jazz innovators do, they came under fire from the critics, who were ever protective of the established jazz style. The critics had more ammunition than usual, for at that stage Cherry and Coleman appeared to have little musical ability. They had no concern with tone or pitch and their musical knowledge was suspect, to say the least.

Cherry's playing seemed to be distilled from many sources, and at this period was the element in the quartet which new listeners could most easily key on to. But the free ensembles, the sloppy playing and the inconsistency of melody seemed an impertinence in the face of revered virtuosos like Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman and, most particularly, Miles Davis.

At the end of the Fifties the quartet made albums like *Something Else!!!*, *Change of the Century* and *Free Jazz*, now accepted as classics but then reviled as junk not very carefully cobbled together. Modern jazz had split into two directions: Coleman and Cherry offered a signpost to the future as they saw it.

Miles Davis, with his contemporary emotional and carefully engineered album *Kind of Blue*, pointed his signpost in the direction of an opposite future. Whereas Coleman and Cherry threw out the chord structure from their compositions, Davis had found, as his new album showed, a replacement for improvising on chords by improvising on modal scales, a method which allowed great freedom while keeping the soloists on a recognisable path. The debate about which method was best has caused anguish in jazz ever since.

Cherry's family moved to Los Angeles when he was four and his father became a bartender at the Plantation Club, where the boy heard visiting stars like Billy Eckstine and Erskine Hawkins. "My sister and I would dance at my father's parties just before we went to bed," Cherry said. "The people would throw money and they would give us a taste. Then they'd take the rest and go out and buy a bottle. My grandmother married a wrestler named Tiger Nelson, who also played the piano. He used to take me with him to the various places he played. My mother had to buy me a horn, but my father didn't want me to play and get mixed up with musicians because of the dope thing. Sometimes I'd have to sneak out to play."

Cherry took time off school to practise, but was caught and sent to a truants' detention school. Here he met the drummer Billy Higgins, later an early member of the Ornette Coleman cartel. Cherry met Coleman for the first time in Los Angeles and they played their first job together in 1957. After their first record date the

two moved to New York. Of the free-ranging quartet Cherry said, "Four people playing strong, really in tune with themselves. That's really something. It's counterpoint in its greatest state. One. And one covers a whole lot of space."

Cherry left Coleman in the early Sixties to work with a string of partners which included Steve Lacy, Sonny Rollins, Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler. The international jazz critics unbent enough to choose Cherry as the trumpet talent deserving wider recognition in the 1963 *Down Beat* poll. Despite the accolade, Cherry had trouble finding work. He led the New York Quintet, with Shepp and John Tchicai, for a time and from 1964 to 1966 co-led a band with the saxophonist Gato Barbieri in Europe. During this period he recorded his two most noted albums, *Complete Communion* and *Symphony for Improvisers*.

He criss-crossed the world, playing and studying various musics and emerged as an icon of Third World Music - or "World Music", as it has now become. He moved away from what many people would have regarded as jazz to work with the rock singers Lou Reed and Ian Dury and formed a trio, Codona, with Nana Vascon-



Cherry: "Free Jazz" Photograph: Redfems

celos and Collin Walcott. Cherry mastered several esoteric instruments including flute, bamboo flute, percussion instruments, a variant on the guitar and berimbau. He had learnt the piano as a child, but his recorded forays on the instrument are simplistic. In his early years he gave up the trumpet in favour of a pocket cornet - and incorporated African and Indian ethnic music into his own. He formed a band, Old and New Dreams, made up of men who had all played with Ornette Coleman and later had a band with the saxophonist Carlos Ward called Nu, which toured Britain in 1987.

Not an articulate trumpeter, he instead probed at the tone qualities he could get from his horn and used unorthodox devices to produce the sounds he wanted. He used chanted mantras and drones and latterly brought Arabic-Turkish music into his repertoire. Although he cited the trumpeters Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, Miles Davis and Harry Edison as influences, there was seldom any palpable extraction from them in his work.

He later had a successful reunion with Ornette Coleman, but for the last year he had been ill at the home of his daughter, the popular singer Neneh Cherry, in Malaga.

Steve Vace

Donald Eugene Cherry, cornetist, bandleader; born Oklahoma City 18 November 1936; died Malaga, Spain 19 October 1995.

The Rev Professor Peter Hinchliff

The sudden death of Peter Hinchliff deprives the Anglican Province of South Africa of its leading historian, and Oxford of a professor of ecclesiastical history whose wide range and balanced judgement made him an invaluable colleague beyond the bounds of his disciplinary specialism.

Hinchliff was born in South Africa, where his father, an English priest, had worked since 1914. After graduating at Rhodes University he studied theology under Austin Farrer at Trinity College, Oxford, returning home for ordination at Grahamstown to a curacy to Uitenhage. There he met and married Bunty Whitehead, whose gentle warmth sustained him over 40 years in a devoted family. The foundations of his dual career in church and university were laid with research for his *South African Liturgy* (1959) and his history *The Anglican Church in South Africa* (1963). His biography *John William Colenso* (1964) remains a standard work on this Bishop of Natal, and is reliable both on the

ideas and the gruesome ecclesiastical politics. The same interest in the missionary, political, and cultural dimensions of church history no doubt guided the choice of a subject from the other spatial and temporal end of African church history, *Cyprian of Carthage* (1974), while his Bampton lectures, *Holiness and Politics* (1982), echo it too.

As the squash and hockey-playing subwarden of St Paul's Theological College, at Grahamstown, and from 1960 Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Rhodes University, Hinchliff influenced many future clergy of different denominations, and through his preaching as canon and chancellor of Grahamstown Cathedral he played a notable part in the rising opposition within the Church to apartheid. This combination of preaching and academic work was the strong thread running through a public life and which took very seriously the intellectual's responsibility to give reasoned argument in both contexts. The regard in which his preaching was held is reflected in the canopies held at four cathedrals.

The deep commitment to the Church which fuelled his study of its history led to an interlude as secretary of the Missionary and Ecumenical Council of the Church Assembly (Mecca), but after Hinchliff had spent three years in London, Balliol College, Oxford, provided him with the ideal opportunity to combine his pastoral, administrative and academic gifts as fellow, chaplain, and tutor in theology. His reserved manner fronted a quiet efficiency in getting things done with a minimum of fuss and his care and continuing friendship with former members strengthened that community. After 15 years he relinquished the chaplaincy, but continued to nourish a brief flowering of theology at Balliol and took his turn as tutor of admissions.

His first loyalty was to the college, and his disappointment at its decision to give up his subject on his departure was plain. His health meant that he needed to conserve his energies and he did not waste time on faculty chores of doubtful value. However, he was meticulous in discharging his share in its administration and his elevation to the long-vacant chair of Ecclesiastical History pleased his colleagues. In this post, which is combined with a canonry of Christ Church, he worked hard to re-establish the subject, making a valued contribution to both theology and history faculties. The work of graduate students received careful scrutiny and constructive criticism. They appreciated his finely tuned judgement and like his former undergraduate pupils many became close friends. Here the stern exterior was soon left behind and a dry humour revealed. His new professorial responsibilities involved a round of committees and there too the simple directness with which he related to his colleagues was appreciated.

Hinchliff's writings during these Oxford years continued his exploration of Christianity in some of its intellectual cultures, happily exemplified in two

Balliol men: *Benjamin Jowett and the Christian Religion* (1987) is a fine piece of its kind, and a recently completed manuscript on Archbishop Frederick Temple will share Hinchliff's recent and most mature reflections on this theme. His next project, a history of Christianity setting the Church in its social contexts, is already engaging a team of younger scholars but is now sadly deprived of its editor and inspiration.

Twelve books showing range and versatility are no mean memorial to a life equally involved in pastoral care, mending bridges within the broad catholic spectrum of the Church of England, and such practical affairs as representing the university on General Synod. But it is the person who will be treasured by those who knew him best. A historian can be expected to be truthful and a churchman to speak out the truth that needs to be heard, but what cannot so easily be guaranteed: Peter Hinchliff was a good man.

Robert Morgan



Hinchliff: fine judgement

Peter Bingham Hinchliff, church historian; born 25 February 1929; ordained deacon 1952, priest 1953; DD 1965; Subwarden, St Paul's Theological College, Grahamstown 1955-59; Lecturer in Comparative Religion, Rhodes University 1957-59; Professor of Ecclesiastical History 1960-69; Canon and Chancellor, Grahamstown Cathedral 1964-69; Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford 1972-92; Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford 1992-95; married 1955 Bunty Whitehead (three sons, one daughter); died Oxford 17 October 1995.

The devastating effects of democracy

faith & treason

Will the general trend of revolt against central authority be followed by the Church of England? Andrew Brown looks forward with interest to the Synod's vote on church reform.

Some weeks ago the representative of a charming billionaire, who was giving me a lunch in Geneva along with a certificate and a fat cheque, asked suddenly what was happening on the British religious scene. I nearly choked on my perch and chips. Then I flourished through hand-waving generalisations until honour was satisfied. Only then did I begin to wonder whether the question really had a sensible answer.

Are there any general processes that can be discerned across all the Christian denominations? I know that between religions there must be other, larger trends such as the decline of rural Christianity and the rise of urban Islam; and within all the British religions there are also certain large patterns, as they all try to come to grips with such phenomena as feminism and the general disappearance of that large-scale unease about the future which thought. I know that nowadays we stressed middle classes worry far more about losing our jobs and domestic security than ever our parents did. But we do not expect death and destruction as imminent and ever-present possibilities, as people did before the development of medicine and fire insurance, or as they still do in wartime. This must have a strong effect on popular ideas of providence; but that is not an effect peculiar to this decade. Similarly, traditional religion is still coming to an accommodation with feminism, but that is a process which has been under way for a long time and still has a long way to go.

Narrow questions have a better chance of being answered, which is a good reason for asking them. And the narrower form of this question, about Christianity, does seem to me to have an answer which

reaches across all the denominations. There is a trend, and this is the steady loss of central authority. This has to some extent been obscured because journalists are prone to overestimate the reach and influence of central authorities - it is always easier to ascertain the views of a spokesman than of the people for whom he purports to speak.

With Roman Catholicism, the distinction is easier to make, so long as you bear in mind that what Catholics believe is not necessarily the same as what the Church teaches. What seems to be new this decade is the pervasive loss of authority and central funding across all the denominations. Just as in the political world, there is a reaction against all central discipline. The major eccumenical bodies seem to function in a vacuum but at the same time there are all sorts of low-level contacts between and among churches.

One of the reasons why the Church of England finds it so hard to defend establishment is that the idea of being a national organisation now seems slightly absurd and

suspect, not, as it once did to thoughtful Anglo-Catholics, because a national church is too small a thing to make sense, but because it appears too large.

Some of this is a function of the general cultural revolt against intellectual authority which Lord Habgood has been talking about recently. Organised churches are, amongst other things, devices for the articulation of philosophical answers; this will never be among their more popular functions, since philosophy is a hard discipline. The more that all churches are forced into democracy by simple financial pressures, the more their central doctrinal apparatus will tend to decay. The effect will not be to make them more liberal, but more rigid, since boundaries will be set by political assemblies following their common sense. Anyone who doubts the potentially devastating effects of democracy on theological sophistication need only look at American Christianity.

The thesis of a general revolt against the centre is testable, and the Church of England has kindly arranged to test it for me. The elections to the General Synod are just concluding: the howls of wronged archdeacons ring throughout the land. The new Synod will have to approve the Turnbull Commission's proposals for a central, streamlined decision-making body for the Church. If they do so, without fuss, then I am clearly wrong; but if there is a fuss, and the proposals get bogged down in procedural warfare, then the revolt against the centre has already gone further, faster than the centre can believe.

Andrew Brown was last month named the John Templeton European Religion Writer of the Year.

Births, Marriages & Deaths

BIRTHS

MASH: On 16 October 1995, at St Mary's Paddington, to Camilla (nee de Sousa Turner) and Julian, a son, James Christopher Paul, a brother for Christabel.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5UL, telephone 0171-293 2011 (24-hour answering machine 0171-293 2012) or faxed to 0171-293 2016, and are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra).

OTHER Gazette announcements

(notices, functions, forthcoming marriages, Marriages) must be submitted in writing (or faxed) and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. They should be accompanied by a daytime telephone number.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Prince of Wales tomorrow hosts a luncheon reception for members of Scottish Mountain Rescue Teams at Balmoral Castle. Princess Margaret tomorrow attends a Variety Concert in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London WC2.

TODAYS

BIRTHS: Sir Malcolm Arnold, composer, 74; Mr Geoffrey Boycott, cricketer, 55; Lord Brand, former Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 72; Mr David Campese, rugby player, 35; Mr Norman Clarke, Emeritus Secretary and Registrar, Institute of Mathematics, 75; Miss Maureen Duffy, writer, 62; Miss Carrie Fisher, actress, 39; Mr Simon Gray, playwright, 59; Lord Grievie, a former Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 78; The Rev Peter Hackett, former Master, Campion Hall, Oxford, 71; Sir Maurice Hodgson, former chairman, ICI, 76; Mr John Hull, former deputy chairman, Schroders plc, 70; Miss Natalia Makarova, ballerina, 55; Mr Peter Mandelson MP, 42; Mr Manfred Mann, rock bandleader, 55; Professor Sir Roy Marshall, former High Commissioner for Barbados, 75; Miss Nadia Nerina, former prima ballerina, 68; Sir Georg Solti, conductor, 83; Mr John Stevens, Chief Constable, Northumbria, 53; Lord Thomas of Swynerton, historian, 64; Mr Patrick Thompson MP, 40; Mr Paul Trench, former chairman and managing director, Vauxhall Motors, 55; Mr Francis Warner, poet and playwright, 58.

TOMORROW: Lord Birkett, film producer, 66; Colonel John Blashford-Snell, adventurer and Defence Staff officer, 59; Mr William Bowman, chairman, Covent Garden Market Authority, 63; Mr Eddie Brüggen, rock singer, 49; Mr Louis Curas, former Principal, Birmingham School of Music, 68; Mrs Barbara Craig, former Principal, Somerville College, Oxford, 80; Miss Catherine Dennewe, actress, 52; Professor Charlotte Erickson, historian, 72; Maj-Gen Lord Michael Fitzalan-Howard, Gold Stick to the Queen, 79; Miss Joan Fontaine, actress, 78; Lady Fox, former director, British Institute of International and Comparative

Law, 67; Mr Mike Hendrick, cricketer, 47; Mr Michael Heron, chairman, Post Office, 61; Miss Irene Hindmarsh, former Principal, St Aidan's College, Durham, 72; Sir Derek Jacobs, actor, 57; Mrs Doris Lessing, novelist, 76; Sir Donald McIntyre, operatic bass singer, 61; Mr Kelvin MacKenzie, managing director, Mirror Television, 49; Mr Robert Rauschenberg, pop artist, 70; Mr James Sharpley, Chief Constable of Merseyside, 52; Mr Michael Stoute, racehorse trainer, 50; Vice-Admiral Sir Fitzroy Talbot, 86; Mr Arthur Thatcher, former Director of Censuses, 69; Admiral Sir Hugo White, Governor of Gibraltar, 56; Admiral Sir David Williams, former Governor of Gibraltar, 74; Professor Sir David Williams, former Vice-Chancellor, Cambridge University, 65; Professor John Wing, psychiatrist, 72.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Births: Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet and author, 1772; Alfred Bernhard Nobel, industrialist and founder of the Nobel Prizes, 1833; Leonard Rossiter, actor, 1926; Deaths: Edmund Waller, poet, 1687; Horatio, first Viscount Nelson, admiral, killed at Trafalgar 1805; Jack Kerouac, poet and novelist, 1909; Bob Todd, actor, 1992. On this day: The Franco-Spanish fleet was defeated at the Battle of Trafalgar, 1805; Chinese forces occupied Tibet, 1950; the mining disaster at Aberfan, South Wales, occurred, when 140 lives were lost, 1966. Today is the Feast Day of St Conducus, St Flavian or Munau of Tagmon, St Hilario, St John of Bridlington, St Malchus and St Tuda.

TOMORROW: Births: Franz Liszt, composer, 1811; Sarah Bernhardt (Henriette-Rosine Bernard), actress, 1844; Lord Alfred Douglas, poet, 1870. Deaths: Thomas Sturgeon,

cabinetmaker, 1806; Paul Cézanne, painter, 1906; Pablo Casals, cellist, 1973. On this day: The Metropolitan Opera House opened in New York, 1883; Dr Henry Harvey Crippen was found guilty of the murder of his wife, 1910; President John F. Kennedy announced that the Soviet Union had installed missiles in Cuba, 1962. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Aberdeen, St Domninus of Fiesole, St Melion or Melanus, Saint Nuzile and Andia and St Philip of Hieracles and his Companions.

Dinners

RMS President: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Christopher Walford, and the Sheriffs attended the annual Trafalgar Dinner held yesterday evening on-board HMS *President*, to mark the 190th Anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. Admiral Sir Michael Boyce, Second Sea Lord and Commander-in-Chief, Naval Home Command, was the speaker.

Corporation of London

The Privileged Regiments marched through the City of London yesterday in the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the end of the Second World War. The Corporation of London hosted a reception after the wards at Guildhall, London EC2. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Christopher Walford, and General Sir Desmond Fitzpatrick, Colonel, Blues and Royals, were the speakers.

St Mary Abchurch

Mr Grev Mads gave a luncheon talk on Wednesday at St Mary Abchurch, London EC4. His subject was "Prayer - has it fallen victim to modern living?" The Rev Oswald Clark and Sir Sigmund Sternberg also spoke.

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Among those with such thoughts was Michael Lipper of Lipper Analytical in New York. "There has been chatter ... that somebody substantial would like to buy them. And

A crucial few billion for the British economy



COMMENT

"Even a half-hearted attempt to square the circle by delivering on Tory tax-cutting pledges might make the economic pain of the recession a wasted sacrifice"

It looks like a storm in a Treasury tea cup. Sir Terry Burns, the department's permanent secretary, thinks a few billion pounds worth of tax cuts in the Budget are acceptable ahead of the election; the Treasury's chief economic adviser, Alan Budd, is against any cut in taxes which is not justified on economic grounds. Both men are doing their job - and £4bn or so is actually not all that much money when the usual error in forecasting the gap between government revenues and expenditure is more than £10bn.

Appearances deceive, however. This is a crucial battle for the British economy.

Economists are near-unanimous that basic macro-economic policy in Britain has been better under Chancellor Kenneth Clarke than it has been for decades. He raised taxes and interest rates when it had to be done. He also to a large extent managed to depoliticise the decisions. The monthly monetary meetings were one way of doing this. On fiscal policy, Mr Clarke has repeatedly committed himself to reducing government borrowing over time, so that a failure to achieve this would be a real embarrassment.

Unfortunately, pre-election politics is coming into play. The Chancellor is under huge pressure to take cosmetic measures on the public finances that will allow tax cuts.

Already we have seen signs of political influence on interest rate judgements. Mr Clarke famously turned down the Bank of England's advice to raise base rates in May.

He happened to get away with it, but he could just as easily have been wrong. As inflation rises, that possibility increases in likelihood. What will be his call on the Budget? An entirely political Budget, throwing economic caution to the winds, would seem unlikely, if only because Mr Clarke has made economic caution a political virtue in itself. But he still needs to square the circle by delivering on Tory tax-cutting pledges at the time of the last election.

Even a half-hearted attempt to do so, however, might make the economic pain of the recession a wasted sacrifice and throw away the policy credibility that has been built so painstakingly during the past few years. Mr Budd is right: the few billion pounds do matter.

Is the grid sale worth all the trouble?

John Major must be scratching his head and wondering why on earth the Department of Trade and Industry is so keen on floating the National Grid. So far it has brought nothing but trouble. The way things are going this most controversial of floats looks like producing more political ouches than the defection of Alan Howarth.

The long wrangle over the sale has in itself served only to underline what a giveaway this company was in the first place. Worse still, it has focused attention on the salaries and

options of the grid directors, which exploded into a row over the special dividend they will receive as a result of the flotation. The dividend was a technical device to sort out the capital gains tax problems of the regional electricity companies. It was never meant for the directors, but Tim Eggar, the Industry Minister, was brushed aside when he tried to persuade them to forgo it.

Now some of the Recs that own the grid have had the brass neck to consider a special sweetener for their directors. They want to pay at least part of the tax on the grid shares their directors will receive as a result of the flotation, a perk that cannot be justified by any stretch of the imagination.

The grid owners themselves are divided, with some wanting to sell and a significant minority - such as Hanson and the Americans, SEI - fighting to the last minute to keep their stakes. If nobody is particularly bothered about selling, and some are positively against it, why are Mr Eggar and his boss, Ian Lang, pushing ahead? Despite the controversies, there must be some political benefit from the £50 a head rebate for consumers. Furthermore, the Government has encouraged the sale because it is opposed to continuing ownership of the power transmission system by the regional electricity monopolies.

On paper, that is sensible. Indeed, some in the industry claim that the regulator, Professor Stephen Littlechild, has - as a gleam in his eye - the idea of eventually demer-

ging the regional companies' own local wire networks as separate monopoly utilities.

Even so, insistence on such a rigid separation at a time when ministers appear happy to see a pell-mell reconstruction of the industry - including approval of large-scale vertical integration through the takeover of Manweb by Scottish Power and the expansion of Eastern in the generation business - seems just a little curious. Set against the structural changes being worked by the City, ownership of the grid by the Recs is a sideshow. Mr Major may be tempted to ask his DTI ministers whether the game has really been worth the candle.

Cloud over the Pru is lifted

Having long held two fingers up to the regulators, Prudential was smartly switching its hand to a victory sign yesterday. But try as it might, the settlement of its tawdry row over pensions mis-selling with Lauto, the former life company watchdog, looks like a pyrrhic victory, if one at all. That it has emerged without a fine or a resounding slap on the wrist is beside the point. Finally it has been forced to concede what everyone else already knows, apart from Mick Newmarch, its former chief executive - that it had a pensions problem.

The Pru was in good company. Nearly three-quarters of the UK life industry was

found by Lauto to have something to answer for on the way it persuaded people to switch from occupational pension schemes to what turned out to be inappropriate personal ones. In some cases the wrongful selling was extremely serious and heavy fines were meted out. In most, however, the matter was settled discreetly, with the insurance company agreeing to improve. But Mick Newmarch was having none of this.

He proclaimed the Pru's vest to be whiter than white, and spent a small fortune on newspaper ads to spread the message. Lauto's investigators took a different view. Not that the Pru was a big-league sinner, but it wasn't the only cherub in the life industry choir either. Mr Newmarch's obduracy turned what had become virtually a routine matter of redress into a battle of wills, against a regulatory system he despised.

His sudden departure earlier this year was partly prompted by the controversy that surrounded the manner in which he exercised his share options. But there is little doubt that another contributing factor was loss of support among the Pru's directors for his futile crusade. The succession by Peter Davis, as politically sensitive as Mr Newmarch was abrasive, paved the way for peace, and a lesson in the pitfalls of managerial hubris. With the regulatory authorities declaring formally that they intend taking no disciplinary action, a cloud has been lifted from this august institution. Once more it can look to the future.

Pension transfers: Lauto ends 18-month investigation as insurer 'acknowledges' regulator's concerns

Pru escapes punishment

NIC CICUTTI

Prudential, the UK's largest insurance company, yesterday escaped discipline over bad pension transfer advice to its clients.

The decision by Lauto, the former life company watchdog, ends an 18-month investigation into Prudential's activities.

Lauto's decision to step in followed complaints that Prudential's clients were being asked to sign forms stating that no advice had been given in relation to their pension transfer decision.

But some industry observers claimed privately that the investigation owed more to the abrasive relationship of Mick Newmarch, its former chief executive, with City regulators. He had steadfastly denied that his company was involved in any mis-selling scandal. Prudential yesterday publicly "acknowledged" Lauto's concerns.

Mr Newmarch resigned at the beginning of this year in the wake of a separate Stock Exchange inquiry over whether he used insider knowledge in order to exercise share options worth more than £100,000. He was cleared of any offence.

Lauto's investigation was triggered in April last year on an informal basis after complaints that Prudential's 80,000 pension transfer clients had signed forms absolving its sales representatives of responsibility for any decisions made.

Prudential rejected all criticisms of its activities, claiming that its compliance procedures were so strict that more than half of all pension transfer applicants were rejected as unsuitable.

It even spent £250,000 on a publicity campaign denying that it was one of the companies affected by the scandal in which up to 1.5 million people were wrongly advised to start up personal pensions or transfer

funds from company schemes into them.

Despite its protestations, the inquiry became formal in March, when the regulator's monitoring committee told the company it was worried about some of its sales activities. In the wake of Prudential's response it was decided not to go ahead with disciplinary action.

Lauto said: "As a result of [our] investigation, Lauto has expressed concerns to Prudential regarding certain aspects of its approach."

"[This was] in the light of Prudential's policy that transfer sales by Prudential's representatives should be given out without giving clients advice in favour of transfer."

"Prudential is carrying out a review of all its pension transfer business in line with guidelines set out by the Securities and Investments Board for pension transfer reviews generally. Prudential has acknowledged

Lauto's concerns. It responded by confirming that it would carry out the review and that it no longer operated the [previous] policy."

The watchdog added that now the investigation was over, Prudential would finally be allowed to leave Lauto to become regulated by the SIB, as it applied to do 18 months ago.

Under Mr Newmarch, Prudential argued in 1992 that it was not in favour of the new watchdog, the Personal Investment Authority, then being set up and would rather join the SIB instead.

Prudential welcomed Lauto's statement yesterday. A spokesman said: "We are pleased that the decision has been taken. We had given our response to a version of the report prepared at the end of last year. We have not changed our stance about being regulated by the SIB and are quite comfortable in belonging to it."



Resigned: Mick Newmarch and the regulators had an abrasive relationship. Photograph: Financial Times

Legal threat forces Virgin to drop ads

CLIFFORD GERMAN

Richard Branson's Virgin Direct financial services business last night dramatically dropped its current advertising campaign in the face of legal action by one of its rivals.

Virgin's recently launched Corporate Bond PEP was advertised by making unflattering use of four of its rivals' corporate logos.

The advertisements were withdrawn immediately after Bradford & Bingley Building Society sent a solicitor's letter threatening legal action if the campaign continued.

The space booked for Virgin's advertisements in the weekend press will now contain just a line or two of text explaining why the full advertisements have been dropped, and inferring that they have been too near the truth for comfort.

The campaign seized on Virgin's rivals and showed the Barclays Bank imperial eagle minus its feathers, the National and

Provincial Building Society's provident yellow bee nose-diving into the ground, and Lloyds Bank's legendary black horse lying on its back with its hooves in the air.

Lloyds took the campaign's irreverence in relatively good part, according to Virgin's media spokesman, Will Holt, suggesting that Virgin target National Westminster Bank instead.

But Bradford & Bingley, personified by that dapper double act, Mr Bradford and Mr Bingley, took objection to an advertisement showing them being unceremoniously swept off their feet by the force of the Virgin competition, their trademark bowler hats blowing in the wind.

Virgin believes that the response to its campaign shows that it was succeeding in its aim of making fun of its established rivals and targeting its own campaign at traditional customers of the banks and building societies.

Daiwa admits conniving with Iguchi

JOHN EISENHAMMER
Financial Editor

Daiwa Bank admitted yesterday that it had connived with Toshihide Iguchi, now under arrest in New York, to continue selling US bonds after he had confessed to massive hidden losses.

The revelation further fuelled the row between the US regulatory authorities and the Japanese bank, which has had its US operations placed under

a cease-and-desist order. "It is a fact there were instructions to sell government bonds for the purpose of paying interest as an emergency step to prevent Iguchi from fleeing, but this was not a cover-up," Daiwa said.

Mr Iguchi, Daiwa's former senior bond trader in New York, pleaded guilty on Thursday to a series of crimes, including what he termed a "conspiracy with managers" to conceal a \$1.1bn (£700m) loss on unau-

thorised dealing. Daiwa said it had ordered Mr Iguchi to continue selling bonds to earn profits with which to make up the interest payments due on bonds that were apparently still on Daiwa's books but which in fact had been sold off.

"If the whole thing had become open, it would have become difficult for Iguchi to stay in New York. He might have fled or committed suicide, which would have made it im-

possible for us to find out what happened," Daiwa said.

US authorities are investigating why the bank waited six weeks after it was alerted to the problem to inform the banking supervisors. US prosecutors allege that after Daiwa's president received Mr Iguchi's confession letter on 13 July, the bank falsely told the US Federal Reserve Board on 31 July that it still held \$600m in US government bonds that had been sold.

THE INVESTMENT COLUMN

Edited by Magnus Grimond

Three blue chips worth bagging

Investors dazzled by the new heights reached by the FT-SE 100 index during the last week can be excused for thinking that there are few areas of value still lurking on the stock market. But a bit of fishing among leading companies still throws up three shares yielding more than 7 per cent.

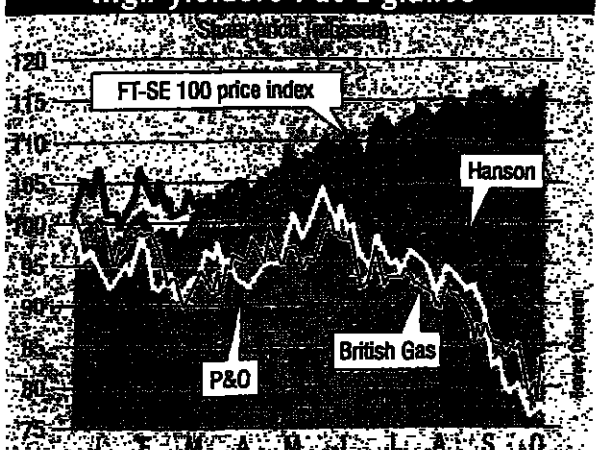
On the face of it, a return like that looks highly attractive, given its comparability with what is available on medium-term gilts. Risks should be limited by the fact that there can hardly be three bluer chips than British Gas, now yielding 7.2 per cent, Hanson at 7.6 per cent and P&O on a hefty 8.2 per cent.

But a high yield should set alarm bells ringing among investors. Normally it heralds bad news ahead and each of the Footsie high-yielders has been weighed down by problems over the past year, giving them the dubious honour of taking three of the bottom seven places among the worst-performing shares in the Footsie for 1995.

Arguably the company in worst shape is P&O, squeezed between a cut-throat construction market and a price war with rivals on its cross-Channel ferries. At the same time, soaring capital expenditure is doing nothing for a balance sheet already groaning under more than 80 per cent gearing.

There is obviously a clear worry that the 30.5p dividend, held for the past three years, may be cut in 1996. That said, P&O has substantial asset backing from its property assets and the turn in the shares cannot be far away.

High-yielders: at a glance



Less risky are British Gas and Hanson. The former has been hit by a warning that large provisions could result from onerous North Sea gas contracts. More serious are fears that the regulator, Ofgas, could take a significantly harsher view when it announces a new price formula for the transportation and storage business next June.

Even so, although growth is likely to be sluggish, it is hard to see British Gas cutting its dividend. Similar considerations apply to Hanson, which has borne the brunt of the current disavow with conglomerates and has not excited the market with its recent purchase of Eastern Electricity. None the less, given the current high ratings among engineering companies, Hanson could provide a cheap way into the sector.

The turn in sentiment may be a bit off yet, but with recent management changes the time to buy the shares is fast approaching.

Dobson price not right yet

Shares in Dobson Park Industries have remained comfortably clear of the 110p offer from its US mining equipment rival Harnischfeger since the bid was launched last month. The stock market's conviction that the offer is too low to succeed was only reinforced by yesterday's defence document from Dobson Park, which prompted a 1p rise in the share price to 125p. Dobson said it estimated that taxable profits had risen 41 per

cent to £14.8m in the year to last September, and is forecasting a 20 per cent uplift in the total dividend to 4.5p.

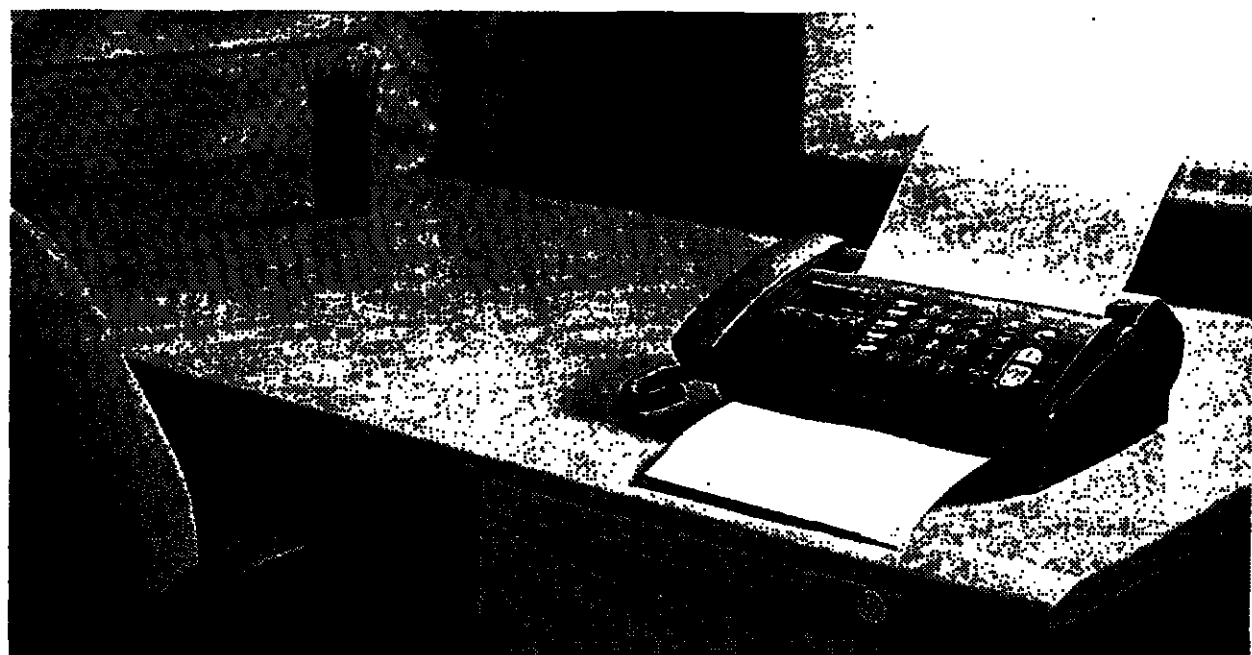
That looks a healthy enough rate of growth and Harnischfeger has still not fully addressed Dobson's strong and growing order book for its more advanced longwall mining equipment. Dobson has established a competitive edge against producers - including Harnischfeger - that are still dependent on making equipment for use in the declining room and pillar method of mining.

There is little question that the Americans need Dobson, particularly in their home market, where the percentage share of mining output from the longwall technique has grown from less than 20 per cent to around 30 per cent in 10 years.

Harnischfeger argues it could develop its own sites to make longwall equipment. Analysts, however, say it would be at least 10 years before it could compete head-to-head with Dobson. None the less, there remains significant industrial logic behind a merger of the two groups.

For the current year, analysts reckon profits will at least top £20m and could even be as high as £22m. At the upper end, Harnischfeger's terms would represent an exit price ratio of only 12.2. With Dobson forecasting a further 16 per cent dividend increase to 5.2p for this year, shareholders should hold out for a better price.

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SHARP
INTELLIGENT THINKING

27
sport

RUGBY LEAGUE WORLD CUP: Wales are preparing to capitalise on their team spirit to deny the home side a place in the final

The pride of the Principality

Ken Jones meets Jonathan Davies, who is hoping to say farewell to league with victory at Wembley, not just Old Trafford

Things have been moving at such a pace in rugby that the deep prejudice held for many years in South Wales against the 13-a-side code has remarkably given way to a groundswell of enthusiasm for the team Jonathan Davies leads out against England at Old Trafford today in an attempt to reach the Rugby League World Cup final.

Nobody is more thrilled by the knowledge that some 10,000 Welsh supporters will be making the journey to Manchester than Davies, whose defection to Widnes almost seven years ago was such a blow to rugby union in the Principality, raising another storm of rage against plunderers from the north, that he could no longer be sure of a welcome in his homeland.

The irony in this for Davies personally is that he is seeking release from a contract with Warrington that threatens temporarily the idea of a return to rugby union in Wales made possible by the advent of professionalism.

"It's the other side of the coin," Davies said this week, "something rugby league clubs never had to think about when they took players from union. Once you made the move that was it. Now we have another option."

"There isn't enough money in Welsh rugby union to recapture the best paid of our young players, like Scott Gibbs and Scott Quinnell," Davies continued, "but I'm coming up to 33 and it's time to go home and get the rest of my life sorted out."

Suggestions that Davies will join Cardiff may depend on the Welsh club's willingness to compensate Warrington for the loss of his services.

"I have lawyers looking at my contract," Davies said, "but the money wouldn't be an issue personally if Warrington were willing to let me go. Unfortunately, the chairman, Peter Higham, won't hear of it, which is a bit

The spirit in our squad is greater than anything I have known in union or league'

much considering that I didn't cost the club a penny."

Whatever the outcome of those negotiations, it can be concluded that Davies's last performance in rugby league will be given either at Old Trafford this afternoon or, as he hopes, at Wembley next Saturday.

Hope springs from confidence implanted in the Welsh team by a stirring victory over Western Samoa at the Vetch Field, Swansea, last Sunday that was notable for some of the fiercest exchanges ever seen on a rugby field in Wales.

"It was as close to being in a real war as any of us are ever likely to get," Davies said. "As well as being naturally talented, the Samoans are incredibly strong and combative and I've never known such tackling. Neither side gave an inch and you could sense awe in the crowd, who were absolutely marvellous. To realise that plenty of those who packed into the Vetch grew up despising rugby league made it special."

A great achievement became even more satisfying for Davies when a number of great figures from the history of Welsh rugby union expressed the view that its present representatives would not have lasted longer than 15 minutes against the legitimately brutal assaults that the men from the South Pacific threw at the home team.

Clem Thomas, who ranks as one of the most effective wing forwards ever to turn out for Wales and the Lions, and whose opinions are greatly respected internationally, went further. In his weekly column for the *South Wales Evening Post*, and allowing for the technical importance of line-out play and scrummaging, he ventured the probability that league players would fill every position in a Welsh team chosen from both codes, a view shared by another Welsh hero, Cliff Morgan.

Above all else, what Thomas experienced last week in the



Pass master: Jonathan Davies is determined to give Wales "something to be proud of"

Photograph: Allsport

company of more than 17,000 spectators was exhilarating; the very best of rugby, hard enough to satisfy primal instincts while engaging the glories of sporting imagination.

When citing examples of individual heroics, Thomas referred to Davies as "Well, just Jonathan." Not quite. Apart from being at least a stone heavier than when reckoned to be the most inventive outside-half at work in the 15-a-side game, he is a more complete footballer.

"When Jonathan went north there wasn't anything for him to learn about handling skills, but he would not have made it in league without improving his

fitness and becoming a lot stronger," Mike Nicholas, the Wales manager, said.

"He's as tough as old boots and I'm always kidding him about still having the nose he came north with. That hasn't been moved around a bit is a tribute to the balance and nimbleness that helped to make him such a great player in both codes. When you think of men such as Gus Risman, Jim Sullivan, Dai Watkins and Billy Boston it is difficult to make a case for Jonathan as the most successful convert, but he's right up there with the best of them."

While Davies remains devoutly Welsh, he is delighted to be playing alongside men who

inherited their qualification, most obviously the Wigan front row of Kelvin Skerrett, Neil Cowie and Martin Hall. "Once those guys pull on a red jersey, they are Welshmen to the bone," Davies said, "and the spirit in our squad is greater than any I have known in union or league. Widnes had tremendous togetherness and I felt something similar when I first turned out for Wales in the Five Nations, but the feeling we have for each other on the field beats everything."

Nothing pleases Davies more than the national response to last week's great victory. "People have been stopping us in the street, wishing us luck and shaking

our hands, which is amazing when you think of the stick rugby league has taken in Wales. What we have to do now is give the people something to be proud of. What with disappointments in union and soccer, things haven't been going well for Welsh sport, so there is an awful lot to play for."

During a team meeting this week, Davies stressed that joy can come only from victory. "It would have been disappointing to have ended my career last week at Swansea and I don't want to find myself walking away from the game at Old Trafford."

The finale Davies has in mind takes place at Wembley.

Betts cools the dragon's passion

England's stand-in captain will be the calmest man in the face of the Welsh storm today, says Dave Hadfield

Denis Betts is neither sentimental nor superstitious about Old Trafford. "It's a piece of grass," is the way he describes the venue at which he will captain England against Wales in the semi-final of the World Cup this afternoon.

It is, though, a piece of grass that has played a recurring role in Betts's sporting life. He played there for Manchester United's A and Youth teams when it looked as though his future would be in football. "In rugby league, I've played in a side that almost won a Test series there, in a side that was thrashed and in Wigan sides that have won Premiership," he says. "I've had it all ways at Old Trafford. It's a ground."

Betts, promoted to captain in place of the ailing Shaun Edwards, is keen on preserving an air of normality, feeling instinctively that any element of mystique or extreme of emotion favours Wales.

Let them rely on passion and inspiration, is his view. We will counter with hard-headed professionalism and cold-eyed detachment.

Betts, just back from his first season with the Auckland Warriors, plays down his role this afternoon. "I will walk out first and spin the coin," he says. "That's the only difference the captaincy will make to me. We have plenty of other players who lead by example and they will do that."

The England coach, Phil Larder, sees it differently. "He is being too modest," he says. "Denis has been a great help to me this week. He has given me plenty of advice and the other players all look up to him."

The advice that Betts will give those players this afternoon can be summed up simply: do not make Western Samoa's mistake by getting dragged into a contest to see who is toughest.

"They will play with passion," he says of the Welsh. "We have to play with intelligence. What you don't want to do is to start pushing them around to show that you're tougher than

them. They can show that they're the toughest players in the world. If we win by 10 points, that's fine by me."

"We need to concentrate on playing rugby, because we can do that better than them."

If ever England needed a cool head in charge, it is today – and Betts has had one all his career. Now he must infect the whole team. "We have to be able to ride out that passionate storm for 20, 25, 30 minutes – however long it takes."

"If you play on passion, it eventually runs out. Enthusiasm is different. Enthusiasm lasts through the whole match."

Betts's own enthusiasm has never been in doubt. A late-comer to the game, he built himself up from a back-rower short of the size to go with his mobility into one of the world's dominant forwards.

It is a measure of his standing that emerging second-rowers are invariably sized-up against his template. This is relevant today, when each side will have a player who aspires to fill Betts's place in the Wigan team.

England's substitute, Simon Haughton, is often dubbed "the new Denis Betts" – although he never played football for Manchester United. In fact, Betts happily concedes that, at 19, Haughton is ahead of his own development at the same age.

On the passion side of the equation this afternoon will be the player Wigan signed with Betts's impending departure in mind – Scott Quinnell. "He's a devastating runner of the ball," says Betts. "He's a very difficult guy to stop and he just wants and wants the ball."

Quinnell, in the form he showed against Samoa, illustrates the nature of the game. If it was a matter of passion and power, you would have to fancy the Welsh. But Betts's England have a deeper well of professionalism – and with that they can douse the fires. That is the plan – and no one is better equipped to lead the fire-fighters.



Betts: concentration

TODAY

Football

3.0 League

Q&A WARRIOR'S CONFERENCE

Gateshead v Dover

Welling v Maidstone

FA Cup Fourth round: Arsenal v Aldershot; Aston Villa v Swindon; Barnsley v Walsley; Bolton Wanderers v Gillingham; Burton Albion v Luton Town; Charlton Athletic v Exeter City; Doncaster Rovers v Notts County; Grimsby Town v Lincoln City; Huddersfield Town v Macclesfield; Ipswich Town v Peterborough United; Millwall v Shrewsbury Town; Northampton Town v Southend United; Oldham Athletic v Rochdale; Oxford United v Stevenage Borough; Rotherham United v Torquay United; Shrewsbury Town v Walsley; Southend United v Northampton Town; Swindon v Bolton Wanderers; Torquay United v Rotherham United; Walsley v Oldham Athletic; Welling v Maidstone; Wexham v Dagenham & Redbridge.

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WEEKEND FIXTURE GUIDE

Football

3.0 League

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Speedway

7.30 unless stated

THIRD TEST: England v Australia (at King's Lynn)

PREMIER LEAGUE: Swindon v Reading

CHALLENGER: Cardiff Heath v Long Eaton v Wolverhampton

BRITISH ACADEMY: Swindon v Scarborough (5.0)

WARRIOR'S CUP: Swindon v Scarborough (5.0)

5.0000: Swindon v Scarborough (5.0)

Other sports

ADVENTURE: National Road Relay Championships (Birmingham)

BOXING: WBO Featherweight title contest: Alvin Kipnis (P) vs. Ricky Hatton (P) (at York Hall, Bedford)

CRICKET: Indoor World Cup (at Villa Park, Birmingham)

GOLF: Alfred Dunhill Cup (at St. Andrews)

NETBALL: International women's tournament (Birmingham)

NETBALL: Tote and Life Women's Championships (Birmingham)

SHOOTING: World Grand Prix (Birmingham)

Football

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Kiwis counting on Paul to release the talent

One of these days, New Zealand are going to click. Australia have to go into the second semi-final at Huddersfield assuming that tomorrow will be that day, writes Dave Hadfield.

There is little to suggest that the Kiwis can suddenly turn it on. They have played seven internationals under the coaching of Frank Endacott this year, without adding up to the sum of their parts. Another reshuffle of their resources makes them look potentially more dangerous than ever.

A centre partnership of Kevin Iro and Richie Blackmore, for instance, is the most threatening in the world. They have everything – size, speed, excellent hands – but the chances of them both hitting form are the equivalent to somebody winning the lottery twice.

Much will depend on how Henry Paul tailors his game to playing acting half and how John Lomas, restored to the front row, fares when he tries to slip the ball out of the tackle. The ability is there to destroy any opposition – but, then again, it always was.

The Australian coach, Bob Fulton, does not like making unnecessary changes, but circumstances have forced several. John Hopoate effectively wrote himself out of the script at Wembley and his replacement, Brett Dallas, is a more elusive winger.

In the pack, turn simply had to be found for Gary Larson, whose hyperactivity throughout the Australia representative season marks him out as a freak even by their standards. The most significant change, however, is the inclusion of a half-back, Andrew Johns, at hooker. Wayne Barritt was disappointing there at Wembley,

Murdoch's big money offers

Rupert Murdoch offered three-year contracts worth A\$1.6m (£760,000) to secure the services of many of Australia's best players for his breakaway Super League, a court in Sydney heard yesterday.

The highest-paid players, including the Canberra Raiders trio – Laurie Daley, Bradley Clyde and Ricky Stuart – were each paid A\$100,000 (£48,000) signing-on fee.

The costs involved in recruiting players for the rebel competition were revealed in Sydney's Federal Court during proceedings in a lengthy case which will determine Super League's immediate future.

News Limited, the local arm of Murdoch's media empire, is planning to launch the Super League next March in the face of determined opposition from the Australian Rugby League, the existing national ruling body.

The court also heard that the Sydney Bulldogs coach, Chris Anderson, who guided the club to the Premiership title last month, was paid a signing-on fee of A\$100,000 (£48,000) and an annual salary of A\$250,000 (£119,000) to join the Super League.

News Limited has gone to court to challenge the legality of loyalty agreements between the ARL and the existing 20 clubs. An outright legal victory for News Limited would free eight existing clubs – and the players they have under contract – to play in the Super League next year.

The Rugby Football League is determined to keep the sport in Keighley, despite reports that the club could go out of business. The First Division

sport

There is nothing the British fan likes more than to wallow in the unconfined joys of what the Germans call schadenfreude

Just before half-time in Wednesday night's televised European Cup match, with Rangers already three-quarters of their way towards humiliation at the hands of Juventus, the Scottish champions won a corner. Up in the commentary gully, Brian Moore said: "What we want now is for a big leap and a Rangers goal."

Well, I have news for Brian. What most of Scotland wanted at that point was not a Rangers goal. It was for Richard Gough to fall over and Juve break again, score and wipe another quarter inch off the biggest, smuggest grin in the country: that on the face of the Rangers fan. And I have news for Terry Venables and Mark Hateley, too. The nation did not share the bout of self-loathing and dismay with which they greeted yet another European lesson for British clubs. Across the land (ex-

cept in those parts of Glasgow where a Union Jack tattoo is issued at birth) they were too busy lighting celebratory bonfires, joining impromptu street parties and raiding money boxes to finance the purchase of new Juventus shirts to shed a tear for our collective decline.

There is nothing the British football fan likes more than to wallow in the unconfined joys of what the Germans call *schadenfreude*: the deep pleasure to be gleaned from seeing your neighbour fall flat on their face. This has been a great week for *schadenfreude* enthusiasts. The tabloids may have described it as yet another seven days of disaster, but in the pubs, factories and offices of the nation, Legia Warsaw 1 Blackburn 0, Leeds 3 PSV 5 and Juventus 4 Rangers 1 were a trio of results which offered

unbridled opportunity to laugh at your mates.

Now that Uefa, Europe's governing body, has spread the European games across the week in order to maximise the television revenue, it is even better — there is barely a morning when you can't get on the phone and snigger. Brian and Ron Atkinson, incidentally, are not alone in their failure to recognise this sadistic streak in the football fan.

All our television commentators are guilty of the jingoistic assumption that the moment a British club plays abroad, the entire country puts aside its little local difficulties and unites behind them, behaving as a sort of Portillo Expeditionary Force, willing the lads to put one up Johnny European. And when our clubs fail, as they inevitably do, there is a compulsion among the pundits to behave

Jim White



ON SATURDAY

as if the Queen Mother has just died. On Wednesday night, Venables, dressed in a pepper and salt speckled jacket that merged seamlessly into his hair, was typical: he wore a face which suggested he was about to lead the country into mourning.

To be fair to Venables and his colleagues, *schadenfreude* addiction is a relatively new phenomenon. Back in the 1970s and 1980s when Liverpool, Nottingham Forest, Aston Villa, Everton, Aberdeen even, were winning cups across the Continent, there was relatively little opportunity to wallow in someone else's failure. But since the five-year post-Heyzel ban, British clubs' technique (or lack of it) has led to regular fixes.

Since their Cup-Winners' Cup triumph in 1991, Manchester United have been singularly assiduous in this respect. Turks, Spaniards, Swedes, Russians, they lose to the lot of them. And every time they do, it provides hours of pleasure for their rivals: ecstatic and previously unknown shirts start appearing in stands when United come to visit; branches of the

Galatasaray Supporters' Club are formed all over the place; the T-shirt sellers make a minor killing.

Plus it sheds some glimmer of light into the lives of Manchester City fans, to tide them through yet another season of derby matings. Particularly since this pleasure is one they can uniquely call their own: the chances of their team qualifying for a drubbing in Europe and thus giving their red neighbours something to snigger about are as likely as Michael Howard defecting to the Labour Party. Just occasionally a British club defies stereotype and manages to win on the Continent. Liverpool and Forest, in particular, seem to have slipped happily into their old habits.

It sounds contrary, but most *schadenfreude* enthusiasts don't mind if their rivals win. When Leeds, for

instance, stuffed Monaco in the last round of the Uefa Cup, the talk among most neutrals around this office was conducted in whispered awe about Yeboah's hat-trick. The sneerer doesn't mind because the further his rivals progress in a competition, the bigger the fall, and consequently the bigger the belly laugh.

If you want proof of that central rule, look no further than last season's European Cup-Winners' Cup final, when the joy was withheld until the very last moment. And in what fashion. Thus it is for the comedy element of that looping, speedy, elusive, let's be honest thoroughly fluke, shot from the half-way line, which left David Seaman flapping like a landed salmon in the back of his net, that Nayim is granted this column's first annual award for services to *schadenfreude*.

Andrew lets the mask slip

There always was more to the England stand-off than met the eye. Steve Bale looks behind the clean-cut image

Nothing less became Rob Andrew than the manner of his going, a dirty business considering the England outside-half is known as "squeaky", as in squeaky clean. Wasp got rid of him because he was seen to be suborning their players from within.

The moment when Andrew, in the alternative capacity of Newcastle development director he had been trying to combine with playing on for Wasps, signed Dean Ryan — the Wasps captain, if you please — was the moment he disavowed himself from ever again representing the London club.

And, by extension, rendered the tenure of his England place no longer feasible; hence his international retirement. As long as the Rugby Football Union keeps in place its 120-day qualification for transferred players Andrew will have to make do with second-team rugby, but in any case it was clearly time to get on with the job for which he is being paid so handsomely.

Moreover he can now do his wheeling and dealing openly — which will not make him any more popular but will at least have the virtue of honesty which we are told is what "open" rugby is all about. After his appointment at Newcastle, Andrew said he would not be after any Wasps players — when all the time this was precisely his intention.

How bitterly ironic that Ryan of all people even went so far as to warn Andrew off, only to become the first defector as Andrew's assistant development director. That Nick Popplewell is now taking the trail to Tyne-side is incidental but further justification for Wasps that they had to do something publicly to give a proper priority to loyalty and team-building.

There is a shattering of illusions involved here and it is partly Wasps' fault for imagining that they could allow Andrew to continue regardless. Those who have played alongside him this season would

admit that his mind has been elsewhere ever since he signed the famous £750,000, five-year deal to become "the Kevin Keegan of rugby".

Remembering, too, that Andrew was the chief English recruiting officer when Kerry Packer's minions were trying to make their own signings on behalf of the now-defunct World Rugby Championship during the summer, perhaps we should not be surprised. Yet it is worth also reminding ourselves that throughout his career Andrew has unfailingly presented the very best — squeaky clean — of images.

The contention that attached itself to him therefore had nothing to do with Andrew personally but to his worth as a player. That he should have ended with 70 caps, 60 more than his long-term rival Stuart Barnes, who for all his waywardness was always the better attacker, was never permitted one decent run, let alone a second chance, so we will never know if he might have wrought the change.

On the other hand, what Andrew did he did exceptionally well, or at least he did once his faltering career had been kick-started by playing in partnership with Robert Jones on the 1989 Lions tour of Australia. As a kicker, he became a reliable, whether aiming for goal, touch or the open spaces, as any England have ever had, having previously been every bit as unreliable.

As a runner, however, he seldom lived up to the early promise of his halcyon years at Cambridge. In the 1984 University match, his third, Andrew ran everything, even from the kick-off, and launched the Light Blues into an 18-point lead in 20 minutes. He was flattered to deceive — which is not to denigrate a fine player, but simply to show that his ultimate triumph was to appreciate his limitations and to concentrate on doing well what he did best. When Rowell became manager, he was challenged to radicalise



Playing for kicks: Rob Andrew launches the climactic World Cup quarter-final injury-time drop goal against Australia which made him a national hero

Photograph: Allsport

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without Andrew's capacity for points accumulation even if his presence at outside-half in effect sabotaged everyone else's best efforts at producing a more

expansive, higher-risk — ie alien — type of rugby. In fact, there was no certainty that Andrew would have been selected for the South Africa match on 18 November, though he was there as usual when the squad trained at Marlow last Tuesday. The best Rowell would say of him amid yesterday's tributes was that he had "improved a lot" over the past year or so — scarcely a recommendation for a 32-year-old with 10 years and 70 games of international rugby behind him.

This is a shame because, sour though the aftermath of his enforced departure from Wasps may be, there never was a more decent or affable fellow who played rugby for England. But when it came down to it, even Rob Andrew could not in honour and conscience serve two masters.

— T. Bale

THE THREE CONTENDERS FOR THE ENGLAND STAND-OFF ROLE

In a sense Rob Andrew was always Jack Rowell's convenient excuse for England's failure to play the dynamic rugby of which he talked so much.

Now, with Andrew gone and a new outside-half about to succeed, there are no more excuses.

That said, it will be a heavy responsibility on whichever of David Pears or Mike Catt wins the manager's favour and there is no certainty that either is yet capable of giving England's outside backs the service, space and vision: Andrew could not.

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promise of his halcyon years at Cambridge. In the 1984 University match, his third, Andrew ran everything, even from the kick-off, and launched the Light Blues into an 18-point lead in 20 minutes. He was flattered to deceive — which is not to denigrate a fine player, but simply to show that his ultimate triumph was to appreciate his limitations and to concentrate on doing well what he did best. When Rowell became manager, he was challenged to radicalise

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which also included a kindly reference to Northampton's Paul Grayson, another outside-half to attend England training on Tuesday — indicate Pears to be his front-runner. "He looks as if he

could be the heir-apparent," Rowell said.

Until last Saturday Pears was the stand-off in form, kicking his goals and actually outstripping Hargreaves' three-quarter play. It had

worked well during the time-match winning run with which Quins started their first Premiership campaign and the very fact that this injury-prone player was week by week emerging unscathed was another credential.

But then Pears' progress came to a sudden halt, along with Quins' as a side. This was a first example of a match when things went badly at forward and, not only could Pears do nothing to alleviate the unfamiliar pressure, he completed unavailably as a creator and tactician with his venerable opposite number, Paul Taylor.

While this was happening, Mike

Catt was producing a devastating performance as Bath were laying waste to Bristol, the first time in a season and a bit that he had given much indication playing for his club that he could become an "international" outside-half as opposed to full-back.

Conveniently for Rowell, the two go head to head at The Stoop this afternoon. If Catt were selected, an additional change would be required to fit in for him as full-back and for Andrew as place-kicker.

Enter Jonathan Callard, also of Bath, playing the best rugby of his career — far better than when he was first capped two years ago.

— T. Bale

Wasps start their voyage of discovery

DAVID LLEWELLYN

Today Wasps find out if there is life after Rob Andrew and Dean Ryan. They could not have a harder voyage of discovery than the one facing them at Sudbury against Leicester.

Second-placed Leicester, led by Rory Underwood while captain Dean Richards completes his two-match ban, will arrive full of confidence with the news that Ryan has been replaced at lock by the previously out of favour Richard Kinsey, who has to overcome the England second row, Martin Johnson.

For Wasps, Chris Braithwaite has the unenviable task of following Andrew at stand-off. His partner at scrum-half will be Andy Gomersall. The relegation of Steve Bates, the final member of the Sudbury "gang of four", has nothing to do with his future defection to Newcastle. According to the Wasps coach, Rob Smith, there is a rota for the No 9 spot.

Bates himself said: "It's dis-

appointing not to play, but I recognise that Wasps have to look to the future, and that lies with the likes of Gomersall and Co." Nick Popplewell, who is also heading to the North-east, is the only one to survive the cut and turns out at prop for the fourth-placed side.

It promises to be a match of two halves at The Stoop where the Harlequins stand-off, David Pears, comes face to face with his rival for the vacant England No 10 spot, Bath's Mike Catt. Even the omission of the England hooker Brian Moore in favour of Simon Mitchell for the visit of the league leaders takes a back seat.

The England manager, Jack Rowell, yesterday labelled Pears the heir apparent to Andrew, but the succession promises to be hotly contested.

In Wales, the Fijians open their tour with a testing fixture against Wales A at the Brewery Field, Bridgend. Lawrence Little, the brother of the New Zealand centre, Walter, makes his debut for the tourists.

HUNTINGDON

2.15 Omlidg 2.45 Sensitive King 3.15 Run For Dante 3.45 Spartan Silver 4.20 Spring Rhythm 4.50 Banana Cove

GOING: Firm. 11.15-11.30. 11.30-11.45. 11.45-12.00. 12.00-12.15. 12.15-12.30. 12.30-12.45. 12.45-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-2.00. 2.00-2.15. 2.15-2.30. 2.30-2.45. 2.45-2.60. 2.60-2.75. 2.75-2.90. 2.90-3.05. 3.05-3.20. 3.20-3.35. 3.35-3.50. 3.50-4.05. 4.05-4.20. 4.20-4.35. 4.35-4.50. 4.50-5.05. 5.05-5.20. 5.20-5.35. 5.35-5.50. 5.50-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-8.05. 8.05-8.20. 8.20-8.35. 8.35-8.50. 8.50-9.05. 9.05-9.20. 9.20-9.35. 9.35-9.50. 9.50-10.05. 10.05-10.20. 10.20-10.35. 10.35-10.50. 10.50-11.05. 11.05-11.20. 11.20-11.35. 11.35-11.50. 11.50-12.05. 12.05-12.20. 12.20-12.35. 12.35-12.50. 12.50-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11.40-11.55. 11.55-12.10. 12.10-12.25. 12.25-12.40. 12.40-12.55. 12.55-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11.40-11.55. 11.55-12.10. 12.10-12.25. 12.25-12.40. 12.40-12.55. 12.55-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11.40-11.55. 11.55-12.10. 12.10-12.25. 12.25-12.40. 12.40-12.55. 12.55-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11.40-11.55. 11.55-12.10. 12.10-12.25. 12.25-12.40. 12.40-12.55. 12.55-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11.40-11.55. 11.55-12.10. 12.10-12.25. 12.25-12.40. 12.40-12.55. 12.55-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11.40-11.55. 11.55-12.10. 12.10-12.25. 12.25-12.40. 12.40-12.55. 12.55-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11.40-11.55. 11.55-12.10. 12.10-12.25. 12.25-12.40. 12.40-12.55. 12.55-1.00. 1.00-1.15. 1.15-1.30. 1.30-1.45. 1.45-1.60. 1.60-1.75. 1.75-1.90. 1.90-2.05. 2.05-2.20. 2.20-2.35. 2.35-2.50. 2.50-2.65. 2.65-2.80. 2.80-2.95. 2.95-3.10. 3.10-3.25. 3.25-3.40. 3.40-3.55. 3.55-4.10. 4.10-4.25. 4.25-4.40. 4.40-4.55. 4.55-4.70. 4.70-4.85. 4.85-5.00. 5.00-5.15. 5.15-5.30. 5.30-5.45. 5.45-5.60. 5.60-5.75. 5.75-5.90. 5.90-6.05. 6.05-6.20. 6.20-6.35. 6.35-6.50. 6.50-7.05. 7.05-7.20. 7.20-7.35. 7.35-7.50. 7.50-7.65. 7.65-7.80. 7.80-7.95. 7.95-8.10. 8.10-8.25. 8.25-8.40. 8.40-8.55. 8.55-9.10. 9.10-9.25. 9.25-9.40. 9.40-9.55. 9.55-10.10. 10.10-10.25. 10.25-10.40. 10.40-10.55. 10.55-11.10. 11.10-11.25. 11.25-11.40. 11

Bearth and girth at Doncaster

GREG WOOD

It has not been one of racing's better weeks. On Tuesday, a deeply flawed and misleading television documentary threw a bucketload of mud at the sport, some of which will inevitably stick. On Wednesday we lost Red Rum. Yesterday, Tom Foley confirmed that Danoli, Ireland's favourite horse, will miss the entire National Hunt campaign, and today there are two fresh embarrasments.

It is bad enough that only four horses will contest the Racing Post Trophy at Doncaster, the season's last Group One race, but the appearance of the same card of the Bernard Manning On The Job Claiming Stakes, something which the Turf may never live down. The only relief is that it

is off too early for live broadcast on Channel 4, a station which some may feel already has one fat comedian too many. As for the incident in the Racing Post Trophy, although three of the four runners are at least very useful, it still seems almost ungrateful that so few remain from an entry of almost 100. The Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and the Dewhurst at Newmarket were similarly afflicted, a disturbing trend which reflects little credit on many leading trainers and owners.

No one could accuse John Dunlop of lacking ambition. Having overhauled Saad bin Suuroo and the Godolphin operation a week ago to claim his first trainers' championship, Dunlop might have been tempted to ease down. Instead, he shrewdly supplemented Beau-

champ King into today's big race and, assuming he can beat the maiden lamus, the exercise will have been worthwhile. Indeed, Beauchamp King may do rather better than that. His victory on heavy ground at Ascot two weeks ago proved

RICHARD EDMONDSON
NAP: Sceniors
(Doncaster 1.40)
NB: Thraxcan
(Newbury 2.00)

form and will not be inconvenienced by a quick service. Dunlop also mounts a serious challenge in the St Simon Stakes at Newbury, and here he may enjoy more success since Lab-beth (next best 2.30) appears to be the only runner on the way up. Her most interesting rival is Shannon Laddie, long held in high regard by Paul Cole, his trainer, but yet to show much on the track and untraced since down the field in the Derby.

Cole, who has had a disappointing season, deserves a change of fortune after yesterday admitting defeat in his battle to get Sir Paken, one of last year's best juveniles, back to a racecourse after a serious of injuries. Oleana (2.00) may ease his burden slightly, while Smart Generation (1.30) is another who should go well at Newbury.

Back on the other side, Thrilling Day (4.15) is the best option in the Doncaster Stakes, and Dato Star an interesting runner in the Ladbrokes Handicap, since he is joint-favourite for the November Handicap over course and distance in a fortnight. The winner of the Festival Stakes at Cheltenham, Dato Star is better than his bare form indicates, but a mark of 84 is hardly a giveaway for his first attempt at a handicap. Invest instead in NAME THE TUNE (map 2.40), who has had a busy season but should have one more victory left to come.

They race tomorrow at Wetherby and Wincanton, although the Tote is so dependent on the likely public interest that it will not bother to run a Jackpot at either.

DONCASTER

1.40 Sceniors	3.40 Mons
2.10 Oakley	4.15 Resounder
2.40 Coffee n Cream	4.45 MY LEARNED FRIEND (nap)
3.10 Prince of India	

GONING: Good to Firm
STALLS: Straight - stands side; round course - inside; DRAW ADVANTAGE: None.
Left-hand, post-warped course with 1 mile straight.
Beauchamp King is sent off the ABB (M18 Jct 9) 4. Bus link from Doncaster Central railway station to London, King's Cross. ADVERTISEMENT: C&A 1.1; Grandstand 3.5; Family Enclosures 3.5 (under 16s free all enclosures); C&A P&R: Free.

LEADING TRAINERS WITH WINNERS: 4 Gooden - 97 winners from 142 runners (24.6%); 2.1% and a profit to a 51% level of 246.50; 132 - 23 winners, 102 runners, 22.1%, +239.24; 3. Blom - 27 winners, 258 runners, 10.7%, +330.40; 4. Cecil - 25 winners, 102 runners, 25.5%, +310.41.
LEADING JOCKEYS: 1. B. J. Smith - 214 rides, 19.9%, +216.94; 2. J. B. Wall - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 3. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 4. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 5. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 6. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 7. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 8. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 9. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 10. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 11. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 12. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 13. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 14. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 15. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 16. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 17. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 18. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 19. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 20. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 21. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 12.5%, +22.54; 22. D. J. Cook - 214 rides, 14.5%, +204.34; 23. D. J. 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FOOTBALL: As a former probation officer, Dave Merrington is more forgiving than most managers. Glenn Moore discovers the secret

Saint with an understanding of the sinners

With one Premiership player at present in jail and several others recently appearing in court, a passing acquaintance with the penal system might be seen as an advantage for football managers. Then again, with more than a third of them sacked each season, a strong sense of faith could be regarded as more useful.

Dave Merrington, the manager of Southampton, has both. He also has something even more important – a sense of perspective.

Football has always had a problem with perspective, whether it is Bill Shankly suggesting the game is more important than life or death, or Everton officials claiming Duncan Ferguson is a nice, harmless young man. Ferguson, you may recall, was imprisoned this month for committing assault while already on probation for a violent offence.

Merrington knows all about hard backgrounds – his father lost six fingers practising his trade as a welder in his native North-east. He also knows about the causes of crime – he spent a year on the dole and three more in the probation service. Those experiences, and his Christianity, have made him a more rounded person than many in the game.

"I was taken from one extreme to another," he said in his spartan office at Southampton's well-appointed training ground yesterday. "From dealing with players – many of whom are highly motivated – I went to people who did not have much money. Their social inquiry reports showed how their situations had been affected by circumstances."

"That tends to make you less judgemental. I try to analyse things to a greater depth now. I am more patient with players than I was in the past. I am aggressive, I am positive, but I try to be balanced."

The Probation Service taught me so much more about how other people have to live. Before I got that job, I also learned what it was like to be out of work, the hassle that brings. All this made me stronger, made me more understanding in dealing with people.

Then there is his faith, which clearly influences the way he deals with people. If only everyone in football were as warm and honest as he is.

It began with the death of his grandmother. "She had cancer

'You want to be loyal to players, but the time is coming where we will have to make changes'

– I saw her die. But she had tremendous faith. She had something I did not have. I then saw it in another guy. I knew from Burnley and I recognised there was something which I now recognise is the truth."

All this character-building is presently being put to the test. Merrington was appointed manager in July, after Alan Ball went to Manchester City, and it has not been the easiest of starts. Having taken six points from nine games Southampton are in the relegation zone, despite being the only club to beat Newcastle.

"We have lost a bit of edge and found it hard to get it back. One or players are not hitting form, some are lacking confidence. You want to be loyal to players, but the time is coming where we will make changes."

Things are unlikely to get any easier tomorrow, when Liver-

pool visit The Dell for a televised encounter. Southampton could get a timely lift, however, with the signing of Barry Venison nearing completion.

"He did a good job for Newcastle. He is mature, he has a positive, simple approach about him. Lawrie [McMenamy, the club's Director of Football] and I sat down and we felt we needed an old head on the pitch, which we have not had since Jimmy Case left."

"I am looking for us to be a positive side and I will not be happy until I have got that. I will not change my philosophy, I want a passing, forward-running side. I like to see flair, aggression and the right mental attitude."

One player who exemplifies that is Alan Shearer, one of Merrington's youth-team graduates. "The most important ingredient in football today is mental toughness; Shearer had that when he was very young. I recommended him to the first team at 17. They were surprised, but I said: 'He is a man, he has the ability, and he has mental capacity to deal with it'."

The other famous graduate, Matthew Le Tissier, is still at Southampton. Merrington is one reason for that. He is, said Le Tissier after training yesterday, "the biggest influence on my career."

"I came over here as a very naive 16-year-old, and he turned me into a player by the time I was 18. I also grew up so much that my family, who did not see me very often in that time, could not believe it. That was all down to Dave."

"There have been a couple of times since when I have been out of the side and I have gone back to see Dave and he has got me through it. He has been fantastic for me as a player and as a person."

Le Tissier is having a quiet period at the moment. "Some people say he does not work hard



Calm before the storm: Dave Merrington conducts training yesterday, in preparation for tomorrow's visit by Liverpool

Photograph: Peter Jay

enough and some times he does not. He was like that as a boy. The first impression is he needs to do more, but some of the things he does, the goals he scores... He has a touch of genius."

"I understand the England manager's dilemma in trying to pick the best squad. I am not sure how they see him, but I do not think he has really been tested out. The criticism after the Norway game was of a lack of creativity – one thing Matty has in abundance is creativity."

Merrington was a defender with Burnley until injury finished his career at 27. He later returned as a coach to Jimmy Adamson. The two moved on to Sunderland, then Leeds, before being sacked. He drifted out of the game before McMenamy made him youth coach at Southampton 12 years ago. Circumstances, rather than ambition, led him to the manager's chair.

"What has changed since I last worked at this level is the philosophy of the game, mon-

ey has changed the game. The pressure in the Premier League is unbelievable – you cannot afford to go down."

"It affects your life. You go home and your family situation is different. You find yourself wanting to switch off but you cannot. You want to get things right but you know you are not going to get them done overnight."

Merrington endured a difficult time with Adamson at Leeds, then saw at close hand the hate campaign Ian Brem-

ford experienced at Southampton. Having seen what management can be like, why get involved?

"I had the chance to take over at Sunderland when Jim left for Leeds, but I had already committed myself to going with him. This time, if I had not taken the job I would have regretted it."

"I did not expect the job. It came out of the blue. I had the backing of the spectators [he was also the players' choice] so the staff and I got together and we felt it was the right thing to do."

I am the fifth manager in 10 years and I want to steady the waters."

"I do not think any manager should have to go through what I have went through. It is wrong to put any individual through that kind of stress. The guy could have a nervous breakdown, or die of a heart attack. I do not think any job is worth that."

A Newcastle fan as a boy, he remains one as a manager. "My goal is to bring to Southampton the style Kevin Keegan has developed at Newcastle."

Ned Kelly rides shotgun on Cantona's return

Gascoigne returns to lift hearts

A rum red if ever there was one, he was once too fast over the jumps for his own good. Today he is back among the starters in the 3.0 at Stamford Bridge, not far from where he fell from grace. Eric Cantona is back in town.

Cantona's reappearance in London, against Chelsea, is also his first Premiership away game since the events of Selhurst Park nine months ago. This time, however, Manchester United are taking their own security unit – trained by a former soldier called Ned Kelly – to ensure that no "fan" gets close enough to test the Frenchman's temperance.

The "bouncers" had a dry run at the Coca-Cola Cup match at York, clearing a path for the United coach with a precision normally used by those guarding heads of state. "We're prepared for everything," the United manager, Alex Ferguson, said yesterday. "But it's no problem. Eric will handle it."

A little protection from the referee would not go amiss, either. By coincidence, the man in charge is Alan Wilkie, whose dismissal of Cantona against Crystal Palace was the prelude to his attack on a spectator. Ferguson never disputed that Cantona's transgression against Richard Shaw left Mr Wilkie no

alternative. But he felt, justifiably, that the official had earlier failed to act on two bad tackles, one of them on Cantona.

United's meetings with Chelsea tend to accentuate the tactical rather than the physical. Glenn Hoddle outwitted Ferguson twice in United's Double year, a feat tarnished slightly by a 4-0 reverse in the FA Cup final. Throw in the memory of Cantona almost scoring from the halfway line at the Bridge and it is no wonder Ferguson

said: "We always get an interesting game there."

As if all that were not enough, Mark Hughes faces United for the first time since leaving them. "He'll probably score with one of his 40-yard volleys," Ferguson said with a fatalistic chuckle, "or an overhead scissors-kick."

The capital hosts another intriguing fixture. Arsenal, managing to be both hard to beat and entertaining, receive Aston Villa, who have conceded only one goal in five unbeaten visits

to Highbury since crashing 5-0 during the death throes of Jo Venglos' managership in 1991.

The leaders, Newcastle, are just the team to establish conclusively whether Wimbledon have indeed lost the defensive pace which sustained them in the days of greyhounds like Curle, Phelan, Scales and Barton. The Dons' last trip to Tyneside, on the night of Cantona's lung-fu antics, proved a watershed for Kevin Keegan. An overdue victory showed non-believers there was life after Andy Cole.

The yellow and green of Brazil will be so much in evidence at Middlesbrough that

Queen's Park Rangers may think they are at Norwich. Juninho is not cleared to play yet, so expect the candidates to make way for him, such as Craig Hignett and Robbie Mustoe, to excel.

Pick of the Endsleigh League programme is the collision of the Second Division's top two, Swindon and Crewe. Strange to reflect that 18 months ago Cantona was playing at Swindon, and getting ordered off, in the Premiership. The crowd at the County Ground will be augmented by scouts from the big clubs, for whom tugging Dario Gradi's gifted young Crewe side is virtually a full-time job.

The Rangers midfielder, Stuart McCall, is out of Tuesday's Coca-Cola Cup semi-final at Aberdeen at Hampden Park and is doubtful for the Champions' League return with Juventus on 1 November, after picking up a rib injury during this week's 4-1 defeat in Turin.

"Stuart will be out for between 10 days and a fortnight," Walter Smith said, but the Boro manager will pitch Paul Gascoigne back into action against Hearts at Boro today as Rangers seek to ease the pain of their Italian defeat.

Gascoigne has missed three games with a thigh injury picked up after he scored League goals against Celtic and Motherwell.

"He was really starting to show the form he is capable of and influencing the team the way I hope he will when he got the injury," Smith said.

However, Brian Laudrup, Charlie Miller, Ian Ferguson and Trevor Steven will not feature yet, although Alan McLaren is available after his European suspension. Miller, who has shin splints, and Ferguson will restart training next week while Steven is still 10 days away.

Hearts have not won at Boro since November 1987, when Ray Wilkins made his debut for Rangers in a 3-2 defeat.

Jim Jefferies, the Tynecastle manager, is without the suspended Gary Mackay and the injured Willie Jamieson, but has vowed his side will attack. "Last week's win over Raith was a confidence boost and we have scored four goals three times this season. We have a lot of experienced players, so they should be able to cope with Boro."

Oh, the skill was there, the laconic poise, the ability to fall over anywhere on the pitch, but especially in the vicinity of Tony Adams

As a Sunday footballer of average incompetence, but an imaginary pro as refined as any, one shirt – or rather, the concept behind that shirt – has been both curse and inspiration for longer than a grown man with any sense should admit. What am I talking about? Why, what else but the QPR No 10.

As a child of 10, showing an interest in football a little worrying to my unconvinced parents, my grandad, a Carlisle fan whose word was law, hammered home the message that the true fan supported their local team. No matter that we lived nearer St James' Park (the Exeter City version) than Loftus Road, the question was one of birthplace. The A-Z was found and QPR shaded it over Chelsea and Fulham by half an inch.

As kids do, it took no more than a week or two to absorb what there was of legend on offer at the Bush. The meteoric rise to the First Division which began with the incredible League Cup and Third Division championship double in 1967; the swift return to where many believe we belong in 1969; but then, by the time my grandad's tribal scruples had pointed me in the right direction, a good side was back in business.

The spectre of Rodney Marsh and the No 10 loomed large in my mind. That goal against West Brom in the League Cup final, the astonishing volley against Birmingham in 1970's 5-2 cracker. He may have left for Manchester City, but he had set the trend.

With the arrival of Stan Bowles, there was no hope for

FAN'S EYE VIEW
No 116
QPR's No 10 shirt
Alex Wade

me. OK, so we lived in Devon, but did that stop the euphoric newspaper reports, the television highlights, the sound of Brian Moore simply stating "Stanley Bowles", as if the words were complete in themselves? Soon enough, Dad was driving all the way up to Loftus Road, and I was spending every minute flicking a ball from foot to foot, perfecting tricks so complicated that they would only ever come off against a team of statues.

Stan finally went, having dizzied, tripped up a ref and

broken his ankle in the mud at Bristol when no one was near him (the only Bowles feat I have ever emulated). The next magician in the hallowed No 10 was Tony Currie, another player whose like isn't around any more.

By this time, I still had not ditched my dream of stepping out in the hoops. But while dreams are free, so was plenty of advice to the effect that being able to juggle the ball all afternoon did not mean much over 90 minutes.

As for QPR, they came close in 1976, finishing runners-up to Liverpool, lost out to Spurs in the 1982 FA Cup (Currie, did you have to?), and as for the 1986 Milk Cup debacle against Oxford, the least said the better.

But we've always been there or thereabouts, the mid-table team whose style and seasons are tough and go. One or two players have, like the team, flattered to deceive, hinting at a revival of the Marsh, Bowles and Currie lineage – Simon Stainrod, John Byrne, Roy Wegerle.

Roy came closest. The skill, the laconic poise, the ability to fall over anywhere on the pitch, especially in the vicinity of Tony Adams, but in the end something was missing, something so devoid from today's game that the idea of an old-fashioned No

10 appearing anywhere, let alone at Loftus Road, is as chimerical as a Bowles header.

That something is flair, true footballing flair, which means outrageous natural ability allied with unshakable self-belief. It is a fearlessness of the unexpected which the Premiership's bland super-athletes have been conditioned to deny. Its absence makes for a poorer game.

Which is why, as a No 10 whose theatre of dreams is a muddy park somewhere in Southfields on a Sunday morning, I'm thankful for QPR and the club's gifted trio, forgoing of the daft tricks and obsession with style which has been my lot these last 20 years. It would be nice to win something at Loftus Road, but nicer still if a slick No 10 got the winning backheel.

Gough takes change of action in his stride Kumble guides India to easy win

Cricket

Darren Gough has made an adjustment in his delivery stride in a bid to regain his England Test place after injury.

Gough, who missed much of the second half of the season with an injured left foot, is seeking to make his comeback in the first Test against South Africa in Pretoria which begins on 16 November.

He has been struggling with a painful left ankle which he says is caused by wrong foot placement in his delivery stride. "I'm putting a lot of pressure on my left foot as I come down, and I am stressing the wrong area," Gough said at England's first practice session. "Basically I'm landing with my weight on the little toe, and the idea is to flatten out the foot and place the pressure more on the big toe, which is better able to cope."

"I will try my best to succeed with the new method, but if it doesn't work I'll go back to what I know. There's a risk of getting injured again if I do, but when you're a fast bowler you must expect injuries and I'm not prepared to be mediocre. I'm starting from the bottom again."

Devon Malcolm also has to prove his fitness after a knee operation, but Wayne Morton, the England physio, said he expected the fast bowler to be

ready for the first test. "We knew Devon was not 100 per cent fit when we brought him, but if needs be he could play in the four-day game in Soweto next week," Morton said.

Morton was in South Africa with the England A team two years ago and expects the squad to take two weeks to acclimatise. "Johannesburg, at 6,000 feet above sea level, is the ideal place to start," he said. "It will get easier wherever we go from here."

New Zealand 145 and 233
India 228 and 151-2
India win by 8 wickets

The leg-spinner Anil Kumble completed a match haul of 9 for 120 and opener Ajay Jadeja hit a stylish 73 as India beat New Zealand by eight wickets in the first Test in Bangalore.

India, needing 151 to win after dismissing New Zealand for 233 in their second innings,

cruised home with an hour and two days to spare.

Jadeja struck 73 off 92 deliveries before he was caught by Adam Parore at cover as he tried to square drive Matthew Hart. He added 101 with his fellow opener Manoj Prabhakar (43), the pair leaving Sanjay Manjrekar (29 not out) to complete the job at 151 for 2.

New Zealand, 125 for 5 overnight, lost Chris Cairns to Javagal Srinath in the first over

of the day without adding to his 23. Kumble then removed Stephen Fleming for 41, taking an easy return catch.

Gernon, leading his country on his Test debut, scored 41 to hold up the home side, hitting six boundaries before falling to Kumble. Hart (27 not out) offered a late flourish, but Kumble wrapped up the innings by accounting for Danny Morrison.

Scoreboard, Sporting Digest, page 31

Coulthard picks up the gauntlet of Schumacher

Motor racing

DAVID TREMAYNE
reports from Aida, Japan

Michael Schumacher threw down the gauntlet at the start, with a lap almost a second and a half faster than he had managed during unofficial practice in the morning.

Damon Hill took it up, and the Ferrari drivers Jean Alesi and Gerhard Berger each had moments when they looked likely candidates for the fastest time during yesterday's qualifying for the Pacific Grand Prix. But it was the 24-year-old Scot, David Coulthard, who again squeezed the most from his

Williams to beat Hill by a tenth of a second.

The Aida circuit, not far from the site of the Kobe earthquake disaster in January, is scarcely the stuff of which grand prix legends are made. Spa Francorchamps or Monza it most definitely is not. It lacks fast corners and its surface wears tyres rapidly. Qualifying was as much about rubber preservation as it was about speed and cleanliness of line. Despite the former shortcoming but probably because of the latter, this first session developed into another gripping encounter.

Revised rear suspension geometry on the Benetton made them less nervous on the

limit, and Schumacher was his usual irresistible self in the early stages as he established the new benchmark, but Hill's initial challenge was inhibited by poor handling. It was Berger who came closest to Schumacher, before Coulthard and the flu-ridden Alesi edged into the frame.

When the revalued Hill paced his time within six thousandths of Schumacher's, and the German's subsequent attempt to go faster was unsuccessful, they set up a showdown as each prepared to exploit the one-lap benefit of their last set of fresh tyres. Both Ferraris tantalised with faster times in the early sections of their last laps, only for Alesi and Berger to lose

grip at vital moments and surrender the slight advantage by the end of the lap.

Then Coulthard upstaged them all, throwing up dust from the edge of the tight little circuit on his way to limit 14.182sec. Hill was grim-faced and taciturn after his response fell just short, while the three-tenths of a second gap to the Williams Renaults left Schumacher preparing for another lengthy debrief with his engineers.

"I thought I'd lost it when it went sideways in the quick section," Coulthard said, "but somehow I managed to get it back. But there is no grip out there, it's just a lottery. It's like driving a car on wet tyres on a

dry road; you could almost feel the rubber crumbling and losing grip."

Behind the leading quintet both Johnny Herbert and Mark Blundell did their prospects little harm at a time when each faces an uncertain future, but the other star of the day was Jan Magnussen, who is standing in for Mika Hakkinen at McLaren after the Finn's attack of appendicitis earlier in the week.

The 22-year-old Dane created the same sort of impression that Schumacher did on his Formula One debut in 1991, and lost 10th place on the provisional grid only when his last run was hampered by traffic to let Rubens Barrichello squeeze ahead.

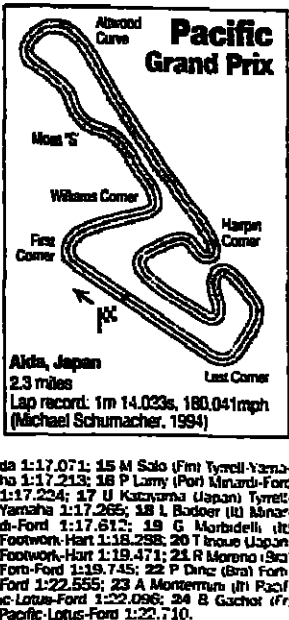
As anticipated, the sport's governing body, the FIA, revealed details of Thursday's World Council meeting in Paris, but beyond confirming that it will be regarded as an offence repeatedly to obstruct other drivers on the straight, the governing body failed to provide concrete guidelines on what constitutes acceptable defensive or aggressive tactics.

Max Mosley, the FIA president, said: "Racing is different to the road in one sense: when competing you drive to the limit of your abilities. We held a meeting earlier this month with leading Formula One drivers, and they agreed that no driver should endanger another driver,

but otherwise should be allowed to compete freely. The World Council has accepted this view. The drivers are top professionals, so we will let them get on with it."

Observers who have grown tired of oversteering attempts ending in collisions had hoped for more.

PACIFIC GRAND PRIX Provisional grid positions after first qualifying session (pole): 1. D. Coulthard (GB) Williams Renault 14.182; 2. D. Hill (GB) Williams Renault 14.192; 3. M. Schumacher (GER) Benetton Renault 14.202; 4. J. Magnussen (DEN) McLaren 14.212; 5. J. Herbert (GB) Williams Renault 14.222; 6. M. Blundell (GB) Williams Renault 14.232; 7. J. Alesi (ITA) Ferrari 14.242; 8. G. Berger (ITA) Ferrari 14.252; 9. J. Barrichello (BRA) Williams Renault 14.262; 10. J. Coulthard (GB) Williams Renault 14.272; 11. J. Magnussen (DEN) McLaren 14.282; 12. J. Barrichello (BRA) Williams Renault 14.292; 13. J. Coulthard (GB) Williams Renault 14.302; 14. J. Magnussen (DEN) McLaren 14.312; 15. J. Barrichello (BRA) Williams Renault 14.322; 16. J. Coulthard (GB) Williams Renault 14.332; 17. J. Magnussen (DEN) McLaren 14.342; 18. J. Barrichello (BRA) Williams Renault 14.352; 19. J. Coulthard (GB) Williams Renault 14.362; 20. J. Magnussen (DEN) McLaren 14.372.



Scotland perfect as Coltart flies

Golf

TIM GLOVER
reports from St Andrews

For the first time in Celtic history a Scotsman willingly distanced himself from a coin of the realm. Sam Torrance said he threw some money into the North Sea here yesterday after a bizarre incident at the third hole during Scotland's march in the Alfred Dunhill Cup.

Torrance was standing over a 12-inch putt when he picked up his ball marker and failed to find his pocket. Instead the marker fell to the ground and hit his ball. Torrance suspected he had infringed one of the myriad rules of golf. An official confirmed that Torrance's action had moved the ball: therefore a one-stroke penalty.

Torrance is not superstitious but he tends to use, as a ball marker, the coin of the country he is in. Had he used an orthodox marker the ball probably would not have budged. But it did and it cost him a five to Heinz Peter Thill's three. However he finished with a 71 and that was three strokes too good for Thill.

Once again Scotland were given a flying start by Andrew Coltart. He hit a 68 to defeat Alexander Cejka by six strokes.

"It's a pity this is not the Open Championship," Torrance said. "Coltart would be leading by six strokes." Scotland are the only team with a 100 per cent record. The team spirit is as tight as the Black Watch drum. "It's a pity I dropped a shot at the 17th," Coltart, who is playing out of his skin, said. "That's a shame." Colin Montgomerie interrupted. "We really feel for you..."

"Will you shut up," Coltart replied.

Today Scotland play South Africa for a place in the semi-finals and Coltart is out first again, this time against Ernie Els. England and the United States are living on borrowed time.

England, beaten by Spain on Thursday, lost to Argentina yesterday when Jose Coceres birdied the last to get the better of Mark James 73 to 74. Vicente Fernandez had already beaten Barry Lane by eight strokes. In the final game Howard Clark beat Eduardo Romero.

James, one of Europe's Ryder Cup heroes in the singles,

was dismissive of the event and was not too complimentary of the venue either. Is it hard, he was asked, to go for the Dunhill Cup after the Ryder Cup? "It's difficult to get up for this weekend," he replied. "It's cold, the course is bleak and you're nowhere near the crowd."

The highlight of James's round was a triple bogey six at the 11th hole where he landed in a bunker, took two to get out and three putted. "It added spice," James said. "It made it roughly interesting." James said there was another reason for his over-par performance. Since drinking champagne at Oak Hill in Rochester after Europe's Ryder Cup victory, half of Yorkshire has kept him well oiled. "The celebrations," he said, "have taken their toll."

Jan Woosnam knows the feeling. The Wales captain pulled a muscle in his back, lifting Constantino Rocca by the 18th at Oak Hill, but yesterday he led his country to a 3-0 victory over New Zealand. It means that Wales still have an outside chance of surviving. There is hardly anybody alive who remembers the last time Wales beat the Kiwis 3-0.

ALFRED DUNHILL CUP (GB) Scotland, 58-59; South Africa, 59-60; Argentina, 60-61; New Zealand, 61-62; Australia, 62-63; Ireland, 63-64; Spain, 64-65; France, 65-66; Germany, 66-67; Italy, 67-68; Belgium, 68-69; Netherlands, 69-70; Portugal, 70-71; Greece, 71-72; Czech Republic, 72-73; Slovakia, 73-74; Hungary, 74-75; Poland, 75-76; Slovenia, 76-77; Croatia, 77-78; Serbia, 78-79; Montenegro, 79-80; Bosnia, 80-81; Herzegovina, 81-82; Macedonia, 82-83; Bulgaria, 83-84; Romania, 84-85; Moldova, 85-86; Ukraine, 86-87; Belarus, 87-88; Lithuania, 88-89; Latvia, 89-90; Estonia, 90-91; Finland, 91-92; Sweden, 92-93; Norway, 93-94; Denmark, 94-95; Iceland, 95-96; Faroe Islands, 96-97; Gibraltar, 97-98; Jersey, 98-99; Guernsey, 99-100; Channel Islands, 100-101; Isle of Man, 101-102; Northern Ireland, 102-103; Republic of Ireland, 103-104; Scotland, 104-105; England, 105-106; Wales, 106-107; Northern Ireland, 107-108; Scotland, 108-109; England, 109-110; Wales, 110-111; Northern Ireland, 111-112; Scotland, 112-113; 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SPORT

'It would have been disappointing to have ended my career last week at Swansea and I don't want to find myself walking away from the game at Old Trafford'

JONATHAN DAVIES

talks to Ken Jones

Page 27

Leicester start to pay players

Leading club up for sale in the FT

Rugby Union
STEVE BALE

Leicester, the English champions, yesterday acted to safeguard their assets by putting their players on semi-professional contracts worth £1,000 a month for the rest of the season. A first-team squad of 20 are being offered a total of £6,000 each.

John Hall's shilling is somewhat less contentious than those of Rob Andrew and Dean Ryan. They have been told they will not be chosen again.

Andrew is one reason for Leicester's pioneering announcement. Unsettled by offers from other clubs, headed by Andrew's newly enriched Newcastle, they have decided to pay their players, albeit quite modestly, despite the Rugby Football Union's moratorium on club professionalism.

The moratorium is now thoroughly discredited, though Leicester are taking the pre-

caution of initially contracting their players for off-the-field promotional activity rather than for playing. Bristol last week said they would embrace "full professionalism" as soon as the RFU would allow - which, if Tony Hallett of the RFU is to be believed, is right now.

In any event, some of the aspects covered by the moratorium are widely expected to be abandoned at the end of the month, among them the 120-day stand-down period for transferred players, which was the reason Andrew, Newcastle's development director, carried

on playing for Wasps until they no longer wanted him.

In addition Hallett, the RFU secretary, has indicated in advance of the findings of the union's professionalism commission that, in order to give the likes of Leicester a defence against the depredations of Newcastle, clubs will no longer be prevented from drawing up their own contracts.

Peter Wheeler, Leicester president and former England captain, met Hallett yesterday. "Our players have been told we are offering them contracts that will come into effect as soon as

they sign," Wheeler said. "We want to hold on to our players and the only way to do that is to tell them they have a future with us."

"We are going to fund the contracts by getting off our backsides and working harder to gain sponsorship and backing. The RFU has left us defenceless in the current season and this is our response. The moratorium is no good if players are still moving clubs."

Like Ryan, Bates, a 32-year-old teacher, has been taken on by Andrew as a development officer, which means he would

qualify for a salary of £150,000 over three years. The difference is that the Welsh-born scrum-half, capped once by England, does not intend starting until July.

In view of the rumpus over Andrew's recruitment of Ryan, followed by Nick Popplewell, Bates yesterday kindly undertook not to pursue any more of Sudbury's finest in the interim. A Wasp since 1981, he had already informed the club that this would be his final season. "I've been at the club for a long time and wouldn't want to leave under any sort of cloud."

This is not to say he will not be on the look-out elsewhere. "It's going to be a similar role to the one Dean Ryan has," Bates said. "We will be responsible for the coaching and the development of the youth, schools' liaison."

"We will be looking at universities and looking at player recruitment and also looking at all the training methods and what we're going to do on the pitch. I have a teaching job which I can't leave until Easter at the earliest, but I'm probably going to stay for the summer term as well."

Andrew's mask slips, page 28

Anyone with a few million to spare fancy taking over a rugby club? Sir John Hall did - and went out and bought Newcastle - and now one of the finest clubs in the land, under the anonymity of a newspaper box number, is offering itself up to someone similar, writes Steve Bale.

An advertisement in the Business Opportunities section of today's *Financial Times* states: "Now that rugby union football has embraced professionalism, and a new European league appears inevitable, clubs in a position to do so can establish themselves among a European elite. The commercial potential is huge!"

"Given the current situation in British rugby football, there is the opportunity for an entrepreneur to gain effective control of one of the best clubs in rugby football, a club which has a fine coaching set-up, a successful record in re-

cent years, a sound commercial operation and a squad of players including many internationals."

The advert maintains that present management would be prepared to accommodate a backer by taking a secondary role or, "subject to certain conditions, to step aside to allow the new 'owner' to manage the club's affairs."

Assuming that the above description is accurate, Cardiff, with their 17 capped players, would seem most nearly to fit the bill. Meanwhile, Leicester's president, the former England booker Peter Wheeler, is already on record that he has had enquiries from business interests on which he did not look unfavourably. The Leicester squad currently contains six English internationals as well as one Irish.

However, when it comes to big names it is Bath who have more than any club in England with 16 capped players: 11 English, four Scots and one Irish. Northampton, another multi-national set-up, would also come into the reckoning.

Harlequins, too, still have six internationals amongst their number, but in their case most of the members of their committee are already millionaires.



Striking shot: Colin Montgomerie hits off the fourth tee on his way to his Dunhill Cup victory over Germany's Sven Struver at St Andrews yesterday. Report, scores, page 31. Photograph: David Ashdown

Skerrett puts accent on Welsh optimism

Rugby League
DAVE HADFIELD

It says much about the contemporary Welsh approach that the side to play England in the semi-final of the Centenary World Cup today stayed in the Principality until the last possible moment.

Wales messed up the organisers' arrangements by staying in Cardiff and only coming north yesterday afternoon. It is no coincidence that they chose to do it that way, there has rarely been a team which draws so deeply on national identity.

It is all the more remarkable that this should be the case for a side containing several "Anglos". Regardless of what happens

at Old Trafford this afternoon, the in-comers have proved that Welshness lies in what you do on the field, not in your accent.

Two English-born players provide a vivid illustration of that. Iestyn Harris, Oldham-born despite his first name, has been one of the stars of the tournament so far and would have the choice of a couple of positions if he had opted for the land of his birth rather than the land of his fathers.

Kelvin Skerrett is as Welsh as Yorkshire pudding, but has the happy knack of producing precisely what his adopted country requires of him. Against France he inflicted damage carrying the ball. Against Western Samoa, when something different was

needed, he increased his tackle count and still did untold damage in possession, setting the tone for an inspired forward effort that won the match and sent Wales into the semi-finals brimming with confidence.

"We feel unstoppable now," is how their team manager, Mike Nicholas, describes their state of mind. The question is whether they can translate that mood from South Wales to the north of England. Their best work has been done on home turf, but they won the European Championship by beating France in Carcassonne last season.

Clive Griffiths, the Welsh coach, was able to name Scott Gibbs and John Devereux in his side after fitness tests yesterday.

The England coach, Phil Larder, and two of his Keighley players, Nick Pinckney and Daryl Powell, heard that their club came within an hour of a winding-up order from a former director yesterday. They will have put that worry out of their minds, but Pinckney is England's one unknown quantity at this level.

The 24-year-old centre has abundant pace and his try-scoring record is impressive. It is almost entirely compiled against moderate opposition, however, his two good tries against South Africa notwithstanding.

A more pressing concern could be the confidence or otherwise of Martin Offiah. England need him to rediscover his old swagger, especially as Wales

have one of the most effective wingers of the tournament so far in Anthony Sullivan.

Larder has decided against including Gary Connolly among his substitutes following his recovery from pneumonia.

There are those who would have started with Tony Smith rather than having him on the bench. If Powell can do a typically solid job on Jonathan Davies for the first hour but England still need a breakthrough, Smith, with his extra speed, could be the man to provide it.

The general key to an English success is the superior mobility and tactical acumen of their forwards. If they can get out of the trenches long enough to use those qualities, they will win.

ENGLAND v WALES

At Old Trafford		At Old Trafford	
Pinckney	Keighley	Harris	Warrington
Powell	Keighley	Devereux	Widnes
Pinckney	Keighley	Gibbs	St Helens
Newlands	Bradford	Bateman	Consett
Offiah	Wigan	Sullivan	St Helens
Powell	Keighley	Davies	Warrington
Goulding	St Helens	Ellis	N Queensland Cowboys
Harrison	Halifax	Skerrett	Wigan
Jackson	Sheffield	Hall	Wigan
Plant	Aldershot	Young	Salford
Betts	Aldershot	Moriarty	Halifax
Clarke	Sydney City	Quinnell	Wigan
Farrell	Northampton	Eyles	Leeds

Substitutes: Smith (Doncaster), Weather (Wigan), Houghton (Wigan), Cassidy (Wigan).

Substitutes: Jones (Warrington), Cunningham (St Helens), Phillips (Warrington), Hadley (Widnes).

Referee: E Ward (Australia)

Kick-off: 3pm BBC1

Graf tackles her tax as sponsors rally round

Tennis

JOHN ROBERTS
reports from Brighton

Steffi Graf, whose father is in prison accused of tax fraud of tens of millions of marks on her earnings, has engaged Price Waterhouse, one of the world's biggest financial consultants.

This includes assisting her in all tax matters relating to the current investigation and representing her interests with the tax authorities, a spokesman at the company's Berlin office

said. Price Waterhouse's other clients include Lloyds Bank, House of Fraser, Burtons, Mirror Group, Guinness and Esso.

Graf was interrogated twice by the German tax authorities before competing in the international women's tournament here this week, a visit which ended abruptly when the 26-year-old Wimbledon champion was eliminated in her opening match by Mariaan de Swardt, a South African qualifier, ranked No 54 in the world.

Although Graf will lose her £700,000 sponsorship deal with

Opel, the car company, at the end of the year, she has been promised continued annual support by Adidas sportswear (£300,000), Rexona deodorants (£200,000), Wilson rackets (£200,000) and Tost rackets (£200,000), who have all added to her career prize money of more than £1.1m from tennis.

"We think Steffi is a victim in this affair," a Rexona spokesman said. The 18th and last Brighton tournament has rumbled on in Graf's absence. De Swardt treated us to another impressive

demonstration of her might before losing in the quarter-finals yesterday, breaking the strap in the centre of the net when double-faulting in the concluding game of her match against Kristie Boogert, of the Netherlands.

De Swardt amused the crowd by flexing her muscles while the court maintenance crew repaired the damage. But the tale of the tape did not have a happy outcome for the South African, who slipped from 30-15 to lose the contest. Boogert skipped for joy after

completing a 6-1, 1-6, 6-4 victory with a forehand winner. In the semi-finals today, Boogert plays the American fourth seed, Mary Joe Fernandez, a 3-6, 7-5, 6-3 winner against Barbara Paulus, of Austria.

Magdalena Maleeva, the third seed, appears to have devised a personal handicapping system, twice recovering from opening sets of 1-6 en route to the semi-finals. Having turned events in her favour when playing Germany's Barbara Rittner on Thursday, the Bulgarian made a similar come-

back against Helena Sukova yesterday, defeating the sixth seed, 1-6, 6-1, 6-3.

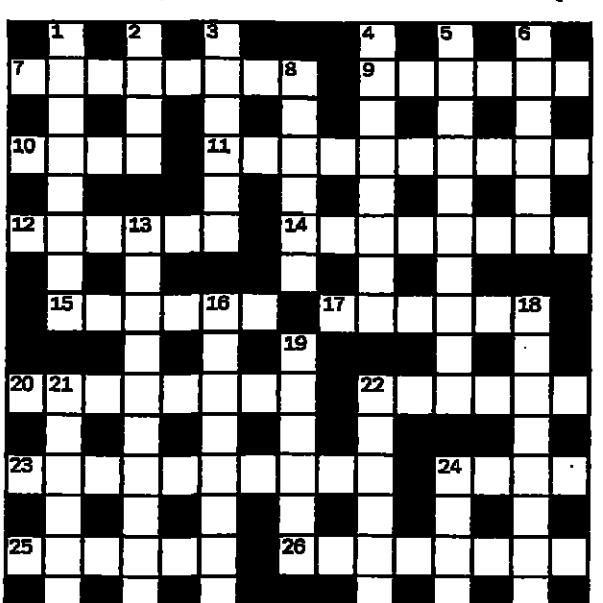
Although no longer troubled by a back injury which threatened her participation here, Maleeva's serve is suffering from a lack of prefecture.

Michael Stich, the German player ranked No 12 in the world, was carried off the court on a stretcher after tearing a ligament in his left ankle at the CA Trophy men's indoor tournament in Vienna yesterday. Results, Sporting Digest, page 31

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No 2811, Saturday 21 October

By Phil



- ACROSS**
- Trench soldier: English one never losing heart (8)
 - No longer so young: angry, losing head about ultimate in disobedience (6)
 - Hard-working student pulls back (4)
 - Showing sobriety, omits abuse when drunk (10)
 - These characters exhibit vocation and are entering church, right? (6)
 - Bob attempted to encircle one end of plot with furrows (8)
 - Article collating articles in French, English and German (6)
 - Boredom that would be only slightly changed some church music? (6)
 - Someone not present ordered to come into a gathering (8)
 - Waiting one's turn, we hear, to be playing pool? (6)
 - Churchman to investigate about rioting and beer (10)
 - Examine both sides of the street (4)
 - Group surrounding English ambassador show suppressed anger (6)
 - What one did in the aisles, all but enthralled by dry witicism? (8)
- DOWN**
- Onset of summer - now autumn - and then this? (4-4)
 - At home, in dry shade (4)
 - Salesman's attitude showing improvement (6)
 - Light-hearted about judge being heartless? (8)
 - Snatch of opera - one presented in endless variety etc. in new arrangement (10)
 - Not certain one should be holding on in Paris (6)
 - Hold back the others after one's brought in (6)
 - Cut up rotten race bet - and make worse! (10)
 - Former spouse inclined to be occupying a lot of space (8)
 - Short skirts torment the clerical profession (8)
 - Decide bail or custody for chap in debt? (6)
 - About to enter farm-building without crops? (6)
 - Edges of coastline only redefined island, as was (6)
 - Scrabble piece student used during game (4)

Friday's solution

CONSCIENCE ASKS
O O O X A A C T
L E M O N P A R A C H U T E
O I S O L A O T A
M O N E Y E S T I M A T E D
I A I T E R E V
S P I T T I N G M A I N S
E U V A D P
S O U T H E A S T E R N
S V I E I A U
P R E M O L A R S N O T E D
A R G U I N G H A L E
C O S T A R I C A R E S I N
E L E P H A N T
D E E M I N T E R S T A T E

Last Saturday's solution

E S P E C I A L I N F E R O
A A D E N A R
P R I G I N N O V A T I O N
D L O G G E C P
M I L E O M E T E R H O P E
N E U S E
B E R V I G O G I T E R S
E U F E
L E N D I A S E A L A R M
N T E E U
A L E A A E R O E N G I N E
T R U S D A R D
E V E R Y T H I N G A S I O N
E A I C E P W
E N B L O C E A R P H O N E

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardbacked copies of the excellent Chambers Biographical Dictionary, worth £15. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4016, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3BZ. Please use the box number and postcode. Last week's winners were: DS Harry, Okehampton; Mrs P Kidd, Wolverhampton; RAF McHattie, Ayr; D Hulbert, Dartington; Mrs Ann Turner, West Malling, Kent.

Lamprey opts out of kingship

Football

Nti Lamprey, the Coventry mid-fielder, has passed up the opportunity of returning home to Ghana to become an African king in order to pursue his career as a professional footballer.

When his father died this summer, Lamprey, 20, became heir to the throne of the Gha tribe. But he has turned down the chance to take over as chief when his grandfather dies.

Lamprey, related to the Leeds striker, Tony Yeboah, said: "The throne will be vacant. They have shown it to me and said it could be mine, but when you are chief you have to sort out many problems - you can imagine how many there are when we have three million people."

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CHRISTMAS IN LAPLAND

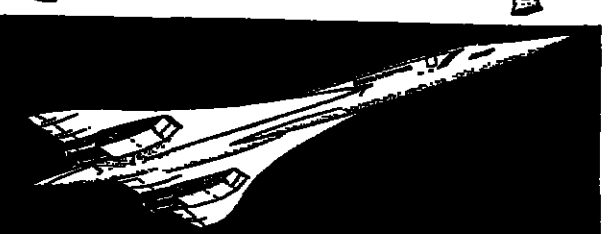
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